



Methodist Episcopal Church.

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HYMN STUDIES:

AN ILLUSTRATED AND ANNOTATED EDITION

OF THE



OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY

REV. CHARLES S. NUTTER.



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GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
MINISTERS AND MEMBERS
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
BY THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

This Hymnal is intended for the home, the pastor's study, and the layman's center-table.

I have undertaken to give :

First. A biographical sketch of each author and translator—of whom there are more than three hundred.

Second. The origin and history of the hymn, with such reliable matters of interest concerning it as could be gathered.

Third. The original title and text, where the hymn has been altered.

Fourth. The passage of Scripture upon which the hymn is based.

Fifth. The book, paper, or magazine in which the hymn first appeared, with the date of its publication.

Information has been chiefly derived from original sources by reference to the published works of the authors, many of which are rare and difficult to find; and by correspondence with writers who are still living. Where information has been obtained from other sources, the author or book relied upon has received due credit.

The authorship of a few of the "*unknown*" hymns has not been discovered. The personal history of some hymn-writers is very meager, indeed, and doubtless some interesting historic facts have wholly escaped the editor's notice.

I dare not say that there are no mistakes in this work, but neither care nor labor has been spared to avoid them. Hundreds of books have been examined, and much time has been spent in its preparation.

The lover of devotional poetry is in the most delightful company. Valuable hymns are the product of genius, piety, and learning. It is safe to say that no good hymn was ever written by an author who did not possess at least one of these talents. Many writers are favored with two of them, and some with all three. The student of hymns is, therefore, cultivating head, heart, and tongue at the same time. It is to be feared that this most valuable

study is too much neglected, and, if this book shall stimulate to greater appreciation and love for this department of literature, one great object of the work will be accomplished.

I desire to express my great obligation to the many editors and authors who have so kindly replied to my letters of inquiry ; and especially to Mr. David Creamer, of Baltimore; and Professor F. M. Bird, of Lehigh University ; also to the Rev. James Martineau, D.D., George J. Stevenson, M.A., and Mr. W. T. Brooke, of London, for valuable assistance.

I wish also to mention the name of a man no longer living, but whose work remains, and will always be a help to the student of hymnology, Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, of London.

I trust that this work will be of some service to the cause of God among men.

CHARLES S. NUTTER.

TILTON, N. H., *Feb.* 15, 1884.

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HYMN STUDIES.

1 *Exultant praise to the Redeemer.* C.M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *For the Anniversary Day of One's Conversion*. It was written in 1739 to celebrate the first anniversary of his spiritual birth, and was published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. One word only has been changed. Wesley wrote the second line, "My dear Redeemer's praise."

The hymn is part of a poem of eighteen stanzas which is here given; it was taken out bodily where the asterisks are inserted.

The rapture of the first verse, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," is explained by what goes before, especially verses *two* and *five*.

1 Glory to God, and praise and love,
Be ever, ever given;
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

2 On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of righteousness arose,
On my benighted soul he shone,
And filled it with repose.

3 Sudden expired the legal strife;
'Twas then I ceased to grieve.
My second, real, living life,
I then began to live.

4 Then with my heart I first believed,
Believed with faith divine;
Power with the Holy Ghost received
To call the Saviour mine.

5 I felt my Lord's atoning blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, me he loved--the Son of God
For *me*, for *me* he died!

6 I found, and owned his promise true,
Ascertain'd of my part,
My pardon passed in heaven I knew,
When written on my heart.

* * * * *
13 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen rae;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

14 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

15 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Saved is the sinner that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.

16 Murderers, and all ye hellish crew,
Ye sons of lust and pride,
Believe the Saviour died for you;
For me the Saviour died.

17 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

18 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

The Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M., the poet of Methodism, was born at the Epworth parsonage

in 1707. He was piously and studiously trained, and took his first degree at Oxford in 1728, when twenty-one years of age. It was while a student at Christ Church College that Wesley and a few friends, by strict attention to duty and correct deportment, won the derisive epithet of "*Methodist*."

In 1735 he was ordained, and accompanied his brother John to Georgia as a missionary. Soon afterward he returned to England. In 1738 he and his brother became acquainted with Peter Böhler, a Moravian preacher, who "expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly." It was on Whitsunday, May 21, 1738, that Charles Wesley believed to the saving of his soul, and received the witness of pardon and adoption. He was an earnest and successful itinerant minister for more than twenty years, after which his labors were chiefly confined to London and its vicinity. He died in 1788.

As a hymnist Charles Wesley has few equals and no superiors. The exact number of his hymns cannot be ascertained, for the reason that several volumes of poems were published conjointly by himself and his brother John, and in many cases it is impossible to say positively which was the author of a particular hymn.

The Wesleyan Conference published the *Poetical Works of J. and C. Wesley*—1868-1872—in thirteen volumes. In such a mass of writing the wonder is not that all is not excellent, but that so much is valuable. The poets of the eighteenth century did not rewrite and refine their works as those of the nineteenth have done. Wesley partook of the characteristic of the age, and instead of correcting and polishing what he had written, wrote more. Nothing but a consummate genius saved him from the perdition of voluminous authors.

2 *Worshipping the Lamb.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.
The author's title was: *Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshiped by all the Creation*.

The scriptural basis of this favorite hymn is Rev. v, 11-13:

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Watts wrote "lips" instead of "hearts" in the third line of the second stanza. The following stanza has been omitted; its place is between the third and fourth verses of the hymn:

"Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise."

The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D., was born in Southampton, in 1674; he was a precocious child, very quiet and studious; and was sent, in 1690, to an academy in London, where he remained three years. The next few years were spent in study and in writing. Watts preached his first sermon in 1698, and in 1702 he became pastor of an Independent church in London, a position which he held until the time of his death, in 1748. Dr. Watts was small of stature and of feeble health. Much of the actual work of his parish was performed by an assistant.

Many writers have compared the hymns of Watts with those of Wesley, and have discussed their relative merits; some giving preference to one, and some to the other, author. Such work is useless. The two differ so widely as to be scarcely capable of comparison. Watts excels Wesley and all others in grandeur and sublimity. Wesley exceeds all others in expressing the power of love and the joy of salvation. He is, *par excellence*, the sweet singer of Israel. These two writers grandly supplement each other. They are both princes, ay, kings of song; but each in his own realm.

The poetical works of Dr. Watts are: *Horæ Lyricæ*, London, 1706; *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, in three books, 1707; *The Psalms of David, Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719; and *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*, 1720.

3 *The universal King.* S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

ISAAC WATTS.

The original contains two additional stanzas. Title: *A Psalm before Sermon*. Date, 1719. The hymn is an excellent paraphrase of part of Psalm xev:

"O come, let us sing unto the LORD: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker."

The poet Montgomery says, that "Dr. Watts may almost be called the *inventor* of hymns in our language." It is said that young Watts found fault with the hymns of his day in the hearing of some of the leading members of his father's church, at Southampton; the reply was, "Young man, give us something better." He did give something better, and became the father of modern hymn writers.

4 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, A.M.

The author's title was: *Before singing of Hymns, by Way of Introduction*.

The hymn was evidently founded on Rev. xv, 8:

"And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

The original contains fourteen verses, and is quaint and good. It was altered by Martin Madan in 1760. Only one word is changed in the first stanza. Hammond wrote, "*Tune every heart*," etc. The second stanza is not changed; the third and fifth are *entirely new*; the fourth is evidently suggested by the author's last stanza:

"Sing till you hear Christ say,
Your sins are all forgiven;
Go on rejoicing all the way,
And sing your souls to heaven."

From *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*. By William Hammond, A.B., late of St. John's College, Cambridge, London, 1745.

Rev. William Hammond was a Moravian Methodist. Little is known of his personal history. He published an original volume of *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, in 1745. Two of them, at least, are still popular. The date of his birth is not known. He died in 1789.

5 *Praise and thanksgiving.* S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

From the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

The first part of this hymn is evidently founded upon Neh. ix, 5:

"Stand up and bless the LORD your God for ever and ever: and blessed be thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise."

Original title: *Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.*

The author wrote "minds" instead of "souls" in the third stanza.

The hymn has been improved by the omission of one inferior stanza, the fourth, of the original, which is not equal to its fellows:

4 "There with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near."

James Montgomery holds an enviable place among English hymnists. He was the son of a Moravian minister; was born in Scotland in 1771; was religiously instructed at home, and while attending a Moravian school, at Fulneck, Eng., made a public profession of religion by uniting with the Moravian Church. As he grew up, however, the pleasures of the world led him astray. The influence of early education preserved him from gross sins, but he was not at peace with God. After many years of doubt and dissatisfaction, he was led to look to the Saviour of his youth, and found rest. At his own request he was re-admitted into the Moravian congregation at Fulneck, when forty-three years of age. He expressed his feelings at the time in the following lines:

"People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest."

Montgomery was an editor by profession; and, for publishing what were then called libelous articles, was twice fined and imprisoned in the Castle of York: once, in 1795, for three months, and once, in the following year, for six months. While imprisoned he wrote his first book of poems, entitled *Prison Amusements*. In addition to several poetical works, he published three volumes of hymns: *Songs of Zion: being Invitations of Psalms*, 1822; *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825; *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, 1853. He died in 1854.

6 Invocation of the Trinity. 6, 4.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be

Hence, evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

CHARLES WESLEY. (?)

One stanza, the second, has been omitted:

"Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call."

It is somewhat doubtful that Wesley wrote this hymn. It is found printed on a leaflet, dated about 1757, together with two hymns that are undoubtedly Charles Wesley's. Therefore this is supposed to be his also. If his, however, it is strange that he never claimed it, and never published it in any of his poetical works. The Rev. Martin Madan published it in his collection, third edition, 1763; and, it is said, gave Walter Shirley permission to use it. Now, if it was Wesley's, how was it that Madan claimed it; and, if it was Madan's, how happened it that Wesley printed it six years previously? It probably belongs to neither of them. It is an imitation of the English national anthem, "God save the King;" author unknown.

7 Met in His name. S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

- 4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.
- 6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, vol. ii, 1749.
Title: *At Meeting of Friends*. Wesley wrote
"joy" instead of "health" in the second stanza;
and "O! might" instead of "O may" in the
sixth verse.

The closing double stanza is omitted :

"Thou wilt to us make known
Thy Nature and thy Name,
Us, who our Ummost Saviour own
From every Touch of Blaine,
From every Word and Deed,
From every Thought unclean,
Our JESUS till our Souls are freed
From all Remains of Sin."

8 General invitation to praise God. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.
ISAAC WATTS, (in part.)

This hymn is found entire in the *York Pocket Hymn Book*, sixth edition, 1786.

The first two stanzas are founded on Psalm cxvii:

"O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him,
all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great

toward us: and the truth of the LORD endureth forever. Praise ye the LORD."

The last two stanzas were not written by Watts; the author is not known. He has, however, succeeded wonderfully in imitating Watts's style, and has thus completed one of the finest hymns in the English language.

9 Reverential adoration. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
ISAAC WATTS, ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

A paraphrase of Psalm c:

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his
presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he
is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we our-
selves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pas-
ture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and
into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him,
and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his
mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all
generations."

Instead of the first couplet Watts wrote:

"Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

The first and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted:

1 "Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

4 "We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name!"

It was published in 1719.

10 *Universal adoration.* L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all adored;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

4 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore!
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

UNKNOWN.

A metrical translation of a part of *Te Deum laudamus*. Many editions of the Hymnal attribute it to Josiah Conder, but the translator is not known.

11 *Invitation to worship.*—Psalm c. L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE.

A translation of Psalm c. It gave the name of "Old Hundred" to the tune in which it was always sung.

William Kethe was a Scotch clergyman of the sixteenth century. There is some doubt whether he was the author of this hymn. In the oldest edition, 1561, of the Old Version—Sternhold and Hopkins—now extant, it is marked *T. S.*, that is, Thomas Sternhold. In most editions of the seventeenth century it is marked *I. H.*, that is, John Hopkins. In the *Scotch Psalter*, 1564, it is marked *W. K.*

12 *Praise to the Saviour.* L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707. Author's title: *The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church*.

"I will seek him whom my soul loveth." *Sol. Song*, iii, 2.

The first and last stanzas of the original are omitted:

1 "Daughters of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honor and of gold
Which the glad Church with joys unknown
Placed on the head of Solomon.

6 "O that the months would roll away
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on."

The author wrote "*the* well-deserved" instead of "*thy*" in the first verse, and "*dear*" hour in the second verse instead of "blest."

In the second line of the third verse the author wrote "*Our hearts would wish it long to stay*," and in the last line, "*Nor comfort sink*," instead of "*hope decline*."

The first line of the fourth verse was originally, "*Each following minute as it flies*."

These changes may be improvement, but the hymn ought not to be credited to the author without being marked "altered."

13 *The prosperity of the saints.* L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

TATE AND BRADY.

Founded on Psalm cvi. The whole hymn contains eleven stanzas. This is composed of verses one, two, four, and five. The third stanza is so true and quaint, withal, that we must quote it:

3 "Happy are they and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray:
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practice what they know."

The original has "Has" stood, instead of "Hath," in the first stanza.

Tate and Brady were the joint authors of *A New Version of the Psalms*, which was authorized for use in the churches by an order of William and Mary, in 1696. Nahum Tate was poet laureate from 1690 to 1715. See No. 120.

The Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., was a native of Ireland, and was born in 1659. He attended Westminster School, and then entered Christ Church, Oxford, but was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. Brady was a radical Protestant, and took an active part in promoting the revolution in 1688-9. He afterward settled in London, where he obtained various preferments, and died in 1726. He published some sermons and poetical works, but his reputation was made by the *New Version*.

14 Welcome to the King of glory. L. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal!

6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

GEORG WEISSEL.

This beautiful hymn was written in German, about 1690. The first stanza, indeed, the whole hymn, is founded on Psalm xxiv, 7:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

The translation, as found in *Lyra Germanica*, First Series, 1855, was made by Miss Catharine Winkworth, and consists of five eight-lined stanzas. The original, verse 6, line 1, read:

"So shall your Sovereign enter in;"

Line 2:

"And new and nobler life begin."

The Christian Church is greatly indebted to Miss Winkworth for valuable translations. She lived from 1829 until 1878.

The Rev. Georg Weissel was born in Prussia in 1509. In 1623 he was appointed to a charge in Königsberg, where he died in 1635.

15 Longings for the house of God. H. M.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

ISAAC WATTS.

These are the first, third, and fourth verses, unaltered, of a hymn of seven stanzas, founded on Psalm lxxxiv.

The author's title was: *Longing for the House of God*. Date of publication, 1719.

16 *The universal King.* H. M.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall forever sit;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth and heaven;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns for Children*, 1763. Unaltered and entire. It is evidently founded upon Psalm cxlviii, 12, 13:

"Young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

17 *The glory of His grace.* C. P. M.

LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

This grand hymn is founded on Psalm xevi. The second stanza is omitted, and the others are altered to change the meter. Date, 1719.

ORIGINAL.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 "Let all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 "The Heathens know thy glory, Lord!
The wond'ring nations read thy word.
In Britain is Jehovah known;
Our worship shall no more be paid,
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 "He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 "Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim."

18 *God's glorious presence.* C. P. M.

THOU God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice holy," to their God most high,
"Thrice holy," to their King;

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given:
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

JOHN WALKER.

This is a genuine hymn; it was composed for the opening of Bethesda Chapel, Dublin, June 22, 1794. It was subsequently edited and appeared in *A Selection of Hymns* used in Bethesda Chapel, Dublin, 1814. A few slight changes have since been made.

The Rev. John Walker (1767-1833) was an Irish clergyman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. About the year 1800 he originated a new sect called the *Church of God*, but commonly known as "Walkerites."

19 *The praise of Jesus.* C. P. M.

JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *The True Use of Music.*

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." 1 Cor. xiv, 15.

This hymn is composed of the first two and last two verses of a poem of eight stanzas.

ORIGINAL.

Verse four, line two:

"We then shall all our lives employ."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, vol. ii, 1749.

20 *Humble adoration.* 7.

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a noble strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, ALT.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

This is found in a Unitarian Collection, Salisbury, 1778, where it begins:

"Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Seven lines have been altered, and two stanzas omitted. It is without name, but English hymnologists ascribe it to the Rev. Benj. Williams, minister of a Presbyterian congregation at Salisbury.

21 *Blessings implored.* 7.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope,

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

Author's title: *A Hymn to be Sung at Public Worship.*

The original contains eight double stanzas. It first appeared in the author's *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. *Lyra Britannica*, London, 1866, also gives the original. Hammond wrote the last line of the fifth verse:

"Strong in faith, in love, and hope;"

and in the first couplet of verse six:

"Grant that *those who seek* may find,
Thee a *God sincere* and kind."

For biographical sketch, see No. 4.

22 *Tribute of praise at parting.* 7.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

H. KIRKE WHITE, ALT.

ORIGINAL.

"Christians! brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

"Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

"Now to God, the three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again:
Ye nations, join the loud Amen."

It was first published in *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*. Edited by William B. Collyer, D.D., London, 1812.

Henry Kirke White was born in humble circumstances at Nottingham, England, in 1785. When

fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to a stocking weaver. Leaving this occupation, he began the study of law. After experiencing religion, he resolved to enter the Church, but died before he had completed his studies, at the early age of twenty years. His religious awakening was somewhat remarkable. An intimate friend became a Christian, and—knowing that White was a skeptic, and that he ridiculed religion—avoided his society. On being asked the reason, he frankly told the skeptic of his conversion, and purpose to lead a new life. This cut White to the heart, and the result was that he, too, became a Christian.

23 *Concluding prayer and thanksgiving.* 7.

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. A metrical version of the familiar benediction, unaltered:

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Heb. xiii, 20, 21.

John Newton was a native of London, born in 1725. His father was a seaman, and John, for many years, followed the same calling. He was a wild and wicked youth; and, after having been flogged and expelled from the navy for desertion, shipped in a merchantman. At length he entered the service of an English slave-trader, and became exceedingly degraded, profane, and profligate. In 1748, on a voyage home from Africa, during a terrific storm, he became truly awakened, and was ever afterward a changed man. In 1758 he began to preach, and after six years of study entered the ministry of the Church of England. He was the author of some prose works, and, in connection with the poet Cowper, published the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Many of his hymns are very tame and ordinary; some of them, however, are excellent, and are found in all popular collections.

24 *Saints and angels praising God.* 7.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Unaltered from the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.
Title: *Glory to God in the Highest*. Luke ii, 14.
Two stanzas are omitted:

3 "Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 "And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise."

25 *Let all the people praise Him.* 7.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord,
In his courts on holy days.

4 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

2

5 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This hymn is made up of two or three fragments: the first two verses are from the author's version of Psalm cvii; the last two are a part of Psalm cxvii. The third stanza was written on Psalm cvii, 32.

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

For sketch of author, see No. 5.

26 *Praise and prayer.* 7.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

3 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

4 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unaltered from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley, 1739.
Written upon Luke ii, 14: "Glory to God," etc.

Part of a hymn of seven stanzas.

Omitted from verses two and three:

"Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless."

"Hail! by all Thy works adored,
Hail! the everlasting Lord!"

6 "Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood!
Bow thine ear in mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement, Thou.

7 "Hear for Thou, O Christ, alone
With Thy glorious Sire art One!
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme Eternal Three."

27

Praise the Lord.

7.

PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace;
All that he for man hath done;
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

HENRY F. LYTE, ALT.

Founded upon Psalm cl.

From the author's *Spirit of the Psalms*, London, 1858.

The first three stanzas have been altered. The last line of the first verse read:

"Praise Him all that share His love."

The first couplet of second verse:

"Earth to heaven exalt the strain,
Send it, heaven, to earth again."

The third verse read:

"Praise the Lord, His goodness trace;
All the wonders of His grace;
All that He hath borne and done," etc.

The fourth stanza would not have been admitted into any hymn book by the early Methodists. Instruments of music in the church, and especially those with "strings," were an abomination to them. Dr. Adam Clarke said: "Music as a science I admire; but instruments of music in the house of God I abominate and abhor." John Wesley said: "I have no objection to instruments of music in our chapels, provided they are neither heard nor seen."

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte lived from 1793 to 1847; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the ministry while yet unconverted; but, in visiting a dying brother clergymen and searching the Scriptures together, they both found the way of salvation by faith. Some of this author's hymns are deservedly great favorites.

28

The heavenly Guest.

C. M.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. This is made of the first and last three verses, unaltered, of a poem of fourteen stanzas.

In the Calvinistic controversy, that was so hotly waged between the Wesleys, on the one hand, and Whitefield, Cennick, and others, on the other, the hymns with the above title were circulated as tracts, and proved very effectual weapons of warfare. A glance at the hymn will show how unpalatable it must have been to a strict Calvinist. The stanzas omitted were still more so.

29

Blessing on worshipers.

C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

JOSEPH HART.

Title: *Before Preaching*. From the Supplement of *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects*. By J. Hart, 1762.

In the third verse the author wrote "Hoard up," instead of "And keep;" in the fourth verse he wrote "a copious," instead of "abundant."

The original has two additional stanzas:

"Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow:
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

"Revive the parched with heavenly showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine."

The Rev. Joseph Hart was born in London in 1712; was liberally educated, and in early manhood led a life of prayer. He afterward became notoriously skeptical and wicked; but God's Spirit followed him, and at length he became a new man and a minister of the Gospel. Some of his hymns are great favorites.

30 *Expecting the blessing.* C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Unaltered.

Title: *At Meeting of Friends*.

There are four additional stanzas:

5 "Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus the Crucified.
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 "Cause us the record to receive;
Speak, and the tokens show:
O be not faithless, but believe
In me who died for you.

7 "Lord, I believe for me, even me,
Thy wounds were opened wide;
I see the prints, I more than see
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

8 "I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
I feel the sprinkled blood;
Let every soul with me cry out,
'Thou art my Lord, my God.'"

31 *Infinite grace.* C. M.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Title: *Jesus the Desire of all Nations*.

The original contains twelve stanzas.

These are verses one, five, eight, and nine. The author wrote "lovely" instead of "glorious" in verse one, line two, and "vows" instead of "songs" in verse two, line three.

From the author's hymn book, containing one hundred and sixty-six pieces, entitled, *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782.

The Rev. John Fawcett was awakened by the preaching of George Whitefield; joined the Baptist Church at Bradford in 1758; after much prayer decided to follow the advice of his friends and became a preacher; was ordained minister of a Baptist Church at Wainsgate, Eng., in 1765, and continued in the work of the ministry for more than fifty years. He died in Christian triumph, in 1817, at the age of seventy-eight years.

32 *The great and effectual door.* C. M.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin, and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you."

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

The author's title is: *Before Preaching to the Colliers in Leicestershire*.

This is composed of verses one, two, six, and nine, of a hymn of eighteen stanzas. No. 367 is a part of the same hymn.

The author wrote "stony" instead of "hardness" in verse four.

Among the omitted stanzas are the following, which contain great beauties and great defects:

"Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands they all stretched out may see,
To take the murderers in.

"Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow."

33 *God, the only object of worship.* C. M.

O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

HARRIET AUBER.

Founded upon passages of Psalm lxxxi. It is a fine hymn, unaltered and complete.

Miss Harriet Auber lived to be eighty-nine years old, (1773-1862.) She led a quiet and contented life; writing much, but publishing only one volume. The full title of this book was: *The Spirit of the Psalms: A Compressed Version of Select Portions of the Psalms of David*. It was published anonymously in 1829. It is not entirely original; some pieces were selected from well-known writers.

34 *Vying with the angels.* C. M.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join,
To worship God aright.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

4 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earthborn man!

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Trinity*, 1767.

Only half of the hymn is given here. The thought of the last line is beautifully expressed by Edward Young in his *Night Thoughts*:

"O how Omnipotence
Is lost in love! thou great Philanthropist,
Father of angels, but the *friend of man*."

Verse three, line four, the author wrote:

"Our Maker, God, and King."

The third verse of the hymn is a grand one. The following omitted stanza is equally remarkable:

"Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us poor ransomed worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise."

The thought is beautiful, yet it is not new, nor original with Wesley, that redeemed men can and ought to exult in the angels in praise to God.

35 *Grace, pardon, and life.* L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

JOHN COOPER.

This hymn is unaltered and entire, as found in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use, Adapted to the Services of the Church of England*. By the Rev. T. Cotterill, A.M., Eighth Edition, considerably enlarged. Sheffield, 1819. It most probably appeared in the earlier editions, which I have never seen. The first edition was dated 1810.

Up to the present time nothing is known of the personal history of the author. It is claimed, however, that his name was Edward, not John, and that he lived from 1770 to 1833.

36 *True worship every-where accepted.* L. M.

THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To thee at last in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Author's title: *Universal Worship*.
From *Airs of Palestine and Other Poems*. Boston, 1841.

It was written for the opening of the Independent Congregational Church in Salem, Mass., 1824.

Verses two and three contain an elegant reference to the words of Christ to the woman of Samaria, John iv, 21-23. Two unimportant stanzas are omitted. In the second line of the last stanza Pierpont wrote:

"The lyre of prophet bards was strung."

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1785; was graduated at Yale College in 1804; spent several years as teacher, lawyer, and merchant; and in 1818 began to study for the ministry. Soon after that he was installed pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, where he remained for twenty-five years. At the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, although seventy-five years old, he could not be contented to remain at home, and Governor Andrew appointed him chaplain of a regiment. His failing strength was not equal to the duties of his position, and he resigned. He was then appointed to a clerkship in Washington, and remained in the service of the government until the time of his death, in 1866. Pierpont was a scholar, orator, and poet, a radical temperance advocate, and a bold antislavery leader. Two of his hymns, both valuable, are found in this collection.

37 *Trembling aspiration.* L. M.

THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Entering into the Congregation.* Two stanzas, the second and seventh, are omitted:

"Thee, King of nations, we proclaim:
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long to experience all Thy name,
And now we come to meet Thee here.

"Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on Thy great white throne appear,
And let my eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there."

Taken unaltered from *Hymns and Sacred Poems.*
By John and Charles Wesley, 1742.

38 *Solemn adoration.* L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name:
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.
ISAAC WATTS.

From *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709.
Author's title: *The Conclusion—God Exalted above all Praise.*
The second stanza is omitted:

"The lowest step beneath thy feet,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes."

This stanza is extravagant, but it is poetic, and characteristic of its author.

The first line of the next stanza has been altered.
Watts wrote:

"Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings."

39 *Living bread.* L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Title: *Before Sermon.*

The text of this hymn remains the same as it read a century ago; except that the chorus has been dropped:

CHO. "Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success."

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion.* By John Fawcett, Leeds, 1782. See No. 31.

40 *God revealed to faith.* L. M.

NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraphim responsive cry,
"Holy! thrice holy!" in our ears:

2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were
brought,
Lepers and lame, and all were healed:

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

5 Send forth the seraphim, O Lord,
To touch thy servants' lips with fire;
Saviour, give them thy faithful word;
Come, Holy Ghost, their hearts inspire.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *For the Opening of a Place of Worship.*
In the second line of the third stanza the authorized text is:

"Is Christ beneath this roof revealed."

From *Sacred Poems and Hymns for Public and Private Devotion*, 1853. This book the author calls "the most serious work" of his long life. It was edited the year previous to his death. See No. 5.

41 *Glory begun below.* S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, book ii*, 1707.
Title: *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*
Stanzas two and nine are omitted:

2 "The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

9 "The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

The first stanza has been altered, yet some still prefer it as Watts wrote it:

"Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne."

In the second verse of the hymn we have "servants." Watts wrote "fav'rites." Better than either of these would be *children*.

The third verse has been greatly improved by the changes made. Watts wrote:

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas."

It is no wonder that the author put this stanza in brackets.

42 *Creating love and redeeming grace.* S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *To the Trinity.*
From *Hymns for Those that Seek, and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ.* London, 1747. Long titles were fashionable in those days. The book was usually called *Redemption Hymns*, and was very popular. This is the first half of the original poem, unaltered.

43 *The sacrifice of praise.* S. M.

WITH joy we lift our eyes,
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

THOMAS JERVIS, ALT.

The author's title was: *Homage and Devotion*.
It has been changed from common to short meter.
Original of altered lines:

Verse one, line one:

"With *sacred* joy we lift our eyes."

Verse two, line one:

"Before *the awful* throne we bow."

Verse two, line two:

"Of *heav'n's* almighty King."

Verse three, line one:

"While in thy house *of prayer* we kneel."

Verse four, line one:

"With *fervor* teach our hearts to pray."

One stanza—the third—is omitted:

"Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conduets to endless day."

From *A Collection of Hymns and Psalms for Public and Private Worship*. A new edition, 1819. (First edition, 1795.) The Rev. Thomas Jervis (1748-1833) was an English Unitarian minister.

44 *The great Shepherd with his flock.* L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *On opening a place for Social Prayer*.
From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

The author wrote:

Verse two, line two:

"*Inhabitest* the humble mind."

Verse three, line one:

"*Dear* Shepherd of the chosen few."

There are two additional stanzas:

"Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

"Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own."

William Cowper was the most distinguished poet in the last half of the eighteenth century. His father was a clergyman, and chaplain to George II. Cowper was born in Hertfordshire in 1731; educated at Westminster School; read law in London, and was admitted to the bar, but always preferred literature to law. He won fame by writing the "Task," which was published in 1785. Cowper was endowed with poetic genius, and afflicted by tendency to insanity. The latter increased as he advanced in years until his mind was overshadowed by the deepest gloom. Death brought relief in his seventieth year, 1800.

45 *Blest hour of prayer.* L. M.

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

It is said that this hymn was contributed to *The Amulet*, 1828. I have not seen the original.

The Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., an English Independent divine and celebrated pulpit orator, was born at London in 1788; studied theology at Homerton College; in 1812 was called to the pastorate of a Congregational church in Liverpool, held it until 1860, and died in 1863. He was the author of some excellent prose works, and wrote a number of hymns.

46 *For Zion's peace.* L. M.

O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfill.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Hymn of Intercession*.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Some verbal changes have been made. In the first verse Wesley wrote "*Husband*" instead of "*Saviour*,"

and "*unceasing*" for "*accepted*" in the last line of the third verse:

"The work of faith *with power* fulfill;"

and in the third line of the fourth verse:

"And pure as *God Himself* is pure."

There are four additional stanzas, but they are of no particular value.

47 *Lo! God is here.* L. M. 6 l.

L O! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Public Worship*.

The first, second, and third stanzas, unaltered, of a translation found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. By John and Charles Wesley, 1739. The hymn was evidently suggested by the words of Jacob, Gen. xxviii, 16, 17:

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Gerhard Tersteegen, the writer of this solemn lyric, was born in humble life, in the town of Mors, Westphalia, in 1697. He experienced religion in early years, and some time afterward consecrated himself entirely to the Lord and lived in intimate and precious communion with God. It was doubtless the author's reputation for saintliness that attracted the attention of Wesley to his hymns. He was, in fact, a mystic of lofty and pure type. He devoted himself to doing good, in a humble way, by private conversation, and by holding meetings and making addresses. In 1731 he published a volume, called *The Spiritual Flower-garden*, which contained one hundred and eleven hymns. Altogether, he was a remarkable man, and a great religious poet.

48 *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.* L.M.61.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise:
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky."

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Verses one, two, and five of a metrical paraphrase of the *Te Deum Laudamus*. The poem comprises fourteen stanzas. The author wrote "the" instead of "thy" in the last line of the first verse. From *Hymns for those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

49 *Lift up our hearts to Thee.* L. M.

CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain,
How boundless our eternal gain!

3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see thee as thou art:
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.

SANTOLIUS VICTORINUS.

TR. BY J. CHANDLER.

Author's title: *Nobis Olympo redditus*.

Santolius Victorinus, whose French name was Jean Baptiste Santeul, born in 1630, was a celebrated scholar and poet. He died in 1697.

The Rev. John Chandler (1806-1876) was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the translator and editor of *Hymns of the Primitive Church*. London, 1837. This translation is from that valuable work, unaltered. The doxology, verse five, is:

5 "O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy name be hallowed and adored;
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.
Amen."

50 *Show mercy.* 7, 6.

O GOD, to show us mercy,
And bless us in thy grace;
Cause thou to shine upon us
The brightness of thy face:

2 That so throughout all nations
Thy way may be well known,
And unto every people
Thy saving health be shown.

3 O God, let people praise thee,
Let all the people praise;
O let the nations joyful
Their songs of gladness raise:

4 For thou shalt judge the people
In truth and righteousness;
And on the earth all nations
Shall thy just rule confess.

5 O God, let people praise thee;
Thy praises let them sing;
And then in rich abundance
The earth her fruit shall bring:

6 The Lord our God shall bless us,
God shall his blessing send;
And people all shall fear him
To earth's remotest end.

JOHN HOPKINS AND OTHERS.

This is a beautiful metrical version of Psalm lxxii. We may safely say that this grand hymn was never written; it *grew*, and it has grown, at length, to be nearly perfect.

The basis of the hymn is the version of the Rev. John Hopkins, who, with Thomas Sternhold and others, edited *The Whole Book of Psalms, collected into English Metre*, 1562.

It was slightly altered by Francis Rous for his first edition of *The Book of Psalmes in English Metre*, 1641. It was again altered and improved by the editors of the version approved by the Church of Scotland. Since then it has come into its present shape. It was inspired of God, and will live forever.

51 *Thanksgiving for infinite love.* 10, 11.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim;
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the
throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his
right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and
might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *To be Sung in a Tumult.*

Two stanzas, the second and third of the original, are omitted:

"The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here,
While we are adoring He always is near.

"When devils engage, The billows arise,
And horribly rage, And threaten the skies:
Their fury shall never Our steadfastness shock,
The weakest believer Is built on a rock."

Verse three, line three, the author wrote:

"Our Jesus's praises," etc.

The year 1744 was a time of great opposition to, and persecution of, the Methodists in England. The country was at war with France. An invasion for the purpose of dethroning George II. and crowning the exiled representative of the House of Stuart was expected. The Methodists were represented as Papists in disguise, working for the Pretender. Their meetings were broken up by mobs, and many of their preachers were impressed into the army. Even the Wesleys were brought before the magistrates for examination. In the midst of these persecutions they published a pamphlet, containing thirty-three pieces, and entitled *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 1744. This hymn was first published in that pamphlet.

52 *For the fullness of peace and joy.* 8, 7, 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (?)

A very appropriate and widely used closing hymn. It is found in the Rev. John Harris's *Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*, 1774. There it has the name of John Fawcett. It is not among his original hymns, 1782. The hymn is the same as it is found in Lady Huntingdon's Collection, edited by Walter Shirley, with the exception of one line. The fifth line of verse three reads:

"We shall surely."

English hymnologists now attribute this hymn to Fawcett, instead of Shirley.

The Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley was born in 1725, of a noble family; was brother to Earl Ferrars, and cousin of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. He was a very useful and successful clergyman of the Church of England. He died in 1786.

53 *The apostolic benediction.* 8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

JOHN NEWTON.

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779. A metrical version of the apostolic benediction, unaltered:

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen. 2 Cor. xiii, 14.

54 *Heavenly joy anticipated.* 8, 7, 4.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

THOMAS KELLY.

"Speak; for thy servant heareth." 1 Sam. iii, 10.
The last stanza is somewhat altered.

Thomas Kelly, son of the Right Hon. Baron Kelly, was born at Dublin in 1769. After graduating at Dublin University he studied law; but gave up law for theology, and was ordained a clergyman of the Established Church in 1793. He was subsequently an Independent minister, a wealthy and learned man, and a very popular and useful preacher. He labored in the city of Dublin more than sixty years.

In 1804 he published a small volume containing ninety six original hymns. This volume increased in successive editions until it numbered seven hundred and sixty-five hymns. This was entitled *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*. Dublin, 1853. Many of them are of little value; but some, like this, are deservedly popular. This hymn appeared in 1815. Mr. Kelly died in 1854.

55 *For a blessing on the word.* 8, 7, 4.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

JONATHAN EVANS.

Title: *A Blessing Requested.*

Contributed to *A Selection of Hymns* by John Rippon, 1787. It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. Jonathan Evans was born in 1749. In early life he was very wicked; but, when about thirty years of age, became a Christian and a member of the Congregational Church. He subsequently became pastor of a church at Foleshill, England, and died in 1809.

56 *Isaiah's vision.* 8, 7.

ROUND the Lord, in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."
3 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of host, Lord God most high."

4 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him:
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

RICHARD MANT.

Title: *Hymn Commemorative of the Thrice Holy.*

The original has eight stanzas; the first, fifth, and eighth are omitted. Only one word has been changed; the author wrote, verse four, line three:

"Thus conspire we to adore Him."

From the Author's *Original Hymns* added to *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary*, 1837.

The Rev. Richard Mant, D.D., was born at Southampton in 1776; was graduated at Oxford in 1797; and was appointed curate in 1802. In 1816 he was made Rector of St. Botolph's, London, and was consecrated Bishop in 1820. He died in 1848. He published several prose works, and was the author of many hymns and translations.

57 *Exhortation to praise God.* 8, 7.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in his height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

UNKNOWN.

A successful rendering of the first three verses of Psalm cxlviii:

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise ye him, all ye stars of light."

It was attributed to the Rev. John Kemphorne, (1775-1838,) an English clergyman, on the authority of Daniel Sedgwick. Kemphorne published it, with others, in *Select Portions of Psalms and Hymns*, 1810, but he made no claim to the authorship. The hymn is taken, unaltered and entire, from *Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems For the Foundling Chapel*. London, 1796. It must be marked Unknown.

58 *Glory to the Lamb.* 8, 7.

HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 See! the angelic host have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high;
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

4 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme, a free salvation,
Fruit of everlasting love.

5 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

THOMAS KELLY.

Taken unaltered from the Author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1806. The passage prefixed to this hymn is, "Worthy is the Lamb." Rev. v, 12.

One stanza, the third of the original, has been left out:

"Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth and slighted
Jesus is above all praise."

The subject of this hymn is a common one with hymn writers. The author has put it into a new and pleasing form. For a brief sketch of the Rev. Thomas Kelly, see No. 54.

59 *Dismission.* 8, 7.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

ROBERT HAWKER.(?)

The original text of this short closing hymn cannot be ascertained; nor can the authorship be positively settled. Some collections attribute it to Edwin Smythe, some to Walter Shirley, some to Burder, some to Robert Hawker.

The last is probably correct; although it is not certain that he wrote it. The Rev. Robert Hawker (1753-1828) was a Church of England clergyman, noted for his extreme Calvinism. He was the author of numerous sermons, and of a commentary on the Bible.

60 *Confession, prayer, and praise.* C. M.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when, with heart and voice, we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE, ALT.

This hymn is so altered that we give the original from *Poems Suggested Chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor*, 1805.

Title: *A Hymn Before Public Worship* :

1 The first stanza is copied verbatim.

2 "Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart—
Then let a kindling glance from thee,
Beam HOPE upon the heart.

3 "When our responsive tongues essay,
Their grateful HYMNS to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 "Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll renew,
Till LOVE divine transported tell,
Our God's our Father too."

5 Same as third verse of hymn.

6 "Let FAITH each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies."

The Rev. Joseph Dacre Carlyle was the son of an English physician; was born at Carlisle in 1759, and died in 1804. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1779, and in 1794 was appointed Professor of Arabic in the same university. He made a special study of Oriental literature.

61 *Divine guidance, and rest.* C. M.

BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And, as we read, O may we feel
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see the Saviour's love
Beaming from every page;
And let the thoughts of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus while thy word our footsteps guides,
Shall we be truly blest;
And safe arrive where love provides
An everlasting rest.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

From *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*. London, 1831.

Title: *For an Understanding of the Scriptures*.
Text: Col. iii, 16:

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

In the third line of third stanza the author wrote:

"And teach us as we read to feel;"

and in the last three lines of the last stanza:

"O may we safely go
To those fair realms where love provides
A final rest from woe."

The Rev. William Hiley Bathurst, an English clergyman and poet, was born in 1796; was graduated at Christ Church College, Oxford, and took holy orders in 1819. He is the author of two volumes of hymns—the one given above, and *Metrical Thoughts in Verse*, 1849.

62 *For a benediction on the truth.* C. M.

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from
heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

REGINALD HEBER.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827.

Notice the scriptural allusions to the parable of the sower, Matt. xiii. It has not been altered.

Bishop Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, Cheshire, in 1783; was educated at Brazenose College, Oxford, and ordained in 1807. In 1823 he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, and received the degree of D.D. from Oxford just before sailing for India. Bishop Heber was a man of learning, piety, and energy; and a voluminous author. His fame rests mainly upon his hymns.

63 *The glories of the King.* C. M.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *The King of Saints.*
From *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose.*
London, 1780. The original has eight stanzas. The
author wrote, verse two, line one:

"Behold your *King* your *Saviour* crown'd."

Miss Anne Steele (1717-1778) was the daughter of the Rev. William Steele, a Baptist minister in Hampshire, England. She was a very talented lady; although a permanent invalid and a great sufferer, her life was useful and happy. Her published hymns are found in nearly all collections, and have been a blessing to many people. Many of them are good, and a few deserve the highest praise. The following appropriate lines are inscribed upon her tomb:

"Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,
In more harmonious, more exalted lays."

64 *The Desire of all nations.* C. M.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
"Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home."

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *Entreating the Presence of Christ in his Church.*

"The Desire of all nations shall come." Hag. ii, 7.

One word only has been altered. The author wrote, verse four, line one:

"Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine."

The original has seven stanzas.
From the author's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional.* London, 1760.

Miss Steele published two volumes in 1760, under the assumed name of "Theodosia." A third volume was published in 1780, soon after her death, by her friend, Dr. Caleb Evans, of Bristol. In the Boston edition, 1808, the three books were published in two volumes. See No. 63.

65 *Invoking divine blessings.* C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyous sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

UNKNOWN.

This anonymous hymn has been traced to *Hymns Adapted to the Public Worship of the Christian Church*, Princeton, N. J., 1828, where it is a long meter hymn. It was rewritten about 1843, and has found its way into many collections.

66 *Jesus reigns.* L. M.

COME, let us tune our loftiest song;
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

ROBERT A. WEST.

Robert Athow West, an editor and author, was born in England in 1809; came to America in 1843; was the official reporter of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844; and published the debates of that famous session. Mr. West was one of a Committee of seven men, appointed by the General Conference of 1844, to prepare a standard edition of the Methodist Hymn Book. This excellent hymn was contributed to that edition, 1849. It has not been altered.

67 *The bond of love.* L. M.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee:
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly now thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great bond,—the love of thee.

4 Here at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;
Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

5 So shall our sun of hope arise
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

Written for *Hymns for Public Worship, Selected for the Use of the Congregation Assembling in the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, 1814.*

In verse one, line four, the original is:

"And humbly thy protection claim."

In verse three, line four, the author wrote "*tie*" instead of "bond."

The second stanza is omitted:

"Thy hand has raised us from the dust:
The breath of life thy Spirit gave:
Where but in thee can mortals trust?
Who but our God has power to save?"

Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., was born at Norwich, England, in 1759; was graduated at a medical school in Leyden; was a great lover and student of botany, one of the founders of the Linnean Society, London, and its first president; and was knighted by the Prince Regent in 1814. He was a member and officer in the Unitarian Church, Norwich. He died in 1828.

68 *The praises of Jehovah.* L. M.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

An exhortation to praise God for his excellency, and his mercy.

A fine metrical version of Psalm cxiii:

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised. The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens. Who is like unto the

Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbly himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth! He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people. He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children. Praise ye the Lord."

Verse four, line four, the author wrote:

"And saves the poor in him that trust."

The first two lines of the fifth stanza were the same as the first.

It is interesting to trace the resemblance of this hymn to the psalm upon which it is founded.

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

69 Joy of public worship. L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withhold
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

The original title to this grand old hymn is: *God and His Church; or, Grace and Glory*. It is founded on the last part of Psalm lxxxix:

"O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah. Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

Date, 1719. It is unaltered and complete.

70 The eternal God exalted. L. M.

ETHERNAL God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

WILLIAM WRANGHAM.

The four stanzas of this hymn were suggested by Psalm lviii, 5, 7, 8, 9:

"Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations."

From *A New Metrical Version of the Psalms, Adapted to Devotional Purposes*. London, 1829.

Miller, in his *Singers and Songs of the Church*, says that Wrangham was an Englishman, and by trade, a jeweler. Verse two, line two, the author wrote:

"And rests its hope on Thee alone."

71 Hosanna to the living Lord. L. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" thine angels cry,
"Hosanna, Lord!" thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this, thy house of prayer.
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

REGINALD HEBER.

Title: *Advent Sunday*. This is the first composition in the author's *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827.

In that book each stanza closes with this refrain:

"Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

Otherwise it is not altered. It was first published in the *Christian Observer*, 1811. See No. 62.

72 *Day of rest and gladness.* 7, 6.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Title: *Sunday*. From the author's book, *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays and Holydays*, 1862.

Each stanza of this hymn is very fine. The two omitted are even more poetical than those given. They are too good to be left out:

3 "Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain,
In life's dry, dreary sand,
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land.

4 "Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home.
A day of sweet reflection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above."

It is unaltered.

Christopher Wordsworth was born in 1807; was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1830; was ordained in 1835, and made Bishop of Lincoln in 1868. He is a nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet.

73 *Joyful homage.* H. M.

A WAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

ALT. BY T. COTTERILL.

The original hymn, six stanzas, is found in the author's manuscript volume of poems, which has been preserved for more than a hundred years in the Library of Yale College.

This hymn is made by changes in the first three verses. Here is the manuscript copy. The author's title is: *A Hymn for a Lord's Day Morning.*

1 Awake our drowsy Souls;
Shake off earth's slothful Band:
The wonders of this Day
Our Noblest Songs demand.
Auspicious Morn!
Thy blissful Rays
Harmonious songs
Of Seraphs grace.

2 At thy approaching Dawn,
Reluctant Death resign'd
The Glorious Prince of Life
His dark Domains confin'd.
The Angelick Host
Around him bends:
Amidst their shouts
The God ascends.

3 All Hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with Hosannas rings:
While Earth in humbler strains,
Thy Praise Responsive Sings:
Worthy art Thou,
Who Once was Slain,
Thro' Endless years
To Live and Reign.

It was altered by the Rev. Thomas Cotterill for his Sheffield Collection.

Miss Elizabeth Scott, daughter of a Dissenting minister, was born at Norwich, England, in 1708. The Rev. Elisha Williams, president of Yale College from 1726 to 1739, while traveling in England, was introduced to Miss Scott by Dr. Doddridge. They were married in 1751, and the year following came to America. Three years later Mr. Williams died, and in 1761 Mrs. Williams married the Hon. William Smith, of New York. He died in 1769, and his widow returned to Connecticut to live among the friends of her first husband. She died at Wethersfield, Conn., in 1776. Her epitaph celebrates her as "a lady of great reading and knowledge, extensive acquaintance, a penetrating mind, and good judgment; of abounding charity, and unaffected piety and devotion, adorned with every recommending excellency. Few lived more esteemed and loved or died more lamented."

74 *Sabbath and sanctuary joys.* C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around
His clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

HARRIET AUBER.

Psalm cxii:

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," etc.

Three lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse two, line two:

"Where willing votaries throng."

Verse two, line four:

"And pour the choral song."

Verse four, line three:

"To spread with grateful zeal around."

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.
See No. 33.

75

Easter Sunday.

C. M.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

SAMUEL WESLEY, JR.

Title: *On the Sabbath Day.*

Published by John Wesley in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1741.

It was probably first published in the Author's volume of poems in 1736. It is unaltered and entire.

Samuel Wesley, Jr., was an elder brother of John Wesley. In 1704, when fourteen years of age, he was sent to the famous Westminster School. In 1711 he entered Christ Church, Oxford. After taking the degree of A.M. he was appointed usher in his old school at Westminster. While in this school he was ordained, but continued to teach. In 1732 he was elected Head Master of a Free Grammar School in Tiverton, a position which he held successfully until his sudden death in 1739. In 1736 he published a volume of poems, of which a second edition was issued in 1743.

76 *We will rejoice, and be glad in it.* C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

2 The Stone the builders set at naught,
That Stone has now become
The sure foundation and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that Stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his Church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

HARRIET AUBER.

Copied verbatim and entire from the Author's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. The basis of the hymn is Psalm cxviii, 24, 22:

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."

For biographical sketch of the author, see No. 33.

77 *Sabbath light.* C. M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, ALT.

These are the first four verses of a hymn of eleven stanzas, entitled *For Easter Sunday*, found in the author's first volume of *Poems*. London, 1773.

Five lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line three:

"Unseals the eyelids of the morn."

Verse two, line two:

"The heathen world in gloom."

Verse four, line one:

"Ten thousand differing lips shall join."

Verse four, line two:

"To hail this welcome morn."

Verse four, line four:

"To nations yet unborn."

Anna Letitia Barbauld was a daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, D.D., an English Dissenting minister. Miss Aikin was born in 1743, and early in life gave evidence of poetic talent. She had a great desire for a classical education, to which her father strongly objected. At length she prevailed in some measure, and was permitted to read Latin and Greek. She published her first volume of poems in 1773. In 1774 she married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a young man of French descent, who attended a school at Warrington, where Miss Aikin's father was a classical instructor. Mr. Barbauld had charge of a Dissenting congregation at Palgrave. They also opened a boarding school, which they carried on successfully for eleven years. Mr. Barbauld afterward held other pastoral relations, and died in 1808. Mrs. Barbauld occupied her time and mind in literary pursuits, editing various works, and contributing to the press. She died in 1825.

78 *Ardent hope of heavenly rest.* L. M.

L ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell, shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *The Eternal Sabbath.*

Written to be sung at the close of a sermon preached June 2, 1736. Text: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. iv, 9.

It is found in *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. By P. Doddridge, edited by Job Orton, 1755.

A few verbal changes have been made. In the last line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"The songs which from the *Desert* rise."

In the last line of the second stanza we have, in the original:

"With ardent *Pangs* of strong Desire."

The third line of the third stanza originally read:

"No *Groans* to mingle with the Songs."

The Rev. Philip Doddridge was born in London in 1702; he was piously brought up, and well educated, and in 1729 he became pastor of a Congregational church in Northampton. In the same year he was elected head of an institution for educating young men for the Dissenting ministry. In 1736 the University of Aberdeen gave him the degree of D.D. Dr. Doddridge was the author of several valuable works, of which the best known are the *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and *The Family Expositor*.

79 *Sabbath evening: Thy kingdom come.* L.M.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.

2 But thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshiped thee.

3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

5 Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord;—
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son:
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Evening Song for the Sabbath Day.*

There are ten stanzas in all. This is composed of the first three, the eighth, and the last. The last line of the second stanza has been corrected. The writer published it in this lame fashion:

"In spirit and truth that worshiped Thee."

In the second line of the third stanza the author wrote:

"Men of strange colors, climates, lands."

From *A Poet's Portfolio*. London, 1835.
See No. 5.

80 *Sabbath evening rest.* L. M.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Title: *The Cottager's Reflections upon the Sabbath Evening.*

ORIGINAL LINES:

Verse one, line two:

"And soft the *sunbeam* lingering there."

Verse one, line three:

"Those sacred hours this low earth leave."

Verse two, line one:

"This time how lovely and how still!"

Verse three, line four :

“Faith sees a smiling heaven above.”

Verse five, line one :

“Yet will our journey not be long.”

One stanza, the fourth, is omitted.

James Edmeston (1791-1867) was a London architect, and the son of an Independent minister. Edmeston, however, became a member of the Church of England. He was the author of a hymn book entitled, *The Cottage Minstrel*, and also of a volume of *Hymns for Sunday-Schools*.

81 *Delights of the Sabbath.* L. M.

SWEET is thy work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
sing;

To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *A Psalm for the Lord's Day.*

This precious old hymn, which has helped multitudes to worship God, is a metrical version of the first part of Psalm xcii. The third, fourth, and sixth stanzas have been left out :

3 “My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 “Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

6 “Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.”

The lines of the first couplet of the third stanza

of the hymn have been transposed and changed. Watts wrote :

“But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart.”

It is not otherwise altered. Date of publication, 1719.

82 *Pledge of glorious rest.* L. M.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away,
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

JOSEPH STENNETT, ALT.

The author's title was: *On the Sabbath.*

The original has fourteen stanzas, of which these are verses one, ten, eleven, and thirteen. All are altered except the third, (eleventh.)

ORIGINAL FORM.

1 “Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
Revere the day thy God has blest.

2 “O that my thoughts and words may rise
As incense to propitious skies;
And fetch from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.”

The first couplet of the last stanza read :

4 “In holy duties *thus* the day
In holy pleasures *melts* away,” etc.

From *Miscellaneous Poems*. Author's works, vol. iv. London, 1732.

The Rev. Joseph Stennett, an English Baptist minister, was born in 1663; ordained to the pastorate of a church in London in 1690, and held that relation until his death, in 1713. He was a man of ability, and much esteemed.

83 *Hailing the Sabbath's return.* L. M.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing;
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

JAMES HUTTON. (?)

I have not verified the reputed authorship of this hymn. It is found in a Boston Collection, edited by Rev. John Codman, A.M., 1813, where it has six stanzas. These are the last four, slightly altered.

The Rev. James Hutton (1715-1795) was an English Moravian, and was the author of a number of hymns. This is not found in any of his works. In the collection by Codman it is ascribed to "Evan. Mag."

84 *Undisturbed devotion.* L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!

Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

Watts called this hymn *The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship*. Two stanzas, the third and fourth, have been omitted, and two others altered.

The author wrote the second stanza:

"My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love."

I cannot think that the changes made in this stanza are for the better. I prefer the original. The last two lines of the hymn are not the author's. They have been substituted for his, and the stanza is greatly improved by the change. Watts closed the hymn with this awkward couplet:

"Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known."

OMITTED VERSES.

3 "The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by thy side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 "Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread a table of thy grace,
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine."

85 *The Sabbath welcome.* S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances*. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707. The first two lines of the third stanza have been changed. Watts wrote:

"One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been."

86 *Day of light, rest, peace, prayer.* S. M.

THIS is the day of light:
 Let there be light to-day;
 O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
 Thy peace our spirits fill;
 Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
 Let earth to heaven draw near;
 Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
 Send forth thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death!

JOHN ELLERTON.

A fine new hymn. It was written in 1868, and first appeared in the *Selection of Hymns for use in Chester Cathedral*. It has not been altered.

The Rev. John Ellerton is an English clergyman, born in 1826. He is at this date (1888) Rector of Barnes, Surrey, Eng.

87 *The eternal Sabbath.* S. M.

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod;
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God:

4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky;
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, ALT.

The author's title of this grand hymn is: *The Sabbath Day*.

It was published in *Contemplations of the Saviour*, 1832; in *Poems* by S. G. Bulfinch, 1834; and in *Lays of the Gospel*, 1845. In this last book the author added three stanzas, which are not given in this hymn. Some changes appear in the last three stanzas. In *Lays of the Gospel*, the closing line of the third stanza is:

"When crowds adore their God."

The last line of the fourth stanza is:

"Of grand eternity."

The closing couplet of the hymn is:

"And grant us in thy courts to pray,
 Of pure, unclouded light."

The Rev. Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D.D., was born in Boston in 1809. He was graduated at Columbia College, Washington, in 1827, and at Cambridge Divinity School in 1830. He was ordained in 1831, and was pastor of several Unitarian churches. He died suddenly in 1870.

88 *Safely through another week.* 7, 6 l.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
 May we feel thy presence near:
 May the glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

JOHN NEWTON, ALT.

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

The writer's title was: *Saturday Evening*. Several lines have been changed to adapt it to Sunday singing.

One stanza, the second, has been omitted :

"Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin."

For biographical sketch, see No. 23.

89 *Gladness in the house of prayer.* S. M.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
"Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day."

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
Lord, send thy blessing down to them
That love the dear abode.

4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
 Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

This is the author's version of Psalm cxxii :

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together : whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

Verses two, six, and seven are omitted.

The author wrote in verse three, line three :

"The Lord from Heaven be kind to them."

For biographical sketch of Montgomery, see No. 5.

90 *Immortality and light.* 6.

DAY of God, thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illumine
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour;
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

A valuable hymn, cut out of a poem of nine stanzas, entitled *The Sabbath*. It is composed of verses four, five, six, and seven, *verbatim*, except one word. The fourth stanza, first of the hymn, begins :

"Choice of God," etc.

From the author's *Poems*, vol. iii. Boston, 1841. Vol. i was copyrighted in 1832, and vol. ii in 1835.

Most of Miss Gould's poems have already been forgotten ; but this Sabbath hymn will preserve her memory for a long time to come.

Miss Hannah Flagg Gould was born in Lancaster, Vermont, in 1792. In her youth her father removed to Newburyport, Mass., where she kept his house, and was not only a devoted daughter, but a constant companion up to the hour of his death. Miss Gould lived until 1865.

91 *The first of days.* 7.

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God the source of life and light

4 God, the blessed Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give thyself to me,
May I give myself to thee.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

The Latin version of this hymn is found in *L. Man's Breviary*. The first line is "*Die parente temporum*." The translation was furnished for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861. Stanzas four, five, and six are left out:

4 "Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 "Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee:
And by love inflamed arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

6 "Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, Sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow;
Make me burn Thy love to know."

Sir Henry Williams Baker, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in London in 1821, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1844. The reverend baronet was one of the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861. He died in 1877.

92 *Sabbath evening.*

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantel spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith is a Baptist clergyman, born in 1808, and now living at Newton, Mass. Mr. Smith was one of the editors of *The Psalmist*, a Baptist hymn book published at Boston in 1843. This beautiful little poem, and several other hymns, were contributed to that excellent collection. It is unaltered and entire.

93 *Abide with me.* 10.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;

Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadow's flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

See No. 27. From *Spirit of the Psalms*. London, 1858.

The basis of this prayer-song is Luke xxiv, 29:

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

The author was in delicate health and not expecting to live; yet anxious to be of use and to be remembered. In a poem, entitled *Declining Days*, he offered this petition:

"O Thou, whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die."

That prayer was answered. In the fall of 1847, as he was about to take a journey in search of health, he preached a good-bye discourse to his people, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The same night he presented to a friend this hymn, and the music he had adapted to it. It proved to be, indeed, his "swan-song," and has become a general favorite. Verses three, four, and five of the original are omitted; those given are unaltered.

94 *Parting hymn of praise.* 10.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease.
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Written originally for a festival of parochial choirs, at Nantwich, England, 1866. This is a *verbatim* copy of the hymn, as revised and abridged by the author for the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868.

For sketch of author, see No. 86.

95 *Renewed consecration.* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

ISAAC WATTS.

A Morning Song. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707. A few verbal changes have been made. In the first stanza Watts wrote:

"To Him that *rolls* the skies."

Only two letters are altered, yet the sense is greatly modified. In the last stanza the author wrote: "*Dear God,*" and "*pleasant night.*" Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth of the original, are left out:

"On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

"A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run."

96 *Morning supplications.* C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread

In my defenseless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace,
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display;
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
To everlasting day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *A Morning Hymn to be used at Awakening and Rising.* It is said that Dr. Doddridge rose every morning at five o'clock, and sung this hymn as an act of devotion.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755. The third line of the first stanza, the author wrote:

"And burst the *pond'rous* Chain that loads."

Stanzas three, four, and five of the original are omitted:

3 ["The Work of each immortal Soul—
Attentive Care demands;
Think, then, what painful Labors wait
The faithful Pastor's Hands.]

4 "My moments fly with wing'ed Pace,
And swift my Hours are hurri'd;
And Death, with rapid March, comes on,
T' unveil th' eternal World.

5 "I for this Hour must give Account,
Before God's awful Throne:
Let not this Hour neglected pass,
As Thousands more have done."

For biographical sketch, see No. 78.

97 *Angelic guardianship.* C. M.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is in the vast abyss
Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes,
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless thee, ever blest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

An Evening Hymn. From *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley, M.A. London, 1741.

The third line of the first stanza originally read:

"Whose throne is darkness in the abyss."

The last line of the hymn was:

"And bless the Ever-bless'd."

There is some doubt as to the authorship of this hymn, whether it be Charles Wesley's, John Wesley's, or that of some unknown writer.

98 *Preparation for public worship.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *For the Lord's Day Morning.* It is Watts's version of Psalm v, 3-8:

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee. The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity. Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man. But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple. Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face."

From *The Psalms of David, Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719. It is unaltered.

99 *Warmest thanks.* C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise:
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

JOHN MASON, ALT.

A Song of Praise for the Evening. Verses one and two are taken from the first two stanzas of the original, with slight changes:

1 "Now from the Altar of *my* Heart,
Let *Incense-Flames* arise;
Assist *me*, Lord, to offer up
Mine Evening Sacrifice.
Awake, my Love; Awake, my Joy;
Awake my Heart and Tongue:
Sleep not: when Mercies loudly eall,
Break forth into a Song.

2 "Man's Life's a Book of History,
The Leaves thereof are Days,
The Letters Mercies closely join'd,
The Title is thy Praise.
This Day God was *my* Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and *my* Guide,
His care was on *my* *Feeblity* shewn,
His Mercies Multiply'd."

The closing lines are as follows:

"Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
New Time upon my Score;
Then shall I praise for all my Time,
When 'Time shall be no more."

The Rev. John Mason, M.A., was an earnest, pious clergyman of the seventeenth century; and was educated at Cambridge. From 1674 to 1694 he was rector of Water-Stratford, in Buckinghamshire. His *Spiritual Songs; or, Songs of Praise to Almighty God*, were first published anonymously in 1683, and passed through many editions. It is evident to the hymnologist that Watts and Wesley were both familiar with these hymns and appreciated them.

He died in 1694. His last words were: "I am full of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

100 *Grateful praise.* C. M.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

ANNE STEELE.

A Morning Hymn. The original has six stanzas. These are verses one, three, and five, *verbatim*. Omitted stanzas:

2 "Preserv'd by the almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

4 "When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble elay.

6 "Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul,
With gratitude and praise."

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional.* By Theodosia. London, 1760. See No. 63.

101 *The Christian home.* C. M.

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

UNKNOWN.

Original title: *The Happy Home.*

This hymn is attributed to Mrs. W., in *A Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infant and Juvenile Schools and Families.* London. Fourth edition, 1849; first edition, 1838.

Only one word has been changed. Verse one, line three is:

"Where one their wish," etc.

It is doubtful whether it will ever be discovered who "Mrs. W." was.

102

Abide with us.

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessing from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

From *The Christian Year*, 1827. Part of a poem of fourteen stanzas, entitled *Evening*. This hymn is made up of the third, seventh, eighth, and last three verses, unaltered.

Text: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Luke xxiv, 29.

The Rev. John Keble, born in 1792, was a humble clergyman of the Church of England. He spent portions of several years in composing the beautiful lyrical poems that were first published in 1827, under the above title. *The Christian Year* is, without any doubt, the most popular volume of religious poetry issued in the nineteenth century. Ninety-six editions were published before the death of the author in 1866.

103

Morning mercies, daily discipline. L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

Part of the first poem in *The Christian Year*, 1827. Title: *Morning*.

It is composed of verses six, seven, eight, fourteen, and sixteen, *verbatim*.

Text: "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning." Lam. iii, 22, 23.

104

Morning and evening mercies. L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

A Song for Morning and Evening, from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.

The Scripture text of the first stanza is the same as that of hymn No. 103; that of the second stanza is Isaiah xiv, 7:

"I form the light and create darkness."

It is unaltered and entire.

105

Evening hymn. L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

THOMAS KEN.

This is a part of Bishop Ken's famous Evening Hymn; the original, including the doxology, contained twelve stanzas. Several lines have been altered:

Verse one, line four:

"Under Thy own Almighty Wings."

Verse three, line four:

"Triumphing rise at the last day."

Verse four, line one:

"O may my soul on Thee repose."

Verse four, line two:

"And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close."

Verse four, line three:

"Sleep that may me more vigorous make."

From the author's *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College*, edition of 1700. A few of the above changes were made by Bishop Ken himself for the edition of 1709.

The last verse of the hymn was not written by Ken, but was added by some editor, who attempted to sum up the poem in a single stanza, and succeeded as well as could be expected.

Thomas Ken was born in 1637; was educated at Oxford, and ordained about 1666. In 1684 he was appointed chaplain to Charles II. and Bishop of Bath and Wells in the same year. It is said that the Bishop was faithful to the king, and that the "merry monarch" had good sense enough to respect and appreciate a chaplain who dared to tell him his faults.

Three of this writer's hymns, *Morning*, *Evening*, and *Midnight*, were first published in 1700 in an Appendix to the author's *Manual of Prayers for the Winchester Scholars*. The familiar and grand long meter doxology first appeared at the close of each of these hymns.

106 *Morning hymn.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew.
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN.

A fine lyric made up of verses one, five, nine, twelve, and thirteen of Bishop Ken's *Morning Hymn*. The original has fourteen stanzas, including the doxology. This is slightly altered from the edition of 1700, but it agrees with the edition of 1709.

107 *Morning prayer.* L. M.

NOW doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Keep us from sin, O Lord most high,
Through all the actions of the day.

2 Curb thou for us the unruly tongue;
Teach us the way of peace to prize;
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

3 O may our hearts be pure within;
No cherished madness vex the soul:
May abstinence the flesh restrain
And its rebellious pride control.

4 So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Our praise to thy pure glory sing.

AMBROSE OF MILAN.
TR. BY E. CASWALL.

The translation is found in Caswall's *Hymns and Poems, Original and Translated*. London. Second edition, 1873, and in *Lyra Catholica*, 1848.

Saint Ambrose was born about 340, and died in 397. In 374 he was unexpectedly chosen Bishop of Milan by a unanimous vote of the people; although he was only a layman and unbaptized. He accepted the position and served in it with zeal and dignity. The Rev. Edward Caswall was born in England in 1814; educated at Brazenose College, Oxford; ordained in the Established Church in 1839; and in 1847 became a Romanist. He died in 1878.

108

Evening meditations.

L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *An Evening Hymn*, from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707. Unaltered.

Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth, are left out:

4 "In vain the sons of earth and hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings."

5 "Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart."

109

Evening prayer.

L. M.

AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls:
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care.

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Title: *Vesper Hymn*, unaltered and entire.

Written for the author's *Vespers*, published in 1859. It is a beautiful hymn. "Spirit's," in the last stanza should begin with a small letter. It means, of course, the soul of the worshiper.

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow is a Unitarian minister, and brother of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow. He was born in 1810, was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1839, and now resides (1884) in Cambridge, Mass. In connection with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, he edited *A Book of Hymns*, 1846, and *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864. To both of these he made valuable original contributions.

110

The soul's Advocate.

L. M. 6l.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JR.

The original poem of eight stanzas, entitled *Daily Duties*, first appeared in the *Christian Observer* in 1813. This hymn is composed of the first two and last two stanzas of the poem. One line, the first in the second verse, has been changed; the author wrote it:

"When to heaven's great and glorious King."

William Shrubsole, Jr., was born in Sheerness, England, in 1759. He was a business man, and for many years a clerk and secretary in the Bank of

England. He was also deeply interested in philanthropic movements, and wrote both in prose and verse for the publications of the Religious Tract Society. He died in 1829.

111

The Day-star.

S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,—
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

JOHN WESLEY.

Title: *A Morning Hymn*, from *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley, 1741. This is one of the few original hymns ascribed to John Wesley. One reason why it is thought to be his, rather than Charles Wesley's, is that it is only half-rhymed. Not a single known stanza of Charles Wesley has that peculiarity. The sublime thought expressed in the third line of the first stanza is borrowed from Plato: "*Lumen est umbra Dei*," *Doxology No. 4* was appended to this hymn. The original has "*orient*" instead of "*rising*" in the second stanza. There is some doubt about the authorship of this hymn.

The name of John Wesley is known and honored throughout the world. He was born in the rectory of Epworth, in 1703, and was piously instructed by his parents. In 1714 he was placed at the Charter-house School, where he was a diligent and successful student. In 1720, when seventeen years old, he was removed to Christ Church, Oxford. Here he became an accomplished classical scholar. In 1725 he was ordained deacon, and in the following year was elected to a Fellowship in Lincoln College. He received the degree of Master of Arts in 1727, and in 1728 was ordained a priest in the Church of England. In 1729 a few students at Oxford banded together to attend the sacrament regularly every week, and to observe the method of study prescribed by the university. This conduct brought upon them the sneers of their fellow-students, and the honorable name of "Methodists."

4

The band was organized by Charles Wesley, in the absence of his brother; but, when John Wesley returned, he became its acknowledged leader, and its membership soon increased. In 1735 John Wesley and his brother Charles came to Georgia, as ministers to the colonists, and missionaries to the natives; but, after nearly two years of unsatisfactory labor, returned to England. At this time Wesley knew not the power of experimental religion. He said: "I went to America to convert the Indians; but, O! who shall convert me? Who is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief?" He dated his spiritual life from May 24, 1738. For a long time he had been seeking rest of soul, and had been instructed in the way of faith by pious Moravians. On the evening of this day he attended a meeting in London, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. "About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, *I felt my heart strangely warmed*; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

From this time, for fifty-three years, until his triumphant death, in 1791, he was a tireless laborer in the Master's vineyard. He was the first man who had the holy audacity to say, "The world is my parish." He was an *apostle extraordinary*—raised up of God to head the reformation of the eighteenth century, as was Martin Luther that of the sixteenth.

112

Devout gratitude.

S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

Title: *A Morning Hymn*.

The original has nine verses. These are the second, third, fourth, and last.

The first stanza is as follows:

"Awake, my drowsy Soul;
These airy Visions chase;
Awake my Active Pow'rs renew'd,
To run the Heav'nly Race."

The author wrote, verse one, line one:

"See how the *Mounting Sun*."

And the first part of verse four:

"Thus, then, my Life anew,
Lord, I Devote to Thee."

From the author's manuscript volume of *Poems*.
The date of the preface is 1740.

It was dedicated as follows:

"To My much Rever'd, much Lov'd Father."

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 73.

113 *Evening meditation.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

JOHN LELAND.

Title: *Evening Hymn*.

This is a favorite with many people. It is found, with about twenty other compositions, in *The Writings of the Late Elder John Leland. Including Some events in his life, written by himself*. With additional sketches by Miss L. F. Greene. New York, 1845. Two words are altered. Verse three, line one, has "all" instead of "safe," and verse four, line one, "if" instead of "when."

John Leland was born in Massachusetts in 1754, and lived until 1841. In youth he was vain and wicked, but when about eighteen years old he became a Christian. He labored in the ministry in Virginia and in Massachusetts. Leland was the Lorenzo Dow of the Baptist denomination.

114 *Protection invoked.* C. M.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
O in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

JOHN F. HERZOG.

This is a translation from the German of the author, and is found in *Psalmodia Germanica; or, The German Psalmody Translated from the High German*. London, 1760. The translation contains ten stanzas; this hymn is composed of verses three, seven, and nine, somewhat altered. The translator was John Christian Jacobi.

John Fred. Herzog was born in 1647; studied law at Wittenberg, and practiced in Dresden, where he died in 1699. The hymn was originally written about 1670.

115 *Memories of the dead.* 8, 7.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

C. C. COX.

Written and published in some newspaper about 1840. It soon found its way into hymn collections, and has been widely used.

Christopher Christian Cox, son of Luther J. Cox, a Methodist preacher, was born in Baltimore in 1816; was graduated at Yale College in 1835, and at a Medical School in his native city in 1838. In 1861 he was appointed brigade surgeon in the U. S. Army.

116 *Trust in God's care.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Published without title in *Sacred Lyrics*, by James Edmeston. London, 1820. It has not been changed. For sketch of author, see No. 80.

117 *Communion with God.* 7.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

Author's title: *Evening*; from *Songs by the Way*, 1824.

Text: "Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." Psa. cxli, 2.

The writer used the first person singular in stanzas one and three. The hymn has been improved by omitting the last verse. We give it, because it completes the hymn as published by the author:

"Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye."

George Washington Doane was born in Trenton, N. J., in 1799; was graduated at Union College in 1818; then studied theology, and was ordained in 1821. In 1828 he was elected rector of Trinity

Church, Boston. In 1832 he was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey. He died in 1859.

118 *The Apostles' Creed.* 8, 7, 7.

WE all believe in one true God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Strong Deliverer in our need,
Praised by all the heavenly host,
By whose mighty power alone
All is made, and wrought, and done.

2 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of man and Son of God;
Who, to raise us up to heaven,
Left his throne and bore our load;
By whose cross and death are we
Rescued from our misery.

3 And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both forever flows;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midst of fears and woes.
Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise shall aye be brought to thee!

T. CLAUSNITZER.

TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

This translation is from *The Chorale-Book for England*. London, 1863. It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. Tobiah Clausnitzer lived from 1619 to 1684; and was educated at Leipsic. From 1644 to the close of the "Thirty Years' War" he was a chaplain to the Swedish forces. Only three hymns written by him are extant.

119 *Divine condescension.* L. P. M.

O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams;
On all thy works thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonished at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow:
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows thee down to me,—who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure, still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is;
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

JOHANN A. SCHEFFLER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *God's Love to Mankind.*

This is the first half of the translation, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, and is not altered.

Johann Angelus Scheffler was born of Protestant parents, in Breslau, Germany, in 1624. While yet a young man, he was greatly interested in the writings of Jacob Bohme, and at length he became a Mystic. In 1653 he entered the Roman Catholic Church. In 1661 he was consecrated a priest, and ever afterward was a bigoted champion of Romanism. His fame rests chiefly upon his hymns, which were first published in 1657.

120 *Te Deum laudamus.* C. M.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

NAHUM TATE. (?)

The first part of an old and excellent metrical version of the *Te Deum*. It is frequently ascribed to Patrick, but its authorship is really unknown. It is found in the Supplement to *The New Version of the Psalms*, 1703.

Nahum Tate was born at Dublin in 1652, and was educated at the University of his native city; he was made Poet Laureate in 1690, and held that office to the time of his death in 1715. He is best known as the author of a *New Version of the Psalms*, which he executed jointly with the Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., 1696.

121 *One God in Three Persons.* C. M.

HAIL, Father, God, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore,

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Thou lov'st what'er thy hands have
made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.

5 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts, of all mankind.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Of God.*

The first piece in *Hymns for Children*. Bristol, 1763. Three stanzas, the second, fifth, and seventh of the original, are omitted:

2 "Thou neither canst be felt, or seen;
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from Eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

5 "What'er Thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The Almighty God is Love.

7 "Mercy and love and endless grace
O'er all Thy works doth reign;
But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
Thy favorite creature man."

The author wrote "early" boast, instead of "joyful," in the first verse; and "our" universe, instead of "the," in the fourth verse.

122 C. M.

All Thy works shall praise thee. Psa. cxlv, 10.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
 'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth thy holy name?
 All nature's debt is small to mine;
 Nature shall cease to be;
 Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
 Immortal life to me.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

This hymn has been altered from one of long meter. The change was probably made by Dr. James Floy, one of the editors of the hymn book, 1849 edition.

I have not been able to find the author's text. *Hymns for Divine Worship*, compiled for the use of the Methodist New Connection, London, 1868, gives six four-lined stanzas, long meter.

Mrs. Amelia Opie was a daughter of James Alderson, M.D., and was born in Norwich, England, in 1769. She very early showed a taste for writing, and contributed articles to some of the periodicals of the day. In 1798 she married John Opie, a portrait painter, of London. In 1807 Mr. Opie died, and she returned to Norwich. She wrote many popular tales, and published a volume of poems in 1802, which went through several editions. Mrs. Opie was brought up a Unitarian, but in 1825 united herself with the Society of Friends. She died in 1853.

123 Omniscience. L. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *God is every-where*.
 Part of Watts's version of Psalm cxxxix. First published in 1719:

"O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known

me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast set me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

124 The Author of every perfect gift. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
 My soul on thee depends;
 Convinced that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And power and wisdom too:
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word.
 One holy thought conceive,
 Unless, in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
 His blood's availing plea
 Obtained the help for all our race,
 And sends it down to me.

5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live;
 Our God is all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.
 Text: "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do." Phil. ii, 13.
 Four lines, before the last stanza, are omitted:

"Thou all our works in us hath wrought,
 Our good is all Divine,
 The praise of every virtuous thought,
 Or righteous work, is Thine."

It is not altered.

125 My Father. C. M.

O GOD, thy power is wonderful,
 Thy glory passing bright;
 Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
 A rapture to the sight.

2 I see thee in eternal years
 In glory all alone,
 Ere round thine uncreated fires
 Created light had shone.

3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

4 I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, not yet alone.

5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

6 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

FREDERICK W. FABER.

From the author's *Hymns*, London, 1861. Six stanzas have been omitted. Those given are not altered.

Frederick William Faber was born in Yorkshire in 1814; he studied at Harrow School, and was graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1836. He immediately began the study of theology; was ordained deacon in 1837, and priest in 1839. After traveling about four years, he became rector of Elton, where he labored successfully for twelve years. In 1845 he joined the Roman Catholic Church. He died in 1863.

FIRST PART.

126 *The Unsearchable.* L. M.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall
shine.
When earth and heaven are fled away.

3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

4 High is thy power above all height:
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

ERNEST LANGE.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

SECOND PART.

127 *Wisdom, love, power.* L. M.

THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy awakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

ERNEST LANGE.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *God's Greatness.*

These two hymns are made up from selected stanzas of a poem containing twenty-four quatrains. They are not altered.

The translation was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. London, 1739. The original is found in the Herrnhuth Collection.

Ernest Lange was a pious magistrate in Danzig, where he was born in 1650. In 1711 he published a volume containing sixty-one original hymns. Only a few of them have been translated. He died in 1727.

128 *Immanuel, God with us.* L. M.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race!
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfill;
Lo, all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode forever thine.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *God with us.*

The first half of the translation, unaltered. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John and Charles Wesley, 1739.

Count Nicholas Lewis de Zinzendorf, the founder of the religious community of Herrnhut, and the apostle of the United Brethren, was born at Dresden in 1700. It is not often that noble blood and worldly wealth are allied with true piety and missionary zeal. Such, however, was the case with Count Zinzendorf. Spener, the father of Pietism, was his godfather; and Franke, the founder of the famous Orphan House in Halle, was for several years his tutor. In 1731 Zinzendorf resigned all public duties, and devoted himself to missionary work; he traveled extensively on the Continent, in Great Britain, and in America, preaching "Christ and him crucified," and organizing societies of Moravian brethren. John Wesley is said to have been under obligation to Zinzendorf for some ideas of singing, organization of classes, and church government. Zinzendorf was the author of some two thousand hymns. Many of them are worthless, or worse, but some of them are very valuable, full of Gospel sweetness and holy fervor. He died in 1760.

129 *For the grace of the Holy Trinity.* L. M.

BLEST Spirit, one with God above,
Thou source of life and holy love,
O cheer us with thy sacred beams,
Refresh us with thy plenteous streams.

2 O may our lips confess thy name,
Our holy lives thy power proclaim;
With love divine our hearts inspire,
And fill us with thy holy fire.

3 O holy Father, holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore;
Thy name be praised for evermore.

FROM THE LATIN.

TR. BY J. CHANDLER.

Title: *Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.*

The text is unaltered and entire. From the translator's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, London, 1837.

See No. 49.

130 *Incomprehensible glory.* L. M.

GOD is the name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their
frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Creator and Creatures.*

From *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709. Several verbal changes have been made, and two stanzas omitted, viz.:

2 "From thy great Self thy Being springs;
Thou art thine own Original,
Made up of uncreated Things,
And Self-sufficiency bears them all.

3 "Thrones and Dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive Forms;
Thy Presence shakes this lower Ball,
This little Dwelling-Place of Worms."

131 *Jehovah's holiness.* L. M.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee:

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*. By Charles Wesley, M.A., and Presbyter of the Church of England, 1762.

Text: "There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none besides thee: neither is there any rock like our God." 1 Sam. ii, 2.

In his preface the writer says: "Several of the hymns are intended to *prove*, and several to *guard*, the doctrine of Christian Perfection. I durst not publish one without the other." He doubtless intended this to "guard" the doctrine. The author published the first line:

"Holy as *Thee*, O Lord, is none."

132 *From everlasting to everlasting.* L. M.

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,

Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

HARRIET AUBER.

This hymn is founded on Psalm xc:

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth," etc.

Two lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line two:

"Or *the fair* earth in order stood."

Verse four, line two:

"So *ev'ry* precious hour to spend."

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.
For sketch of author, see No. 33.

133 *Omnipotence and wisdom.* L. M.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

The Rev. Thomas Blacklock, D.D., was a native of Scotland, born in 1721. He lost his sight by small-pox when an infant, but was nevertheless well educated, and ordained a minister in 1762. Two years later he retired to Edinburgh, and spent his time in teaching and authorship. An edition of his poems, which are characterized by elegant mediocrity, was published in 1793. He died in 1791. This hymn has had a wide circulation. It can speak for itself. I cannot vouch for the authorship, nor for the correctness of the text. It is evidently founded on Psalm civ.

134 *The Lord is King.* L. M.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

5 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER.

The Scripture text is Rev. xix, 6: "Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."
It is a "means of grace" to read this grand

hymn. Three stanzas, the second, seventh, and eighth, are omitted, which we give, in order that the reader may have the whole of it :

"The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

"Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie:
This world of ours, and worlds unseen;
And thin the boundary between.

"One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King."

From *The Star in the East; with Other Poems.*
By Josiah Conder. London, 1824.

135 *Omnipresence.* L. M.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Written in 1848.

Many valuable hymns are not, strictly speaking, poems; and, of course, most poems are not hymns; but this is both. It is a true hymn, full of worship; and a real poem, all alive with sublime imagery.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, author, physician, and professor, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809; was graduated at Harvard College in 1829; studied medicine in this country and in Europe, and received the degree of M.D. in 1836. In 1837 he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and accepted a call to the same chair in Harvard University in 1847. Dr. Holmes is a successful writer in various styles both of prose and poetry.

136 *Holy, holy, holy.* 11, 12, 10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to thee;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt
be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness
hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
may not see;

Only thou art holy; there is none beside
thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER.

Title: *Trinity Sunday.* Unaltered.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly
Church Service of the Year*, 1827.

For biographical sketch, see No. 62.

137 *The Trinity adored.* L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and
heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

JAMES W. EASTBURN.

This beautiful Trinity hymn is from the Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book: *Hymns Suited to the Feasts and Fasts of the Church, and Other Occasions of Public Worship*, 1826.

It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. James Wallis Eastburn was an Englishman, born in London in 1797. He came to this country in early life; was graduated at Columbia College in 1816; and in 1818 became a rector in Virginia. He died at sea in the following year while on a voyage for his health.

138 *The heavens declare His glory.* L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon take up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

This grand and familiar ode is from the *Spectator*, No. 465, 1712.

It is founded on Psalm xix, 1-4:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Joseph Addison, the son of an English clergyman, was born in 1672; educated at Oxford, and soon after his graduation elected a fellow of Magdalen College. He had an early reputation among his contemporaries for learning and ability. It was thought that he would enter the Church; but he turned his attention to politics, and rose through several public offices to be Secretary of State, a position which he was soon compelled to resign

on account of ill health. Addison's fame rests principally upon his essays in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. It is quite possible that his reputation as a writer of hymns—though he wrote only five—may outlast his fame as an essayist. He died in 1719. His last hours were perfectly serene. It is said that he sent for his son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, to witness "in what peace a Christian can die."

139 *Jehovah's sovereignty.* L. M.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid:
Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee.
Let all who owe to thee their birth,
In praises every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

JOHN WESLEY.

A hymn of nine stanzas, entitled *The Lord's Prayer Paraphrased*. It was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It may be found complete in *Wesley's Sermons*, American edition, vol. i, p. 243.

For biography, see No. 111.

140 *Worshipping the King.* 10, 11.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep-thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

This is one of twelve sacred lyrics written by this author, and collected by his brother, Lord Glenelg. *Sacred Poems*, 1839. It is founded on Psalm civ.

The second line of verse one, the author wrote:

"O gratefully sing his power and his love."

In verse two, line one, the original is "O sing," instead of "and sing."

Two stanzas, the third and sixth, of the original, are omitted:

"The earth, with its stores of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

"O measureless might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humble creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise."

Sir Robert Grant was born in 1785: was educated at Cambridge, graduating in 1806, after which he studied law. He entered Parliament in 1826, and in 1834 was appointed Governor of Bombay. He died in India in 1838.

141 *The Lord will provide.* 10, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,

Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;

From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,

So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;

He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,

The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;

The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:

But when such suggestions our graces have tried,

This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:

In this our strong tower for safety we hide;

The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view.

The word of his grace shall comfort us through:

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,

We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

JOHN NEWTON.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The title and refrain are found in Genesis xxii, 14.

The author wrote verse one, line four:

"The Scripture assures us," etc.

Verse four, line three, last part:

"Our spirits have ply'd."

Verse five, line two:

"Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name."

Two stanzas are omitted, the first, perhaps on account of its Calvinism; the second, because there are enough without it. We give them as a matter of curiosity.

3 "We may like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,

But cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages.
The Lord will provide.

4 "His call we obey
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers
The Lord will provide."

142 *Wondrous condescension.* H. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines:
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Founded on Psalm xevii.
The author's title is: *The Divine Perfections.*
From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii.
Some verbal changes have been made in the last
part of the hymn by the hymn-book editors. The
third stanza Watts wrote:

"Through all his *ancient* works,
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And *breaks* their *curst* designs."

The first line of the last stanza in the authorized
text is:

"And *can* this *mighty* King."

143 *The changeless Friend.* S.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

JOSEPH HART.

These are the last lines of a long piece, beginning:
"No prophet or dreamer of dreams."

The title to Mr. Hart's book is a curious one, viz.:
Hymns, &c. Composed on Various Subjects: 1759.

This piece must be one of the "*and so forths.*"
It certainly is not a hymn. These stanzas are very
much superior to the rest, and are the only ones
worth preserving.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 29.

144 *Praise to the Trinity.* 7, 6 L.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honor paid;
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn Jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Godhead One, and Persons Three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Title: *Trinity Sunday.*

Verse three, line two, the original has "Thy" throne.

Verse three, line four, the author wrote "behests" instead of "commands."

Verses six and seven omitted:

6 "In Thy Name baptized are we,
With thy blessing are dismiss'd;
And Thrice-Holy chant to Thee
In the holy Eucharist;
Life is one Doxology
To the Blessed Trinity.

7 "To the Father, and the Son,
Who for us did deign to die;
And to God the Holy One,
Who the Church doth sanctify,
Sing we with glad Jubilee,
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.

From *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays and Holydays.* London, 1862.

For biographical sketch, see No. 72.

145

Worship the Creator.

7.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;

2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
He hath with a pitying eye
Looked upon our misery:
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, ALT.

Part of the author's paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvi. Fifteen lines out of the twenty-four have been more or less changed. It ought to be marked *altered*.

John Milton was born in London in 1608, and educated at Cambridge. After graduating he traveled extensively, for those days. He was a Puritan in religion and a Republican in politics;

was in public service under Cromwell, and narrowly escaped death or banishment at the Restoration. In 1652 he became totally blind; but his poetic vision seemed to be only quickened thereby, and he wrote in *Paradise Lost*:

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

It is said that this paraphrase was written when the author was only fifteen years of age, (1623.) This we can readily believe; for it contains the excellences of genius, and, especially in its original form, the imperfections of immaturity.

146

Glory, mercy, grace.

C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *God Glorious and Sinners Saved.*

From *Horæ Lyricæ*, book i, 1709.

Verse six, line three, the author wrote "*Sweet Cherubs*," etc.

Two stanzas, the fifth and seventh, have been omitted:

5 "Our Thoughts are lost in reverend Awe,
We love and we adore;
*The first Arch-Angel never saw
So much of God before.*

- 7 "When Sinners broke the Father's Laws,
Thy dying Son atones;
Oh the dear Mysteries of his Cross,
The Triumph of his Groans!"

147 *Majesty and love of God.* C. M.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Title: *Our Heavenly Father.*

Written in 1849, and found in the author's *Hymns*, 1861. It is not altered. This lyric illustrates one characteristic beauty of Faber's poetry, viz., an intense adoration—a profound love of God. Omitted stanzas:

6 "Oh then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

8 "Only to sit and think of God,
Oh what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!"

For biographical sketch, see No. 125.

148

God's glory in creation and redemption.

8, 7-

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
By thy just and awful praise.

- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign!
- 3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be thy kingdom all thine own!

ROBERT ROBINSON.

This hymn is full of beauty and majesty. Robinson did not publish any collection himself, but contributed several hymns to Whitefield's collection. Some verbal changes have been made since the death of the author.

In the first stanza he wrote "*infant*" instead of "mortal," and "*lawful*" instead of "awful."

The third line of the second stanza read:

"For created works of power."

The third stanza began:

"But thy rich, thy free redemption
Dark thro' brightness all along."

It also had "*anful*" instead of "wondrous" in the fourth line. He wrote "*Go, return,*" instead of "Re-ascend," in the last stanza.

The refrain, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!" is omitted, and also four lines of the hymn, as follows:

"Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise."

The Rev. Robert Robinson was a native of England; born in 1735; a talented and versatile preacher, but "unstable as water." He began his ministry as a Calvinistic Methodist in one of Lady Huntingdon's chapels; soon after that he formed an Independent church; then he joined the Baptists. At length he strayed away from the Evangelical faith and became an unhappy backslider and Socinian. He died in 1790. Dr. Belcher, in his *Sketches of Hymns*, says that this hymn was written for Benjamin Williams, who afterward became deacon of a Baptist church. Williams was sitting on the author's knee when he composed the first couplet:

"Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?"

After completing the hymn he read it, and gave it to the boy. Not in Whitefield's collection. A *Universalist Hymn Book*, Boston, 1792, claims to give the original.

149 *The wideness of God's mercy.* 8, 7.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

This beautiful hymn is composed of the fourth, sixth, eighth, and thirteenth stanzas, *verbatim*, of a long poem, entitled *Come to Jesus*.

The theology of the hymn is very agreeable to Methodists. The whole piece can be found in *Faber's Hymns*. London, 1862.

For biographical sketch, see No. 125.

150 *Unchanging wisdom and love.* 8, 7.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

The author's title is: *God is Love*.
From *Hymns*. London, 1825. One word has been changed. The original of verse three, line three, is:

"From the mist his brightness streameth."

The hymn closes by repeating the first stanza. John Bowring was a native of Exeter, England; born in 1792. He entered Parliament early in life; for many years held different official positions, and was knighted in 1854. The religious life of this author is recorded largely in his poems, *Matins and Vespers*. London, 1823; and in *Hymns as a Sequel to Matins and Vespers*, 1825.

151 *Majesty and providence.* C. M.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebél, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, wait his nod;
And bid the coral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

Title: *The Eternal Monarch*.

This is a genuine poem. It was first published

by the Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D.D., in *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*. London, 1812. Slight changes have been made in four lines.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line one:

"The Lord our God is *full* of might."

Verse three, line one:

"*Howl*, winds of night, your force combine."

Verse five, line one:

"Ye *nations bend*, in reverence bend."

Verse five, line two:

"Ye *monarchs* wait his nod."

For sketch of author, see No. 22.

152 *The Lord is King.* C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty
Upon his holy throne.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, ALT.

The first three stanzas are founded on Psalm xviii, 9-11:

"He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

Each stanza has been altered. The word "most" has been added in the second line of the first verse; the first line of the second stanza was originally:

"On *cherubs* and on *cherubims*."

And the third line was:

"And on the wings of *all the* winds."

The third stanza is changed beyond all recognition; yet the critic will see that it still retains a thought of the original:

"And like a den most dark he made
his hid and secret place;
With waters black, and airy clouds,
environed he was."

The last stanza was taken from Psalm xxix, 2:

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

This, too, has been altered; it was:

"Give glory to his *holy* Name,
and honor him alone;
Worship him in his Majesty
within his holy throne."

Thomas Sternhold was an Englishman. The time and place of his birth are not known. He died in 1549, having held the office of Groom of the Robes to King Henry VIII. Sternhold, in connection with Hopkins and others, published a versification of the whole Book of Psalms in 1562.

153 *Praise from all creation.* C. M.

PRaise ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Universal Hallelujah*. Part of a paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii.

From *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709.

The first stanza of the hymn is made by combining the first two of Watts's—as can be seen :

“1 Praise ye the Lord with joyful Tongue,
Ye Powers that guard his Throne;
Jesus, the Man, shall lead the Song,
The God inspire the Tune.

“2 Gabriel, and all the immortal Choir
That fill the Realms above,
Sing, for he formed you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love.”

The rest of the hymn is a copy of verses three, four, seven, eight, and thirteen of the paraphrase.

154 *Goodness and mercy.* C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Mercy to Sufferers*; or, *God hearing prayer*. A paraphrase of Psalm cxlv, 14-21.

Two stanzas are omitted, and each of the others, except the first, slightly altered.

Published in 1719.

155 *The angelic guard.* C. M.

WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A beautiful hymn on a beautiful subject. The text is Hebrew i, 14:

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

This was one of the many hymns that Charles Wesley left in manuscript. The date of writing is 1786. The original has nine double stanzas, and can be found complete in *The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, vol. xiii. London, 1872. The first line reads:

“Which of the *petty kings* of earth.”

The word “monarchs” was substituted when the hymn was introduced to our hymn book, in 1849; probably by Dr. James Floy, who made many verbal changes, some of which were improvements and some were not.

156 *The twenty-third Psalm* C. M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark
vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM AND OTHERS.

This most literal and valuable version of Psalm xliii is based upon the rendering of the Rev. William Whittingham, who contributed fifteen psalms to the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, 1562. It is sometimes attributed to Francis Rous; but Rous—at least in his first edition, 1641—only substituted a few lines from the version of Sternhold for corresponding lines of Whittingham, and altered a few other lines. Most of the changes are of a later date, and were probably made by the editors of the Scottish version of the Psalms.

157 *Rejoicing in deliverance* C. M.

OTHOU, who, when we did complain,
Didst all our griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
Our humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear us when we prayed,
We'll call upon thee while we live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
Our souls encompassed round;
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
On every side we found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, we prayed,
And did for succor flee:
"O save," in our distress we said,
"The souls that trust in thee."

5 How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How ready to forgive!
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days;
And by thy love we live.

6 Our eyes no longer drowned in tears,
Our feet from falling free,
Redeemed from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, we'll live to thee.

SAMUEL WESLEY, ALT.

This hymn is the first part of a paraphrase of Psalm cxvi. It was written in the first person, singular; and there are changes, mostly slight, in all the lines except two. The Wesleys published this in their *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. It was not written by Charles Wesley, but by his father, and published by him in *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared*. By S. Wesley, Rector of Epworth, 1700.

For biography of Samuel Wesley, see No. 215.

158 *The sure refuge.* C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

HENRY F. LYTE.

Founded on Psalm xci. Sir Roundell Palmer, in his *Book of Praise*, gives to it the date of 1834. It is found in the author's *Spirit of the Psalms*. London, 1858.

It is unaltered and entire.

For biographical sketch, see No. 27.

159 *The only source of blessing.* C. M.

JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies:
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

JOHN THOMSON.

Title: *Omnipresence of God.*

Three lines have been slightly altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse two, line three:

"Thy *right hand* will our footsteps lead."

Verse two, line four:

"*Thine arm* our path surround."

Verse four, line four:

"*Ceaseless* proceed from thee."

There is one additional stanza:

5 "In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend."

This first appeared in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Unitarian Worship*. By Robert Ashland, 1810.

Mr. Thomson was an English physician of eminence, and lived from 1782 to 1818.

160

Gratitude.

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

This favorite hymn contains, in all, thirteen stanzas. The verses left out are equally good as those retained. The whole poem is found in the *Spectator*, No. 453, in which it was first published in 1712.

Some doubt has recently been expressed by hymnologists whether Addison were the author of this hymn. It will be seen that he does not expressly claim it. To do so was contrary to his habit. Addison wrote "*glorious*" instead of "pleasing" in verse six, line four.

161

C. M.

Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself. Isa. xlv, 15.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *Light Shining Out of Darkness.*
From *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Unaltered and entire.
The Rev. Richard Watson, in his *Life of John Wesley*, indulges in a sharp criticism of the fifth stanza of this hymn. He says, "This is a figure, not only not found in sacred inspired poetry, but which has too much *prettiness* to be the vehicle of a sublime thought, and the verse has moreover the fault

of an absurd antithesis, as well as a false rhyme." This is certainly hypercritical. The stanza is truly poetical in spite of the defective rhyme, and the sentiment is true and in perfect keeping with the whole poem.

Montgomery calls this "a lyric of high tone and character, and rendered awfully interesting by the circumstances under which it was written: in the twilight of departing reason."

See No. 44.

162 *Crowning God with praise.* L. M.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

ISAAC WATTS.

Founded on Psalm lxxviii, 32-35:

"Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord; Selah: To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice. Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds. O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God."

First published in 1719. It is unaltered.

163 *God's presence with his people.* L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This is a part of the hymn with which the imprisoned Rebecca concludes her evening devotions. From the author's romance, *Ivanhoe*, 1820.

The original consists of four eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is composed of the first and third. Two lines have been slightly changed.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse three, line one:

"But present still, though now unseen."

Verse four, line one:

"And oh, when stoops on Judah's path."

The Scripture reference, in the first part of the hymn, is to Exodus xiii, 21:

"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night."

Sir Walter Scott, the "Wizard of the North," was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and educated in the High School and University of his native city. His famous career as a poet and novelist need not be recorded here. Two of his hymns appear in this Hymnal, and are every way worthy of the genius of the author. Scott died in 1832.

164 *The great Provider.* L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not
fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

SAMUEL ECKING, ALT.

This is founded upon Matt. vi, 33:

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

The original contained seven stanzas; these are the first two and the last two, somewhat altered.

The Rev. Samuel Eeking (1757-1785) was an English Baptist minister who died quite young. He was the author of a volume of *Essays on Grace, Faith, and Experience*, in which this hymn first appeared. It is found in every edition of the hymn book.

165 *God our shield.* L. M.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

3 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept.—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though arméd throngs
Surround my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people's path.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The reader will find it interesting to compare this hymn with Psalm iii, upon which it is founded. Unaltered from *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

For biographical sketch of Montgomery, see No. 5.

166 *God a mighty fortress.* 8, 7, 6.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

MARTIN LUTHER.
TR. BY F. H. HEDGE.

This is the most famous of Luther's hymns. It is the "Marseillaise of the Reformation," and is founded on the first part of Psalm xlvii:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear," etc.

The hymn is supposed to have been written by Luther while on his way to the Diet at Worms, 1521. This is a mistake; if it had been written at that time it would, no doubt, have appeared in one of Luther's first hymn books published in 1524, but it does not. It was probably written in 1529, just before the Diet of Augsburg.

Martin Luther, the hero of the Reformation, was born in the village of Eisleben in 1483, entered the University at Erfurth in 1501, and was graduated with honor, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1505 he entered an Augustinian monastery at Erfurth, was consecrated to the priesthood in 1507, and was very faithful to all the regulations of the order. He afterward said, "If ever a monk got to heaven by monkery, I was determined to get there."

He was a diligent scholar, and in 1508 was called to the chair of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg. In 1512 he received the degree of Doctor of Theology. In the meantime he made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he saw much corruption among the clergy; but still his faith was strong in the Roman Church. It was the shameless sale of indulgences by Tetzel, authorized by Leo X., that first opened his eyes and determined him to make public opposition. On October 31, 1517, at midday, Luther posted his ninety-five *Theses against the Merits of Indulgences* on the church door at Wit-

tenberg. That day was the birthday of the Reformation.

The burning of the Pope's Bull of Excommunication in 1520, the Diet at Worms in 1521, Luther's concealment in the castle of Wartburg, and his marriage in 1525, are matters of interest upon which we cannot dwell. It was during his Wartburg captivity that he translated the New Testament, published in 1522, into the mother-tongue of the German people. After giving them the Scriptures, he felt the need of psalms and hymns in the German language, and employed others to supply them. He, himself, translated psalms and wrote hymns, to some of which he adapted tunes. Luther wove the Gospel into these hymns. They were gladly received and widely circulated. A Romanist of the time wrote, "The whole people is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine."¹ The first collection of Luther's hymns was published in 1524. His death occurred in 1546.

The translator, the Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, D.D., was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1805; he was graduated at Harvard College in 1825; and was for many years a Unitarian minister. From 1872 to 1881 he was professor in Harvard University. A translation first appeared in *Gems of German Verse*, edited by Dr. William Henry Furness, (second edition, 1859.) Here it is the same as that published by Dr. Hedge in *Hymns for the Church of Christ*, 1853.

167 *God's messengers of love.* L. M.

THEY come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart.
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

4 Blest Jesus, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou didst not scorn thine angel's aid.

5 An angel guard to us supply,
While on the bed of death we lie;
And by thine own almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, ALT.

The author's title was: *Saint Michael and All Angels*.

Verbal changes have been made in every stanza, except the third. The following doxology closes the hymn:

"To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
From all above and all below
Let joyful praise unceasing flow."

Robert Campbell was by profession a lawyer. He resided in Edinburgh, and was for several years a member of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. He contributed this hymn to *Hymns and Anthems for Use in the Holy Service of the Church*, 1850, of which he was one of the editors. He subsequently joined the Roman Catholic Church, and died in that communion in 1868.

168 *Security in God.* L. M.

GOD is our refuge and defense;
In trouble our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The first four verses of an excellent paraphrase of Psalm xlvii, in *Songs of Zion*, 1822. It is interesting to compare the metrical version with the authorized text:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."

169 *The Saviour's tender care.* L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure under thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Composed of the first, second, ninth, eleventh, and fourteenth verses of a poem of fifteen stanzas, entitled *At the Approach of Temptation*. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

In two of the omitted stanzas the writer alludes to his providential preservation from death by shipwreck and fever:

- 5 "Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And gave me back to Thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hallow of Thy hand.
- 6 "Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found Thee near to save;
The fever owned Thy touch and fled."

The author wrote, verse two, line three:

"O help me still my course to run."

170 *Quietness and assurance.* L. M.

- HOW do Thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone:
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unaltered, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The author's title was: *At Lying Down*. The whole hymn is invested with new interest by this fact. The original has four additional stanzas:

- 7 "Me for Thine own Thou lovest to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.
- 8 "Therefore in confidence I close
My eyes, for Thine are open still;
My spirit lulled in calm repose,
Waits for the counsels of Thy will.
- 9 "After Thy likeness let me rise,
If here Thou wilt 'st my longer stay;
Or close in mortal sleep my eyes,
To open them in endless day.
- 10 "Still let me run or end my race;
I cannot choose, I all resign;
Contract or lengthen out my days,
Come life or death; for Christ is mine."

171 *The pilgrim's Guide.* 8. 7. 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

The title of this hymn in *George Whitefield's Collection*, 1774, is: *Christ a Sure Guide*.

One line, the third in verse three, has been changed. In the original it is:

"Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction."

Few persons are aware that there ever was a fourth stanza, the hymn is perfect without it:

4 "Musing on my Habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly Home,
Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come:
Vanity is all I see,
Lord I long to be with Thee!"

Williams composed the hymn in the Welsh language. It is not certain that he translated it. It appeared in English in 1774.

The Rev. William Williams has been called the "Watts of Wales." He was born in 1717. His "awakening" was due to an open-air sermon by the famous Welsh preacher, Howell Harris. Williams received deacon's orders in the Established Church, but subsequently became a preacher in the Calvinistic Methodist Connection. He lived till 1791.

172 *Infinite compassion.* S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the Midst of Judgment.*

It is unaltered. Two stanzas, the second and sixth, are omitted:

2 "God will not always chide.
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

6 "He knows we are but dust
Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death."

It is an imitation of Psalm ciii, 8-18:

"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

Published in 1719.

173 *Omnipotent goodness.* S. M.

A WAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
Be heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a long hymn consisting of ten double stanzas. The author wrote "*stormy*" instead of "troubled" in verse two, line two.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

174

S. M.

Through a glass, darkly. 1 Cor. xiii, 12.

THY way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight:
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT, ALT.

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*. By John Fawcett. Leeds, 1782. The first stanza refers to Psalm lxxvii, 19:

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

The text of the last part is 1 Cor. xiii, 9: "We know in part."

Two stanzas have been left out. The hymn has been altered in two ways: first, by a change in the meter from common to short; and, second, by changing the number. It is written in the first person singular throughout. These changes were probably made by Dr. James Floy, one of the editors of the hymn book of 1849.

See No. 31.

175

Delight in God.

S. M.

LORD, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

JOHN RYLAND, ALT.

The author's date is December 3, 1777.

This hymn has been altered by changing it from common to short meter. Three verses have been omitted.

The Rev. John Ryland, D.D., an English Baptist, was born in 1753. He was for some years president of a Baptist school at Bristol; and was also one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society. He died in 1825. Ryland's *Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects* were reprinted by Daniel Sedgwick in his *Library of Spiritual Songs*. London, 1862.

176

S. M.

Thy gentleness hath made me great. Psa. xviii, 35.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

The author's title is: *God's Care a Remedy for Ours*.

The text of the hymn (nearly all Doddridge's hymns are written upon texts of Scripture) is:

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." 1 Pet. v, 7.

Some slight changes have been made. The second stanza begins:

"While Providence supports
Let Saints securely dwell."

The second line of the fourth verse is:

"Down to the present Day."

The last stanza would do credit to any poet; to exchange a "burden" for a "song" is a happy thought.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755.

For biography of Doddridge, see No. 78.

177 *Afflictions blessed.* S. M.

HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

In *The Mother's Hymn Book*, third edition, 1859.
The first stanza is:

"How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord,
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word."

One stanza, the fourth, is left out:

"We told him all our grief;
We thought of Jesus' love;
A space of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pangs remove."

Thomas Hastings, editor, author, and Doctor of Music, was born in Connecticut in 1784. In youth he removed with his father to northern New York, and subsequently resided in New York city. He edited and largely contributed to the following works: *Spiritual Songs*, 1832; *Christian Psalmist*, 1836; *The Mother's Hymn Book*, 1849; and *Devotional Hymns and Religious Poems*, 1850; and he was also the editor of a number of music books. He died in 1872.

178 *All things in Christ.* S. M.

THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find,
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of several compositions that the writer named *Hymns for Widows*. One double stanza, following the fourth verse, is omitted:

"Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind;
The wounded spirits balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind:
In deep affliction blessed
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distressed,
Thine all-sufficient love."

A few verbal changes have been made in this hymn. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

179 *The Lord is my Shepherd.* 11.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall
I know;

I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
stay;

No harm can befall, with my Comforter
near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er;

With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head;

O what shall I ask of thy providence
more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Another of the many metrical versions of Psalm
xxiii. Unaltered.

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

For a brief biography of Montgomery, see No. 5.

180 *The Shepherd of Israel.* L. M. 6 l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The real subject of the *Spectator*, No. 441, (1712,) is: *Trust in the Supreme Being*.

At the close of the article the author says, "David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in Psalm xxiii, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it."

Addison's rendering is not so literal as the last by Montgomery, but it is far more beautiful. Unaltered, except that the order of the last two stanzas is reversed.

181 *The glories of Christ's kingdom.* 7, 6.

HAIL, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This beautiful hymn, eight stanzas in all, is founded upon Psalm lxxii.

Montgomery wrote "*come down*" instead of "*descend*" in verse three, line one. And "*For him*" instead of "*To him*" in verse four, line one.

The Psalms are a wonderful fountain of song, from which our sacred poets have drawn inspiration.

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

See No. 5.

182 *The guiding star.* 7, 6 l.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy.
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

Text: "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Matt. ii, 10.

This elegant hymn was contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, in which it has this additional stanza:

"In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluia to our King. Amen."

William Chatterton Dix, a layman in the Church of England, was born in Bristol, Eng., in 1837.

183 *Joy to the World.* C. M.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*
A free rendering of the last part of Psalm
xeviii:

"Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity."

Published in 1719. The text is not altered. It is strange that this glad song never found its way into our hymn book before. We welcome it at last. May it long remain!

184 *Wonderful, Counselor.* Isa. ix, 6. C. M.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven,

JOHN MORRISON.

Part of a paraphrase of Isa. ix, 2-8. The last stanza is a repetition of parts of the first and second, and has been added by some hymnal editor; otherwise it is unaltered. The first three verses, as published by the author in the *Paraphrases* appended to the Scotch version of the Psalms, are omitted.

The Rev. John Morrison, D.D., (1749-1798,) was a clergyman of the National Church of Scotland; he was one of the editors of the above-mentioned *Paraphrases*, and has the credit of being the author of several of them. Date of authorship, 1770.

185 *The Saviour's advent.* C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Christ's Message*. This is Dr. Doddridge's masterpiece. It was written to be sung at the close of a Christmas sermon, preached Dec. 28, 1785. The text of the sermon, and of the hymn as well, is Luke iv, 18, 19:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

Two inferior stanzas, the second and sixth, have been omitted. The third line of the third stanza in the original is:

"And on the *Eye-Balls* of the Blind."

It also has "*bleeding*" instead of "wounded" in the fourth stanza.

See No. 78.

186 *The star in the East.* 11, 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning;

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

REGINALD HEBER.

The title given to this hymn in the *Memoirs of Heber* is *Star of the East*. It was first published in the *Christian Observer* in 1811, and is found in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service*, 1827.

The second line of the second stanza should read:

"Low lies his *head*," etc.

In verse three, line four, the original has "*or gold*" instead of "*and gold*."
See No. 62.

187 *Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,

One star alone of all the train

Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,

From every host, from every gem;

But one alone the Saviour speaks,

It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,

The storm was loud, the night was dark,

The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed

The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;

Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;

When suddenly a star arose,

It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,

It bade my dark forebodings cease;

And, through the storm and danger's thrall,

It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,

I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

For ever and for evermore,

The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

In this hymn, from the third verse to the end, the writer gives, in highly poetical language, the story of his own Christian experience, his awakening, the intense anxiety that followed, and the peace and rest that he found at last. Unaltered, from the author's poems.

For biographical sketch of Henry Kirke White, see No. 22.

188 *Peace on earth, good-will to men.* 8, 7.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

JOHN CAWOOD.

For Christmas Day.

Several slight verbal changes have been made since the hymn was first published.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line two:

"Sweetly *warbling* in the skies."

Verse one, line three:

"*Sure* the angelic host rejoices."

Verse one, line four:

"*Loudest* hallelujahs rise."

Verse four, line two:

"Heaven and earth his *glory* sing!

Verse four, line three:

"*Glad* receive whom God appointed."

Each stanza in the original was followed by a "Hallelujah." These changes were, without doubt, made by Dr. Thomas Cotterill, for his Sheffield Collection, 1810 to 1819.

Lyra Britannica gives an additional stanza:

"Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth."

The Rev. John Cawood, an English clergyman, was born in 1775; was a farmer's son, and his early advantages were not of the best. He succeeded, notwithstanding, in entering St. Edmond's Hall, Oxford, and was graduated in 1801. Cawood was the author of some twenty hymns, which appeared in various collections. He died in 1852.

189 *Adoring the holy Child.* 8, 7, 4.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,

Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Good Tidings of Great Joy to All People.*

Found in the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825; and in *Cotterill's Selection*, 1819. It is unaltered, from Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853.

For biographical notes of author, see No. 5.

190

God incarnate.

7.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
 "Glory to the newborn King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With angelic hosts proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail, incarnate Deity!

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hymn for Christmas Day. It has ten stanzas in all, and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1789. The first couplet has been changed. Wesley wrote:

"Hark how all the welkin rings,
 Glory to the King of kings."

The change was made by the Rev. Martin Madan in 1760, and was adopted by John Wesley in some of his collections.

Some of the omitted stanzas illustrate that well-known characteristic of the author—his intense desire for personal holiness.

"Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head."

"Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
 Stamp Thy image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstall us in Thy love."

191

Prince of peace.

7.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born;
 From the highest realms of heaven,
 Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear,
 On his vesture and his thigh,
 Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
 Christ, the incarnate Deity;
 Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet;
 Yield to him the homage meet;
 From the manger to the throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *The Names and Offices of Christ.* Another rendering of Isa. ix, 6:

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

The word Christ has been inserted in the second line of the third stanza, and left out of the second line of the fourth stanza, where "*him*" takes its place. The author wrote, verse four, line three:

"From *his* manger to *his* throne."

See No. 5.

192

C. M.

Good tidings of great joy. Luke ii, 10.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
 by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind.—
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 To you and all mankind."

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God on high,
 Who thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease."

TATE AND BRADY.

For biographical notes of Tate and Brady, see No. 13. It is not certain that either of them wrote this hymn, which has been traced to the Appendix

of the *New Version of the Psalms*, published in 1703. The author is really unknown.

The hymn is a very literal rendering of Luke ii, 8-14, and the versifier was too modest to claim what he knew belonged to St. Luke.

193 *Glory to God in the highest.* C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
’Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
“Glory to God on high!”
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

7 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Title: *The Nativity of Christ.*

This hymn has been improved by the omission of two inferior stanzas.

The Rev. Samuel Medley was born in Hertfordshire, Eng., in 1738; was piously brought up, but, entering the navy, led for awhile a careless and wicked life. Being severely wounded, he was allowed to return home, where, through the efforts of a pious grandfather, he was led to accept Christ. At length he entered the ministry, and was for many years pastor of a Baptist church in Liverpool. He died in 1799. His hymns, two hundred and thirty in number, were collected and published in the following year.

The author wrote, verse four, line one:

“Down to the portals,” etc.

From *Medley's Hymns*, new edition, 1839.

194

Christmas carol.

C. M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
“Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angel’s sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

Title: *Peace on Earth.*

This is not, strictly speaking, a hymn, but a very elegant poem. It first appeared in the *Christian Register*, Boston, Dec. 29, 1849.

The Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, D.D., (1810-1876), was a native of Massachusetts; was graduated at Union College, N. Y., in 1834, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1837. He received the degree of D.D. from his *Alma Mater* in 1871. While pastor of several Unitarian churches in Massachusetts, he found time to write several prose works, and to contribute to various periodicals.

A few words have been altered since this hymn was first published.

ORIGINAL.

Verse two, line six :

"They bend on heavenly wing."

Verse three, line one :

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife."

Verse three, line two :

"The world *hath* suffered long."

Verse five, line seven :

"And the whole world *send* back the song."

195 *Christmas anthem.* C. M.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
Their comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the newborn light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

5 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!

When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

EDMUND H. SEARS.

This *Christmas Song* was first published in the *Boston Observer* in 1834, and was afterward amended by the author, and appeared in its present form in *The Monthly Religious Magazine*. Boston, 1866.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounced it one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written.

This is the author's latest revision.

See No. 194.

196 *Patience of Jesus.* C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

Author's title: *The Forgiving One*.

"Grace is poured into thy lips." *Psa.* xlv, 2.

Given *verbatim* from the author's *Miscellaneous Hymns*, 1839.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., was born in Ireland in 1796. He was an earnest millenarian, and prefaced his *Hymns and Poems*, 1848, with a dissertation on this favorite topic.

197 *A present help.* C. M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet.
And love its Galilee.

- 3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 4 Through him the first fond prayers are
said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.
- 5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This is part of a beautiful poem of thirty-eight stanzas, entitled *Our Master*. The hymn is made up of verses five, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, *verbatim*.

This hymn appeared in the *Congregationalist*, Boston, Aug. 16, 1867.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. His early religious education, which was received among the Society of Friends, has influenced his whole life. Whittier first gained reputation as a poet by a volume, entitled *Voices of Freedom*. Since then he has produced several works in prose and poetry, all of which have been well received.

198 *The Transfiguration.* C. M.

THE chosen three, on mountain height,
While Jesus bowed in prayer,
Beheld his vesture glow with light,
His face shine wondrous fair.

- 2 And lo! with the transfigured Lord,
Leader and seer they saw;
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood
The giver of the law.
- 3 From the low-bending cloud above,
Whence radiant brightness shone,
Spake out the Father's voice of love,
"Hear my beloved Son!"
- 4 Lord, lead us to the mountain height;
To prayer's transfiguring glow;
And clothe us with the Spirit's might
For grander work below.

DAVID H. ELA.

Written and contributed to this Hymnal by the author in 1877.

The Rev. David Hough Ela, D.D., a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Maine in 1831; was graduated at the Wesleyan Uni-

versity in 1857; ordained Deacon in 1860, and Elder in 1862. He has been in the regular work of the pastorate, excepting two years, when he was principal of East Greenwich Seminary, and four years' service as a Presiding Elder.

199 *The Transfiguration.* L. M.

O WONDROUS type! O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high,
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by thy grace
To see thy glory face to face.

SARUM BRIEVIARY.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

Title: *Cælestis formæ Gloria.*

The third verse of this hymn has been omitted:

"The chosen witnesses stand nigh,
Of Grace, the Law, and Prophecy,
And from the cloud the Holy One
Bears record to the Only Son."

Dr. Neale's translation is found in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1851. It was largely altered by the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861.

The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D., was born in 1818; was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1840, and entered holy orders in 1842. In 1846 he was appointed Warden of the Sackville College, which office he retained until his death, in 1866.

Dr. Neale was a voluminous writer, but his fame was won as a hymnologist, and largely as a translator of valuable mediæval hymns. Next to writing a first-class poem, it is a work of difficulty and merit to translate one from another tongue. To transfer the soul of a hymn into a new body—acclimatize it, and make it live—requires genius such as few possess. Dr. Neale did it on a grand scale, and the English-speaking churches are greatly indebted to him.

200

Hermon.

L. M.

O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on the transfigured face.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee:
When darkling in the depth of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye him."

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

The words of Peter at the Transfiguration are very prominent in the hymn:

"Master, it is good for us to be here." Mark ix, 5.

The second stanza has been omitted:

2 "O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love."

In 1853 the author visited the Holy Land, and gave a description of his tour to the public in *Sinai and Palestine*. It is quite possible that there is some connection between this hymn and the author's visit to Mount Hermon.

The Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., was born in Alderley, England, in 1815. At the age of fourteen years he entered the famous Rugby school, Dr. Thomas Arnold, head master. He is said to be the original Arthur, who won the heart of "Tom Brown" by kneeling in the presence of the rough noisy boys, and saying his prayer before going to bed. In 1837 he was graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. His *Eastern Church* and *Jewish Church* are some of the results of his professorship. In 1864 he accepted the office of Dean of Westminster, which he held until his death in 1881.

201

Receive thy sight. Luke xviii, 42. L. M.

WHEN the blind suppliant in the way,
By friendly hands to Jesus led,
Prayed to behold the light of day,
"Receive thy sight," the Saviour said.

2 At once he saw the pleasant rays
That lit the glorious firmament;
And, with firm step and words of praise,
He followed where the Master went.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
On eyes oppressed by moral night,
And touch the darkened lids, and say,
The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
Where walked the sinless Son of God
And, aided by new strength from thee,
Press onward in the path he trod.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

From an edition of *Bryant's Poems*, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1874. It is unaltered and entire.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794; spent two years at Williams College, after which he studied law and practiced about ten years. In 1826 he connected himself with the *New York Evening Post*, and continued to be one of its editors and proprietors to the day of his death, in 1878. Bryant is known as one of the ablest and sweetest of American poets. Many editions of his poems have been published. He also made an excellent translation of Homer's *Iliad and Odyssey*.

202

Meekness of Christ.

L. M.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou Light of light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee, all my journey run.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

Title: *Hymn to the Redeemer.*

The original has seven eight-line stanzas. Slight changes have been made in three lines.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line four:

"In wondrous love, oh *Lamb* of God!"

Verse two, line one:

"Oh! who like Thee, so *calm*, so bright."

Verse three, line three:

"So meek, *forgiving*, *God-like*, high."

From *Christian Ballads and Poems*. Oxford, 1855.

Arthur Cleveland Coxé, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born at Mendham, N. J., in 1818; and was educated at the University of New York, and at the General Theological Seminary.

He was ordained in 1841, and in 1862 was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York.

203 *The tears of Jesus.* 8, 7, 7.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

The author's title is: *The Grave of Bethany*. The scriptural basis of the hymn is the brief but touching declaration of John xi, 35: "Jesus wept."

Two words have been changed.

ORIGINAL LINES:

Verse two, line four:

"*Refuge* of the troubled soul."

Verse three, line three:

"*Loving* to retrace the story."

The first stanza is omitted:

1 "Who is this in silence bending
O'er a dark sepulchral cave?
Sympathetic sorrow blending
With the tears around that grave?
Christ the Lord is standing by,
At the tomb of Bethany."

This hymn, which was ascribed to Sir Edward Denny, we are glad to restore to its author.

From *The Gates of Praise*. New York, edition 1876.

For biographical sketch, see No. 1016.

204 *Glorying in the cross.* 8, 7.

I N the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Title: *The Cross of Christ.*

This grand hymn—unaltered and entire—is from the author's *Hymns*. London, 1825. In his preface he says: "This little book is intended as a sequel to the *Matins and Vespers*."

See No. 150.

205

Lessons of the cross.

7.

NEVER further than Thy cross;
 Never higher than thy feet:
 Here earth's precious things seem dross:
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
 Learn thy love while gazing thus;
 Sin which laid the cross on thee,
 Love which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
 And, rejoicing, self deny;
 Here we gather love to live,
 Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
 Still to this our hearts must tend;
 Where our earliest hopes began,
 There our last aspirations end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
 We in thee redeemed, complete,
 Through thy cross made pure and white,
 Cast our crowns before thy feet.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Title: *The Cross*. From a volume of the author's poems, entitled *The Women of the Gospel, the Three Warnings, and Other Poems*. New York, 1867.

One stanza, the fourth, of the original has been omitted:

4 "Symbols of our liberty
 And our service here unite,
 Captives by Thy Cross set free,
 Soldiers of Thy Cross we fight."

Mrs. Charles, an English lady, is the author of the well-known book, *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. She is also the author of a number of hymns and translations, and has written a work on hymnology of considerable value, entitled *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*. London, 1858.

206

Sinai, Tabor, Calvary.

7.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend, in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
 At the too transporting light,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
 God, in flesh made manifest,
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
 Weep and gaze my soul away;
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author's title is: *The Three Mountains*. The contrast of Calvary with Sinai in this hymn is very fine. The second stanza represents Tabor as the Mount of Transfiguration. Most recent writers are in favor of Hermon, which might be substituted in the second stanza.

From *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825. It first appeared in William B. Collyer's Collection, 1812. It is unaltered.

207

C. M.

The second Man is the Lord from heaven. 1 Cor. xv, 47.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise;
 In all his words most wonderful,
 Most sure in all his ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
 When all was sin and shame,
 A second Adam to the fight
 And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
 Which did in Adam fail,
 Should strive afresh against the foe,
 Should strive and should prevail.

4 O generous love! that he, who smote
 In Man for man the foe,
 The double agony in Man
 For man should undergo;

5 And in the garden secretly,
 And on the cross on high,
 Should teach his brethren, and inspire
 To suffer and to die.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Written in 1865, and published in the author's *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868. It is found in a dramatic poem, entitled *The Dream of Gerontius*. Gerontius dies—has a dialogue with an angel—hears choirs of angels sing—this hymn is sung by the "Fifth Choir of Angelicals." He then desires a sight of his Saviour, which is granted; whereupon he prays that he may be sent to purgatory. He is accommodated, and the poem leaves him there.

The author wrote "their foe" in verse three, line three.

One verse, the fourth, has been omitted, but it is no loss.

The Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D., was born in London in 1801; was graduated at Oxford in 1820, and for several years was a tutor in the college.

He was a leader of the High-Church party from the first, and had great influence among the young men at Oxford. He was ordained in the Church of England, but in 1845 left that communion and united with the Roman Catholics. He was made a cardinal in 1879.

208 *The power of the cross.* L. M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY.

Text: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross." Gal. vi, 14.

This is new to the collection, and is an exact reprint of the hymn as found in the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1815.

See No. 54.

209 *The hidings of the Father's face.* L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake,
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.
J. W. CUNNINGHAM, ALT.

The Scripture basis of this hymn is Matt. xxvii, 46:

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The author wrote, verse one, line two:

"A loud reiterated cry."

Verse two, lines two, three, and four:

"On Thee the Immaculate the Just,
The congregated hosts of hell
Combined to shake the filial trust."

Verse three, line two:

"These thou couldst bear and not repine."

Verse four, line one:

"Let the dumb world *her* silence break."

Verse four, line four:

"He died that we *may* never die."

Verse five, line two:

"If e'er I lose its *pure* controul."

From *Morning Thoughts in Prose and Verse, on Single Verses in the Successive Chapters of St. Matthew*, by a Country Clergyman. Fourth edition. London, 1825.

This "country clergyman" is said to have been the Rev. John William Cunningham, for many years Head Master of Harrow School. He lived from 1780 till 1861.

210 *Atonement made.* L. M.

'TIS finished! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
 Exacted is the legal pain;
 The precious promises are sealed;
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
 All grace is now to sinners given;
 And, lo! I plead the atoning blood,
 And in thy right I claim my heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Scripture text: "It is finished." John xix, 30.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

In the last line of the second stanza, Wesley wrote:

"God for a guilty world hath died."

And in the first line of the third:

"The veil is rent in *Christ* alone."

Three stanzas are omitted.

211 *Glorying in the cross.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

The author's title was: *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ*.

The text is Gal. vi, 14:

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

This excellent hymn was first inserted in our hymn book in 1849.

One stanza, the fourth, is omitted:

"His dying crimson like a robe
 Spread o'er his body on the tree,
 Then I am dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me."

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book iii, 1707.

212

Christ crucified.

L. M.

EXTENDED on a curséd tree,
 Covered with dust, and sweat, and blood,

See there, the King of glory see!
 Sinks and expires the Son of God.

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
 Who could thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone have done the deed;
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
 My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
 Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
 To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
 To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast.
 Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

PAUL GERHARDT.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

The text is Zech. xii, 10:

"They shall look upon me whom they have pierced."

This translation was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

Two lines of the translation have been changed. The original of verse one, line two, is:

"Besmeared with dust," etc.

Verse four, line one:

"The burden, for me to sustain."

Three stanzas have been omitted.

The Rev. Paul Gerhardt was born in Saxony in 1606; and was a Lutheran minister. For some reason he did not receive holy orders until late in life. Gerhardt first became known, outside his humble parish, by his hymns, some of which were published about 1655. In 1657 he was invited to the great church of St. Nicholas, in Berlin, where for several years his life was a busy and happy one. In 1662 Frederick William I. undertook to make peace between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches, which were constantly, and sometimes harshly, disputing on points of doctrine, and especially on whether Christ died "for all men," or for

the "elect only." In 1664 the king published an edict, requiring the ministers of both Churches to abstain from attacking one another's doctrines in the pulpit; and in the following year required every beneficed Lutheran clergyman to pledge himself to observe the terms of this edict. Gerhardt, as well as many others, refused, and in 1666 was deprived of his appointment. In 1669 he accepted the post of Archdeacon of Lubben in Saxony. He died in 1676. Gerhardt wrote few hymns, compared with some hymnists—only one hundred and twenty-three in all—yet he is considered the greatest hymn-writer of his age, the Wesley of Germany.

213 *Gazing on the cross.* L. M.

LORD JESUS, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee, and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men after thee!

WILLIAM W. HOW.

Text: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." John xii, 32.

It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. William Walsham How, M.A., was born in 1823; educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and ordained Rector of Whittington in 1851. He is the author of some prose works, and a few hymns. In connection with the Rev. Thomas B. Morrell, he edited *Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1864. Subsequently he was consecrated a Bishop in the Church of England.

214 *Godly sorrow at the cross.* C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Godly Sorrow Arising from the Sufferings of Christ.*

Watts wrote "God" instead of "Christ" in verse three, line three.

The second stanza the author inclosed in brackets. The hymn is improved by omitting it altogether.

2 "Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!"

This hymn is very popular. It has been much used by the Methodists as a communion hymn. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

215 *He died for thee.* C. M.

BEHOOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Title: *On the Crucifixion.* Published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

This was a great favorite with the Wesleys. Charles Wesley, in his *Journal*, mentions singing

it in the cells of the condemned felons at Newgate prison.

In 1709 the Rectory at Epworth, where the author resided, was burned to the ground. It was from this fire that John Wesley, a little boy six years of age, was rescued with difficulty; one man standing upon the shoulders of another, and lifting him out of a window, just before the building fell. It is said that while the author's library, sermons, and manuscripts were destroyed, this hymn, in manuscript, was found in the garden partially burned.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of Revs. John and Charles Wesley, was born in 1662. While an academy student, Wesley expected to enter the ministry of the Dissenters. The change in his opinions was a little remarkable. Some one had written severely against the Dissenters, and Mr. Samuel Wesley was appointed to reply. This led him to a course of reading, and in the end resulted differently from what was expected. He left the Dissenters, and attached himself to the Established Church. Entering Exeter College, Oxford, as a Servitor, he was graduated therefrom in 1688. Ordained soon after, he served as curate in several places. In 1696 he dedicated his *Life of Christ, an Heroic Poem*, to Queen Mary, who presented him to the living at Epworth, where he remained until his death in 1735. His poetic talent was not great; but under the inspiration of this sublime theme, he exceeded himself. His more gifted son, Charles, never wrote a more valuable hymn than this.

216 *God manifest in the flesh.* C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,

Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant, thou suffering Son of man,
Thy streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity?

CHARLES WESLEY.

The last stanza begins: "I view the Lamb," etc. Three stanzas, the fifth, sixth, and seventh, are omitted:

5 "Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
Those wounds which all my sorrows heal
That dear disfigured face.

6 "Before my eyes of faith confessed,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb,
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,
And tell me all Thy name.

7 "Jehovah in Thy person show,
Jehovah crucified,
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied."

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767.

217 *Christ in Gethsemane.* L. M.

'TIS midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Author's title: *Gethsemane*.

From *Poems*, published at Philadelphia, in 1822.

The third line of the second stanza reads:

"E'en the disciple that he loved."

William Bingham Tappan was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and lived till 1849. Mr. Tappan was emphatically a self-made man. His father died when he was young. He never attended school, except for six months; but *taught* school for several years, successfully, in Philadelphia. A pious mother's prayers and teaching saved him from gross immorality, and when he came to manhood he became an earnest Christian. He was connected with the American Sunday-School Union, in Boston, and also in Cincinnati and Philadelphia. He is sometimes called "Rev.," for he was licensed to preach in 1840, but was never ordained.

He published several volumes of poetry, but derived little pecuniary profit from them. He was a

worthy man—not sufficiently appreciated in his own day. This pathetic hymn, and one other, No. 1039, will honorably carry his name down to posterity.

218 *Prophecy fulfilled.* L. M.

“**T**IS finished!” so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:

’Tis finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.

2 ’Tis finished! all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 ’Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 ’Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
’Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

SAMUEL STENNETT, IN PART.

Text: “It is finished.” John xix, 3.

It is hardly fair to ascribe this hymn, as it stands here, to Stennett. He is the author of the first and last stanzas only. The other two are by an “unknown” writer. They were, no doubt, composed by some hymn-book compiler. The original hymn, six stanzas, was contributed to *Rippon’s Selection*, in 1787.

The Rev. Samuel Stennett, D.D., an English Baptist minister, was born at Exeter, in 1727; and was a man of ability and scholarship. In 1758 he succeeded his father as pastor of the Wild Street Church, in London, where he remained for thirty-seven years. He died in 1795. Dr. Stennett was the author of some prose writings, and of thirty-seven hymns, which may be found at the end of vol. iii, of his *Works*, London, 1824.

219 *Hail, holy cross!* C. M.

THE royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

2 See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom is thus made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And see! the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And O, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

5 Jehovah, we thy name adore,
In thee we will rejoice,
And sing, till time shall be no more,
The triumphs of the cross.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS.

TR. BY J. CHANDLER.

Title: *Vexilla Regis Prodeunt*.

This famous passion hymn was composed about 580 A. D. The translation is, unaltered and entire, from *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837.

Venantius Fortunatus, a Latin poet, was born in Italy, about 530; was naturally of a gay disposition, and spent the earlier part of his life in France—either in idleness, or in writing fashionable literature. He was past middle life when he entered the ministry. In 599 he was appointed Bishop of Portiers, but died soon after, about 609.

Some of his hymns have a great reputation in the Roman Catholic Church. The most famous is the passion hymn: *Pange, lingua, gloriosi, proclium certaminis*, which has been translated by Dr. Neale and others.

220 *Transcendent love.* L. M. 6 l.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!

The Father’s co-eternal Son,

Bore all my sins upon the tree!

The Son of God for me hath died:

My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!

Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,

And say, was ever grief like his?

Come, feel with me his blood applied:

My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus’ blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Desiring to Love.*

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John and Charles Wesley, 1742.

Some verbal changes have been made. The original has "immortal" instead of "incarnate" in the second line; and the same word instead of "Son of" in the fifth line. The third line of the second stanza read:

"Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die."

The fourth line of the third stanza began with: "We." The burden of this sweet and pathetic Christian song, "My Lord, my Love, is crucified," is said to be a quotation from Ignatius, the martyr.

221 *Sovereign love.* L. M. 6l.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me;
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live."

2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 O let thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love, for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Composed of stanzas twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen of a long hymn, entitled *Jesus Christ the Saviour of all Men*. This was one of many hymns that grew out of the fierce Calvinistic controversy of that day. From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

Among the omitted stanzas is one that is rather remarkable:

"O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe, and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound:
If I, even I, have mercy found!"

In the original, the second stanza begins with "Adam," etc.; and the third, with "Dear, loving," etc.

222 *Crowned with thorns.* 7, 6.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, PAUL GERHARDT.

TR. BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

This hymn is now universally known by the first line of the original: *Salve, caput cruciatum*.

In the Latin it consists of five stanzas of ten lines each, and is entitled *Ad faciem Christi in cruce pendens*. It has been rendered into English by several translators. This excellent version was first translated into German by Paul Gerhardt, and then into English.

The Rev. James Waddell Alexander was a Presbyterian clergyman, born in 1804; was graduated at Princeton in 1820; a pastor for several years, then editor, and then professor at Princeton. He died in 1859.

For sketch of Bernard, see No. 327.

223 *Christ our exemplar.* 7, 6 l.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Christ our Example in Suffering.*
From *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825.
It is unaltered and entire.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 5.

224 *It is finished.* 8, 7, 4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,

Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.

"It is finished:"

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

"It is finished:"

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

JONATHAN EVANS.

Title: *Finished Redemption.*

This beautiful hymn first appeared in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, where it was marked F—. Some collections ascribed it to Francis. It is claimed, however, that F. meant Foleshill, where Evans was pastor.

It has not been altered, but two stanzas, the third and fourth, of the original have been omitted:

3 "Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God has promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe,
It is finished,
Saints from hence your comforts draw.

4 "Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant,
As the Saviour's flesh and blood,
It is finished!
Christ has borne the heavy load."

See No. 55.

225 *Easter anthem.* 8, 7.

SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seer and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

From *Psalms and Hymns for the Church*. Written by William J. Irons, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Mary's, Woolworth. London, 1875.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, lines five to eight inclusive:

"Even now the dawn is breaking,
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace."

The Rev. William Josiah Irons, D.D., a Church of England clergyman, was born in 1812, and lived until 1883.

226 *Jesus, victor over death.* S, 7, 4.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.
THOMAS KELLY.

"Behold the place where they laid him." Mark xvi, 6.

This hymn was introduced by the Revision Committee in 1877. A *verbatim* copy as found in the Author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1809.

See No. 54.

227 *The voice of triumph.* 10, 11, 12.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gather around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered that dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

HENRY WARE, JR.

Title: *Resurrection of Christ*.

This glad hymn of victory was written in 1817, and was first published in the *Christian Disciple*, and afterward in the *Christian Examiner*, Boston.

Unaltered. From the Author's *Works*, vol. i. Boston, 1846.

The Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D.D., was born in Hingham, Mass., in 1794; was graduated at Harvard College in 1812, and then spent some time in teaching. In 1817 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston. In 1829 Dr. Ware was appointed Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care in Cambridge Theological School; which position he held till the year previous to his death in 1843. He was the author of a number of hymns which are found in his works.

228 *Christ, the Conqueror.* C. M.

WELCOME, thou Victor in the strife,
Now welcome from the cave!
To-day we triumph in thy life
Around thine empty grave.

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 O let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.

4 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in the Saviour's tomb.
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

5 We die with thee: O let us live
Henceforth to thee aright;
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to-day.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

This translation is from *Lyra Germanica*, first series, where it is prefaced by this passage from the Gospel of Luke xxiv, 35, 36:

"And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread. And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

It is unaltered, but three stanzas, the third, fourth, and ninth, are omitted. Original date, 1712.

The Rev. Benjamin Schmolke, a German divine and hymnologist, was born in 1672; was graduated at Leipsic in 1697, and in 1702 accepted a call to Schweidnitz, where he remained until his death in 1737. A complete edition of his poems was published at Tübingen in 1740.

229 *Ascension hymn.* 6, 4.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies;
Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire:
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider your portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

Title: *Ascension*.

From *Lyra Catholica*, New York edition, 1851. The original contains seven stanzas. These are the first four, unaltered.

Matthew Bridges, born in 1800, was a convert to the Roman Catholic Church from the Church of England. He was the author of quite a number of books. This hymn first appeared in *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848.

230 *Resurrection hymn.* 7, 6.

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

This glorious old hymn of victory is the first ode of the author's great Easter Canon, sometimes called the *Golden Canon*, or the *Queen of Canons*, and is sung every year by the Greek Church, in joyous strains, on Easter morning.

The translation is from *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. London, 1862.

It is unaltered, except the first line, which is, in the original:

"'Tis the day of Resurrection."

John Damascene was the greatest theologian and poet of the Greek Church. His active life belonged to the eighth century, but the exact dates of his birth and death are unknown. His work on Theology, *Doctrines of the Orthodox Church*, is still a standard text-book in the Eastern Church. He was famous as a philosopher, and as an opponent of the Iconoclasts of his time. Late in life he was

ordained priest of the church at Jerusalem. His death occurred between 754 and 787.

For biographical sketch of Dr. Neale, see No. 199.

231 *Easter chant.* 11.

WELCOME, happy morning! age to age shall say:

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Lo, the dead is living, God for evermore! Him, their true Creator, all his works adore.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing for her spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:

Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.

3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;

Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word,

'Tis thine own third morning, rise, my buried Lord!

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,

Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS.

TR. BY J. ELLERTON.

[Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.]

Title: *Salve festa dies toto venerabilis aeo.*

Translation by the Rev. John Ellerton, made in 1868, for the Rev. R. Brown Borthwick's *Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book*.

The original Latin is a cento or selection from a poem of one hundred and fourteen lines in elegiac verse, by Venantius Fortunatus, addressed to Felix, Bishop of Nantes in Brittany; being Poem vii of his third book. It has been frequently translated and paraphrased in various languages.

The translation has not been altered, except by the omission of the third verse and refrain.

For sketch of Fortunatus, see No. 219.

232 *Rejoicing in the risen Christ.* C.M.

AWAKE, glad soul! awake! awake!
Thy Lord has risen long,
Go to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song.

2 Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

3 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day,
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey.

4 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

5 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take,
And comfort in his word:

6 And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise—
Christ died, and rose for me.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

This fine Easter song is from the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise for the Christian Year*, 1863. The original contains five eight-lined stanzas. These are not altered. Two stanzas, the third and sixth, of the original are omitted:

"O Love which lightens all distress,
Love death cannot destroy!
O Grave, whose very emptiness
To Faith is full of joy!
Let but that Love our hearts supply
From Heaven's exhaustless Spring,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
And, Death, where is thy sting?"

"And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His resurrection-power:
The folds are glad; the fields rejoice,
With vernal verdure spread;
The little hills lift up their voice,
And shout that Death is dead."

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, a Church of England clergyman, was born in Derry, Ireland, in 1811; was graduated at Dublin University in 1832, and was ordained in 1834. He died in 1875.

233 *Majestic triumph over the grave.* L. M.

THE morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high,
The shining angels as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph, he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows,
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angels' message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait:
Help us to render praises due,
To thee the endless ages through!

AMBROSIAN. TR. BY MRS. E. CHARLES.

Title: *Easter Hymn.*

The translation—eleven stanzas—is found in *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*. London, 1858.

This hymn is composed of the first half of the first, last half of the fourth, the third, eighth, tenth, and eleventh stanzas.

Some verbal changes have been made for the better. The translator wrote:

Verse two, line four:

"In pomp of triumph He *is* come."

Verse three, lines one, three, four:

"When the *bereaved* disciples heard,"

"*They also* haste to Galilee,
Their Lord's *adoréd* face to see."

Verse four, line four:

"*Proclaim*, 'The Lord is risen indeed.'"

Verse five, line three:

"*That we may* render praises due."

See No. 205.

234 *Dying, rising, reigning.* L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains:

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting
Grave?"

ISAAC WATTS, ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning*. From *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709.

The first stanza, as given in *Watts's Poetical Works*, is as follows:

"He dies! the Heav'nly Lover dies!
The Tidings strike a doleful Sound
On my poor Heartstrings: deep he lies
In the cold Caverns of the Ground."

The second lines of verses two and four have also been altered:

"Come, saints, and drop a Tear or two
On the dear Bosom of your God."

"The rising God forsakes the Tomb,
Up to his Father's Court he flies."

These changes are, confessedly, great improvements; I know of no conclusive evidence that they were made by John Wesley. On the other hand, the Rev. Dr. John Rippon claims this form of the hymn as an authorized text.

235 *Joy in His resurrection.* S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

THOMAS KELLY.

Text: "The Lord is risen indeed." Luke xxiv, 34.
The original contains eight stanzas. This hymn
is made up of verses four, five, seven, and eight.
The second line in the first verse was originally:

"Then Hell has lost its prey."

The rest is *verbatim* from *Hymns on Various
Passages of Scripture*. First edition, 1804.
For biographical sketch of author, see No. 54.

236 *Gone into heaven.* S. M.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

5 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

6 O by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.

EMMA TOKE.

This hymn was written in 1851, and was contributed anonymously to the *Hymn Book of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge*.

The author, Mrs. Emma Toke, (1812-1878,) was the wife of the Rev. Nicholas Toke, an English clergyman.

One word has been changed—verse three, line three. The original has:

"Through earth's most bitter *misery*."

237 *The King of glory.* L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky:
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!"
"Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
"Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

The last part of a metrical version of Psalm xxiv.
These stanzas are founded on verses 7-10:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

Unaltered, from *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1743.

238 *Sufficiency of the atonement.* L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *The Believer's Triumph.*

Wesley's translation contains twenty-four stanzas, and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. This hymn is composed of verses one, two, six, seven, and eight. In his *Collection for the Use of the People called Methodists*, Wesley published ten stanzas of this hymn. The others were not equal to these.

The last stanza originally closed with the following couplet:

"For all Thou hast the ransom given,
Purchased for all peace, life, and heaven."

It was changed by the translator for his *Collection*, in 1779.

239

L. M.

An advocate with the Father. 1 John ii, 1.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fullness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. In the first edition the title to this piece was *Blessed are They that Mourn*. In all subsequent editions it was "*Try Me, O God, and Seek the Ground of My Heart.*" Psa. cxxxix, 23. This quotation is from the Prayer-Book version.

The original hymn contains five double stanzas. This is composed of the first and the first part of the third and fifth. The first line Charles Wesley wrote:

"Jesus, my great High-Priest above."

The change may have been made by John Wesley as it appears in his *Collection*. I confess I much prefer the line as it stood originally.

240

Christ, King and Creator. L. M.

O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust thy word,
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

TR. BY R. PALMER.

Title: *The Lordship of Christ.*

This translation was contributed to *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858.

For sketch of the translator, see No. 714.

The Latin title is: *Reus Christe Factor omnium.*

Gregory was born in Rome about 541, was well educated, and in early life was in the employ of the State. Upon the death of his father he inherited great wealth, much of which he spent in building monasteries. He founded St. Andrew's at Rome, which he entered as a deacon. Upon the death of Pelagius, Bishop of Rome, Gregory was chosen by the clergy and people as his successor. The Emperor Maurice confirmed the election, and, much against his will, it is said, Gregory was installed Pope in 595. He was a student of the Scriptures, and labored to circulate them among the people. He was also a founder and patron of missions, that to England among others. The Bishop of Rome did not then arrogate to himself universal sovereignty. John, Patriarch of Constantinople, about this time assumed the title of Universal Bishop; which act Gregory called "proud, heretical, blasphemous, antichristian, and diabolical;" and in opposition thereto he assumed the title of "Servant of servants" (*Servus servorum Domini*). He claimed that Christ was the only universal Head of the Church. Gregory was a lover of sacred music, and cultivated chanting in the Church service. Many of his acts were praise-

worthy, others were injurious. The Romish doctrines of purgatory, masses for the dead, and transubstantiation date from his time. He died in 604.

241 *Majestic sweetness.* C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

"*Chief Among Ten Thousand; or, The Excellencies of Christ.*" Cant. v. 10-16.
Three stanzas are omitted, which, I think, some will be glad to see:

1 "To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?"

2 "Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell."

6 "His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed."

This hymn, as given in the Hymnal, begins with the third stanza. The second line is:

"Upon his awful brow."

Contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787.

242 *Life in Christ.* L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare:
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" Job xix, 25.
The original contains nine stanzas. These are verses one, three, eight, and nine. Four lines have been changed.

Verse one, lines two and four:

"What comfort this sweet passage gives."
"He lives, my ever-living head!"

Verse four, lines two and three:

"He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
"O the sweet joy this sentence gives."

From *Medley's Hymns*, (a new edition, 1839.)
See No. 193.

243 *Prophet, Priest, and King.* H. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707. The original contains twelve stanzas, into each of which is woven some Scripture name given to Christ. This hymn is made up of verses one, four, eight, and ten; and is substantially as published by the author; but, on account of a number of slight changes, no less than sixteen, it should be marked *altered*.

244 *Rejoice evermore.* H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection*. London, 1746. The early editions have "heart" instead of "hearts" in the chorus; otherwise it is *verbatim* and complete. The burden of this song is evidently taken from Phil. iv, 4:

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."

245 *Glory to glory's King.* H. M.

GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

First published in a pamphlet containing seven pieces, entitled *Hymns for Ascension Day*. Bristol, 1746. This hymn expresses an exuberance of joy that is almost too great for these impassive times. It is not altered. Two verses, the second and fifth, are omitted:

2 "God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love!

Chorus.

5 "His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in."

Chorus.

246 *Our Paschal Lamb.* 8, 7.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing.
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

JOHN BAKEWELL, ALT.

This favorite hymn is found in Martin Madan's Collection, 1760, where it differs from this in twelve of its lines. It is possible that the author, who was then living, made these changes for Mr. Toplady's book, (1776;) but it is more probable that the changes were made by Toplady himself. This opinion is based upon the fact that he was *in the habit of doing such things*. The first two lines have not been altered.

The Rev. John Bakewell lived to be ninety-eight years of age, 1721-1819. He was one of Wesley's lay preachers. For some years he was Master of Greenwich Royal Park Academy. On his tombstone is found this inscription: "He adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached his glorious Gospel about seventy years."

247 *Casting our Crowns before Him.* 8, 7.

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on his lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!

2 There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

3 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.

4 There to cast our crowns before him,
O what bliss the thought affords!
There forever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

MARY PYPER.

Title: "*We shall see Him as He is.*"

A hymn of eight stanzas, of which the first four are omitted:

1 "Not as He was, a houseless stranger,
With no home to shield His head,
Not as seen in Bethlehem's manger,
Where the horned oxen fed.

2 "Not as in the garden groaning,
Plunged in deep mysterious woe,
All the guilt of man bemoaning,
While the precious blood-sweats flow.

3 "Not as seen on Calvary's mountain
Where He offered up His soul,
Opening wide that sacred fountain,
Which alone can make us whole.

4 "Not as He was, a pale and breathless
Captive in the shades beneath,
But as He is, immortal, deathless,
Conqueror o'er the powers of death!

"Yes we shall see Him in our nature," etc.

The next stanza begins:

"There *countless* hosts of shining spirits."

Mary Pyper was born at Greenock, Scotland, in 1795. She lived in Edinburgh. In 1847 she published a thin volume, entitled *Select Pieces*.

Sacred Songs of Scotland gives this and several more of the hymns of this author that possess decided merit. She was poor, and supported herself by needlework.

248 *Crown Him Lord of All.* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET.

Author's title: *On the Resurrection*.
The original contained eight verses. Three stanzas have been omitted. One, the last, has been added, and all except the fourth have been more or less altered.

ORIGINAL LINES.

- Verse one, line four:
"To crown him Lord of all."
- Verse two, line two:
"Who fixed this floating ball."
- Verse three, line one:
"Ye seed of Israel's chosen race."
- Verse three, line two:
"Ye ransomed of the fall."
- Verse five, line one:
"Let every tribe and every tongue."
- Verse five, line two:
"That bound creation's call."
- Verse five, line three:
"Now shout in universal song."
- Verse five, line four:
"The crowned Lord of all."

The last stanza was not a part of the original hymn. It is not modern, however, but has been in use more than ninety years.

OMITTED STANZAS.

- 2 "Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall,
Before His face, who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 4 "Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 "Hail Him ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all."

From a rare volume, entitled *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred, Published for the Instruction and Amusement of the Candidly Serious and Religious*. London, 1785. There is a copy of this book in the Library of the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.; and one in the Library of the British Museum.

Little is known of the Rev. Edward Perronet, except that he wrote this hymn, which is fame enough for one man. He was a friend of Charles Wesley. At one time he was one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains, but later in life was a Dissenting minister. He died in 1792, triumphantly exclaiming:

"Glory to God in the height of his divinity!
Glory to God in the depth of his humanity!
Glory to God in his all-sufficiency!
Into His hand I commend my spirit."

249 *Crown the Saviour.* 8, 7, 4.

- LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THOMAS KELLY.

"And he shall reign for ever and ever." Rev. xi, 15.

From the Author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1809. It is new to this book, and is deservedly popular. It is unaltered.
For biographical sketch of author, see No. 54.

250 *Our everlasting Priest.* L. M. 6 l.

O THOU eternal Victim, slain,
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
Pleading thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Passing the years that intervene,
Now let it view upon the tree
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

In 1745 the Wesleys published *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, containing one hundred and sixty-six pieces. This is one of them. The book was prefaced by a thesis on *The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice*, extracted from the works of the Rev. Dr. Brevint, a French Protestant of the seventeenth century.

Some changes were made by the editors of our hymn book in 1849. "Crimson," in the second stanza, was substituted for "bloody;" the last three lines were altered from this form:

"Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!"

251 *The victory of the cross.* S. M.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Several volumes of the Wesleyan hymns were published by the brothers, John and Charles, conjointly. Most of them were probably written by Charles Wesley, although it is impossible, in most cases, to say with certainty of these hymns, "This is by Charles and that by John Wesley." The Wesleyan Hymn Book does not attempt this discrimination, but simply marks them W. for Wesleyan. It is quite possible that in our Hymnal some pieces are marked Charles Wesley that were written by John Wesley, and *vice versa*. In 1749 Charles Wesley published two volumes of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. This composition is found in vol. i, and consists of the first two—*verbatim*—of sixteen double stanzas.

252 *Christ, our Intercessor.* S. M.

LORD, how shall sinners dare
Look up to thine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy seat,
And glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
And to thy throne of grace.

3 My soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Saviour stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.

4 Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word—
Father, with joy divine.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

This is made up of parts of two hymns. The first two stanzas are the first part of a long meter hymn of eight verses, entitled *On a Day of prayer for success in War*.

The last two stanzas are verses five and seven of a hymn of seven verses, entitled *Breathing after God*. The third line of each stanza is unaltered, all the rest were altered in changing the meter from long to short.

From *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verses and Prose*, 1780.

253 *Jesus enthroned.* S. M.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

- 2 In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy scepter in each hand,
On every lip a song.
- 3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.
- 4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

THOMAS J. JUDKIN.

From *Sacred Melodies; or, Original Hymns for Congregational and Domestic Use*, by the Rev. T. J. Judkin, M.A. London, 1837.

The first line in the original reads :

"Thron'd high is Jesus now."

The rest of the hymn is unaltered.
The Rev. Thomas James Judkin (1788-1811)
was a clergyman of the Church of England.

254 *Our merciful High Priest.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.* From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707. The hymn has three texts:

"For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities; but

was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. iv, 15-16.
"Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." Heb. v, 7.
"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." Matt. xii, 20.

"Strong" has been substituted for "his" in the third stanza. The last line Watts wrote:

"In the distressing hour."

One feeble verse, the third, is omitted:

"But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore
And did resist to blood."

255 *Christ, our guide.* C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

BAPTIST W. NOEL.

"Whither the forerunner is for us entered." Heb. vi, 20.

The text of this hymn has not been altered.
One stanza, the fourth, has been omitted:

4 "Still through his intercession spared,
We find him true and kind;
Though we are as the marble hard
And changeful as the wind."

From *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, by Baptist Wriethoesley Noel, M.A. London, 1838.

The author was born in 1799. His family belonged to the English nobility. Educated at Cambridge, he was graduated with honor at Trinity College in 1826. He was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and inducted Rector of St. John's Chapel, London. About 1848 he changed his views concerning baptism, was publicly immersed, and entered the ministry of the Baptist churches.

Dr. Noel was a pious man, a popular preacher, and a zealous Christian worker. He was the author of several prose works; but this little hymn will perpetuate his name when his other writings are forgotten. He lived until 1873.

256 *King of kings, and Lord of lords.* C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,

Is crowned with glory now;

A royal diadem adorns

The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;

The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

THOMAS KELLY.

"Perfect through sufferings." Heb. ii, 10.

This valuable and popular hymn was first published in our hymn book in 1849. The second and fourth lines of the second stanza, as written and published by the author, were:

"Is his, is his by right;"

"And heaven's eternal light."

The third line of the fifth stanza was:

"Their profit and their joy to know."

The last stanza is omitted:

"The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme."

From *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*,
1820.

257

S. M.

On his head were many crowns. Rev. xix, 12.

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing,
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

"In Capite Ejus Diademata Multa." Apocal.
xix, 12.

The author wrote verse two, line eight:

"At mysteries so bright."

Verse three, line four:

"Absorbed in prayer and praise."

OMITTED.

2 "Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God Incarnate born,—
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn!
Fruit of the Mystic Rose
As of that Rose the Stem:
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem."

"Glass'd in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Throne—the Infinite!
Who lives,—and loves,—and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the Blest Spirit thro' Him given
From yonder triune Throne.”

From *Hymns of the Heart, For the Use of Catholics*, by Matthew Bridges, Esq., 1848.

258 *His speaking blood.*

8, 7.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pardoning love.

2 O receive us to thy favor,—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

3 “To thy pardoning grace receive them,”
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out, “Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me.”

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,
“Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!”

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, by John and Charles Wesley, Presbyters of the Church of England. Bristol, 1745.

This hymn came into our book in 1849, and a few verbal changes were made at that time; the third line read:

“From *Thy* wrath and curse release us.”

The third line of second stanza:

“Give us to *our* bleeding Saviour.”

And the last line of third stanza:

“All their sins were *purged* by me.”

259 *The Lord is risen.*

7.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

MICHAEL WEISSE.

TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

This Easter Hymn has been traced to the Bohemian Brethren of the fifteenth century.

Michael Weisse was pastor of a German congregation in the first part of the sixteenth century. He translated some of the finest of the Bohemian hymns into German, and added some original pieces, thus making a favorite hymn book. The English translation is from *Lyra Germanica*, second series, 1862. Three stanzas are omitted.

Verse one, line three, in the translation is:

“Hark, *the angels shout for joy.*”

The change is a great improvement.

260 *The Lord is risen.*

7

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *Hymn for Easter Day*. There are eleven stanzas in all; these are the first five.

The third stanza very much resembles a stanza of his eldest brother's (Samuel's) Easter hymn :

"In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To Him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise."

One couplet has been changed, the last in the fourth stanza :

"Dying once he all doth save :
"Where thy victory, O grave?"

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John and Charles Wesley. London, 1739.

261 *Ascension day.* 7.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,—
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him through highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

6 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hymn for Ascension Day, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

Between verses five and six, two stanzas are omitted :

6 "Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 "Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day;
See Thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to Thee."

The last stanza of the hymn, as written, begins :

"Grant though parted from our sight."

There are two additional stanzas :

9 "Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

10 "There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee."

262 *Earnest of endless rest.* 7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

JOHN STOCKER.

Title: *To God the Holy Ghost.*

The original of verse one, line four, is :

"Fill me full of Heav'n and Love."

There are two additional stanzas :

5 "Guard me round on ev'ry side;
Save me from self-righteous pride;
Me with Jesus' Mind inspire;
Melt me with celestial fire."

6 "Thou my Dross and Tin consume,
Let thy inward kingdom come;
All my Prayer and Praise suggest;
Dwell and reign within my Breast."

About all that is known of this author is that he was an Englishman, and that he contributed this and several other hymns to the *Gospel Magazine* in the years 1776 and 1777. Daniel Sedgwick reprinted nine of his hymns in 1861.

263 *His grace entreated.*

7.

HOLY SPIRIT, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

2 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Title: *Prayer for Inspiration.* From *Hymns of the Spirit.* Boston, 1864.

These stanzas are copied *verbatim*. There are two additional:

5 "Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

"Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
Spring, O Well! forever spring.

For biography of author, see No. 109.

264 *The gracious Comforter.*

7.

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to his heaven restored.

2 Christ, who now gone up on high,
Captive leads captivity,
While his foes from him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

3 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals his abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

4 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of a humble heart;
Carrying on his work within,
Striving till he cast out sin.

5 There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans,
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

6 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

7 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hymn for Whitsunday. Unaltered, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

This hymn is new to the collection.

There are three additional stanzas, which contain the "application," and are, therefore, the most important of all:

8 "Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth;
Now Thy quickening influence give,
Blow—and these dry bones shall live!

9 "Brood Thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindles into light,
Speed Thy over-shadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.

10 "Pain and sin and sorrow cease;
Thee we taste, and all is peace;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love."

265 *The Source of consolation.* 8, 7.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

PAUL GERHARDT. TR. BY J. C. JACOBI,

ALT. BY A. M. TOPLADY.

This hymn has had a remarkable history. It has been drawn and quartered again and again. The German original was written by Paul Gerhardt, (see No. 212,) about 1725. It was translated in ten eight-lined stanzas by John Christian Jacobi. In 1776 the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady made over this translation into a hymn of six eight-lined stanzas for his selection of hymns. The editors of the 1849 edition of the Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book, transposed and altered Toplady's version; and the editors of the present Hymnal made still further changes. If it is not the finest hymn now extant, it cannot be for lack of attention.

266 *Guide and Comforter.* 8, 7.

HOLY SPIRIT, Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind,
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find.
Seal of truth, and Bond of union,
Source of light, and Flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest:
Promised Pledge, eternal Spirit,
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show!

THOMAS J. JUDKIN.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."
2 Cor. iii, 17.

Unaltered and entire from the author's *Sacred Melodies; or, Original Hymns for Congregational and Domestic Use*. London, 1837. See No. 253.

267 *The work of the Holy Spirit* 7.

HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

Title: *Prayer to the Spirit*. From Dr. Reed's Collection, published in 1817.

The original contains four double stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first half of each stanza without change.

The Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., an English Independent minister, was born in London in 1788, and lived until 1862. In his youth he was a great lover of books, and was very happy when his parents decided that he might go to college. After he was graduated at Hackney Seminary, he accepted a call to a church in East London, where he remained for half a century. Dr. Reed was a natural orator, and a successful pastor; but he was more famous for Christian philanthropy. He founded several asylums and hospitals, which, by his great faith and business ability, he made successful. He wrote his own biography as follows:

"To my saucy boy, who said he would write my life, and asked for materials."

"A. R.

"I was born yesterday;
I shall die to-morrow;
I must not spend to-day
In telling what I have done,
But in doing what I may for

HIM

Who has done all for me.
I sprang from the people;
I have lived for the people—
The most for the most unhappy.
And the people, when they know it,
Will not allow me to die out of loving remembrance."

268 *His universal effusion.* L. M.

ON all the earth Thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy scepter all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let him opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let him, Lord, in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire,
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

HENRY MORE.

ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

This hymn is the last part of a long poem, entitled *Upon the Descent of the Holy Ghost at the Day of Pentecost*.

It is found in the author's *Works* in prose and poetry. London, 1708. It was altered by Wesley and published (fifteen verses) in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

We here give the original of these stanzas that the reader may see just what changes have been made :

"On all the earth thy Spirit pour,
In righteousness it to renew :
That Satan's kingdom 't may o'erpower,
And to Christ's sceptre may subdue.

"Like mighty wind or torrent fierce,
Let it withstanders all o'errun,
And every wicked law reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

"Let peace and joy in each place spring,
And righteousness, the Spirit's fruits,
With meekness, friendship, and each thing
That with the Christian spirit suits.

"Grant this O holy God and true,
Who the ancient prophets did inspire,
Haste to perform thy promise due,
As all thy servants thee desire."

The Rev. Henry More, D.D., was born in 1614; was educated at Eton and Christ College, Cambridge; was graduated in 1635, took the degree of M.A. in 1639, and was made a fellow of his college. Dr. More rejected all Church preferments, and gave himself to philosophical studies and authorship. He died in 1687.

269 *Come, Creator Spirit.* L. M.

COME, Creator Spirit blest!
Within these souls of thine to rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend!
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high,
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

Title: *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.

The translation is by Edward Caswall, from *Lyra Catholica*, 1848.

The original has seven stanzas; these are verses one, two, four, and five, somewhat altered.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, lines one and two :

"Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest."

Verse three, line one :

"With patience firm and virtue high."

The couplets of this stanza have been transposed.
Verse four, line three :

"So shall we not with thee for guide."

For biographical sketch of Gregory, see No. 240.

270 *Life, light, and love.* C. M.

ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

Author's title : *Day of Pentecost*.
From *Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour*,
1792.

The last part of the third stanza was originally :

"Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live."

The Rev. Thomas Haweis was born in 1732, and was graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge. Haweis was a popular preacher of the Church of England, and one of the founders of the London Missionary Society. He was the author of some prose works, and published a volume of two hundred and fifty-six hymns. He lived until 1820.

271 *Source of light and joy.* C. M.

GR^{EAT} Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting then we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

Original title : *Day of Pentecost.*

In verse three, line two, the author wrote :

"Compleat redemption bring."

Verse four, line four :

"Our *Jesus* glorified."

The full title of Dr. Haweis's book of hymns was : *Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour, Designed for the Use and Comfort of those who Worship the Lamb that was Slain*, 1792. The first edition contained one hundred and thirty-nine hymns.

272 *I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost.* C. M.

I WORSHIP thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for thy company.

2 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
I grieved thee long, alas! thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me!

4 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

WILLIAM F. WARREN.

This hymn was contributed by the author to the Hymnal in 1877, at the request of the Editorial Committee.

The Rev. William Fairfield Warren, D.D., LL.D., was born in Williamsburg, Mass., in 1833, and was graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1853. In 1856 he went abroad, and spent some years in German Universities and in traveling. In 1861 he was appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the Methodist Episcopal Mission Institute at Bremen, Germany. In 1866 he returned to this country, having been elected to the Professorship of Systematic Theology in Boston Theological Seminary. In 1871 he was chosen Dean of the School of Theology in Boston University, and in 1873 was elected President of the University, which position he still honors. President Warren is a brother of Bishop Henry W. Warren. He wrote the hymn :

"Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,"

which was very popular several years ago.

273

L. M. 6 l.

Receive ye the Holy Ghost. John xx, 22.

C^{OME}, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

TR. BY J. COSIN.

This is a free version of the famous Latin hymn, *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.

For biography of Gregory, see No. 240.

This translation, as here given, first appeared in *A Collection of Private Devotions*, 1627.

The translator, Bishop John Cosin, was born in Norwich in 1594; entered Cambridge at the age of sixteen, and in 1628 received the degree of D.D. Dr. Cosin was extremely "High-Church," and could not harmonize with the Long Parliament. He therefore retired to France. At the Restoration he returned to England, and soon after that was appointed Bishop of Durham. He died in 1672.

274 *The spirit of the ancient saints.* L. M.

FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt,
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him
thine?

Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

Title: *For an Increase of Grace.*
From *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use.* London, 1831.

This hymn is copied *verbatim*, except the last couplet, which reads:

"Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more."

For biographical notes of author, see No. 61.

275 *Pentecostal gifts.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with the fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Gost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5 O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

The first stanza of this hymn is not Wesley's, but was added by the Revision Committee from an old edition of the hymn book. The author is unknown. He may be Robert Carr Brackenbury. It is the first stanza of a hymn in a book edited by him, and entitled *Sacred Poetry*, etc. London, 1800. The remaining stanzas are respectively verses five, seven, eight, and six of a *Hymn for the Day of Pentecost*, which contained twelve stanzas in all. Three lines have been altered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

276 *His power and unction.* L. M.

SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath,

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *The Spirit Accompanying the Word of God.* Unaltered, from the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

Two stanzas have been omitted:

4 "O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

6 "God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee.

277 *His quickening power.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion Desired.* From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

The third line of the second stanza has been changed. Watts wrote:

"Our souls *can neither fly nor go*."

Watts also began the fourth stanza:

"*Dear Lord*, and shall we ever live."

These changes were probably made by John Wesley, who published this hymn, with others, in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, in 1738 and 1741. With regard to the word "*dear*," John Wesley was very particular. He never used it himself in reference to the Saviour, and he always substituted some other word for it in the hymns that he edited. He thought it was "using too much familiarity with the great Lord of heaven and earth."

278 *Revelations of the Spirit.* C. M.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED, ALT.

This is one of a number of original hymns that Dr. Reed contributed to his *Collection* in 1842.

Two stanzas have been omitted, and some verbal changes have been made.

The title is: *Prayer to the Spirit*.

It was evidently written for the dedication of a church. Ten lines have been changed.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, lines one, two, and four:

"Spirit Divine, attend our *prayers*
And make *this house* thy home;"

"O come, Great Spirit, come!"

Verse two, line two:

"Our *emptiness* and woe."

Verse four, lines two, three, and four:

"And pentecostal grace
That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face."

Verse five, lines one, two, and four:

"Spirit Divine, attend our *prayers*,
Make a lost world thy home;

O come, Great Spirit, come!

Verses four and five are omitted.

For biographical sketch of the author, see No. 267.

279 *The enlightening Spirit* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Before Reading the Scriptures.* From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

The author wrote, verse three, line one:

"Expand Thy wings, *prolific* Dove."

280 *The Source of every good gift.* C. M.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his, and his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee!

HARRIET AUBER, ALT.

Title: *Whitsunday.*

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. The alteration consists in the addition of two syllables to the fourth line of each stanza; thus changing the meter from particular to common.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line four:

"With us to dwell."

Verse two, line four:

"As viewless, too."

Verse three, line four:

"Wherein to rest."

Verse four, line three:

"That checks each fault, *that calms each fear.*"

Verse four, line four:

"And *speaks* of heaven."

Verse five, line two:

"And every *victory* won."

Verse five, line four:

"Are his alone."

Verse six, line four:

"And *worthier* Thee."

The second stanza has been omitted:

"He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread;
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

For biographical sketch, see No. 33.

281 *The Spirit's witness.* C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
The pure celestial fire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

THOMAS COTTERILL, ALT.

Title: *For a Well Grounded Hope of Salvation.*
Five lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line one:

"Eternal Spirit, *source* of truth."

Verse one, line three:

"Kindle *the* flame of heavenly love."

Verse one, line four:

"And *feed* the pure desire."

Verse two, line two:

"With *Satan's* yoke oppress'd."

Verse four, line two:

"That *we're* the sons of God."

One stanza, the third, has been omitted :

“ Let no false joy deceive our minds ;
Lest while we boast thy light,
We fall, from all our towering hopes,
Down to eternal night.”

From *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use, Adapted to the Services of the Church of England*. By the Rev. T. Cotterill, A.M., Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's Church, Sheffield; and late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Sheffield, (eighth edition enlarged, 1819.)

The author was born in 1779, educated at St. John's College, ordained in 1806, and labored in the ministry until his death, in 1823. He was the editor of the above book, and contributed several hymns to it; but he gives no names of authors. He altered without scruple, and now some one has altered his work and improved it.

282 *Pleading the promise* H. M.

THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share

Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

JOHN BURTON.

This fine hymn first appeared in *The Baptist Magazine*, 1824. It has not been altered, but the original contained three additional stanzas.

John Burton was an English Baptist layman, who lived from 1773 till 1822.

283 *Prayer to the Holy Spirit.* 7, 5.

THOU who like the wind dost come,
Come to me, but ne'er depart;
Blessed Spirit, make thy home
In my thankful heart.

2 Answer not with tongues of light;
Brood not o'er me like a dove;
Fall upon me in thy might;
Fill me with thy love.

3 Sin has ruled me; set me free;
Sin has scourged me; bring me rest:
Help my fainting soul to flee
To my Saviour's breast.

4 Tell me much of cleansing blood;
Show me sin, but sin forgiven:
Step by step, where Christ has trod,
Help me home to heaven.

HERVEY D. GANSE.

Written in 1873 for *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, edited by Drs. Hitchcock, Eddy, and Schaaf, and published in 1874. It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. Hervey Doddridge Ganse was a native of New York State, born in 1822. In 1835 he entered the New York University, where he remained three years. The senior year he spent at Columbia College, graduating in 1839. He studied Theology in the Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, at New Brunswick, N. J.; was ordained in 1843; was pastor of a Reformed Dutch Church in New Jersey till 1856, and of another in New York from 1856 until 1875. In 1876 he was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis.

284 *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.* 6, 4.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace where deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

ROBERT II., KING OF FRANCE.
TR. BY R. PALMER.

Come, Holy Ghost, one of many translations of the famous Latin hymn, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*.

One stanza, the fourth, of the translation, is left out:

4 "Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound."

Dean Stanley, who has given us what is perhaps the best rendering of this prayer-song in English, called this "the most beautiful of all Latin hymns."

This translation was furnished for the *Andover Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858.

Robert II., called "the sage," was the son of Hugh Capet, and succeeded his father on the throne of France about 996; he died, after a reign of thirty five years, in 1031. It is said that the king was a chorister, and that he loved to go to the Church of St. Denis in his crown and robes, and direct the singing.

For biographical sketch of translator, see No. 714.

285 *For the Spirit's energy.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Author's title: *Invocation*.

Verbatim. From *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Private Devotion. Now first published from the manuscripts of the late Rev. B. Beddome, A.M.* London, 1818.

This hymn is found without name in *Rippon's Selection*.

The Rev. Benjamin Beddome was an English Baptist minister, who lived from 1717 to 1795. He was the pastor of a little church in Bourton, Gloucestershire. He had a call to a large London church, but refused it, and remained at Bourton fifty-two years. His collected hymns number eight hundred and thirty. Many of them are valuable.

286 *Renewal of Pentecost.* S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts, and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Author's title: *The Descent of the Spirit*.

Scripture basis: Acts ii, 1-4.

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

The hymn is copied, *verbatim*; but, as published by the author, it has four additional lines:

"Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified."

See No. 5.

287 *The Comforter.* S. M.

BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above.

2 Turn us with gentle voice
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, ALT.

This hymn has felt the *might* of the editor's pen. It is found in many hymnals; but in hardly any two of them is it in the same form. The earliest copy I have found, and probably the author's text, was published in Dr. Nettleton's famous *Village Hymns* in 1824. There it is marked H., that is, we suppose, Huntly.

Title: *Invocation to the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 "Blest Comforter Divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;—
- 2 "Thou—who with 'still small voice,'
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;—
- 3 "Thou—whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear;—
- 4 "Thou—who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter!—to us impart
The blessings of thy grace."

Miss Lydia Huntly, born at Norwich, Conn., in 1791, had a natural talent for poetry, and composed verses when a mere child. She was carefully educated, and taught for a time in a young ladies' school. In 1819 she married Mr. Charles Sigourney, and settled at Hartford. She lived until 1865.

288 *God's word, quick and powerful.* S. M.

THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Author's title: *On Leaving the House of God.* It was evidently intended for a closing hymn. Unaltered. From *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825. See No. 5.

289 *Spreading the Scriptures.* S. M.

JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;

Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole;
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of the many hymns that the author left in manuscript. It was first published in the supplement to the *Wesleyan Collection* in 1830. It is unaltered and entire.

290 *The brightening glory of the Gospel.* L. M.

UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Title: *Progress of Gospel Truth.* From the author's *Matins and Vespers*. London, 1823. In the last line of the second stanza the author wrote:

"Adds to its influence more and more."

And in the last line of the third verse:

"Its waters shall o'erflow the world."

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

"Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self becoming more wise."

In his preface the author says: "These hymns were not written in the pursuit of fame, or literary triumph . . . I have not sought to be original; to be useful is my first ambition; that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest."

See No. 150.

291 *Delight in the Bible.* L. M. 6 L.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above,

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

These four stanzas are founded on the four phrases of the text:

"Thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," Deut. vi, 7.

The author wrote "*might*" instead of "*may*," verse two, line one; and "*would*" instead of "*shall*" in verse two, line five.

292 *The two revelations.* L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace,

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.
ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Books of Nature and of Scripture Compared; or, The Glory and Success of the Gospel.* It is founded on Psalm xix, especially on the first part:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."

It is unaltered and entire. Date of publication, 1719.

293 *The everlasting word.* L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;

4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Founded on Psalm xix. It is intended as a sequel or counterpart to Addison's well-known hymn, "The Spacious Firmament on High," (No. 138,) and it is in no wise inferior to that wonderful hymn. It has not been altered.

From *Sacred Poems*, 1839. The original contains four double stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first and last, *verbatim*. The omitted verses are good, but they are not equal to these.

See No. 140.

294

L. M.

The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
He lifts my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

Title: *The Glorious Gospel*.

The second verse of the hymn is omitted:

2 "The spangled heavens thy power proclaim,
Earth echoes back thy mighty name:
Thy glory gilds returning days,
And nights in silence speak thy praise."

Verse four, line three, the author wrote:

"Raises my grateful passions high."

All of this author's hymns—about twenty-five in number—are found in *A Collection of Hymns from Various Authors; Intended as a Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*, 1799.

The Rev. Ottiwell Heginbotham was born in 1744, and was ordained as a Congregational clergyman at Sudbury, England, in 1765. He was a man of decided talent, but died in 1768, when only twenty-four years of age.

295

Riches of God's word.

C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

As an exception to the rule, this hymn retains its early title. It was contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. It has been decapitated. The following are the first two stanzas:

1 "Let avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favorite God pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 "Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright."

These stanzas contain allusions to mining and speculation. A century ago, as to-day, men were running a mad race for gold that perishes, and neglected real and substantial riches.

The author wrote verse one, line two:

"These sacred leaves unfold."

296

Glory of the Scriptures.

C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *The Light and Glory of the Word*. From *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The first stanza has been left out:

- 1 "The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light."

The next verse began:

"A glory gilds," etc.

And the third:

"The hand that gave it," etc.

297 *Bible precious.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psa. cxix, 105.

The original has six stanzas. These are verses one, five, and six, unaltered.

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, by John Fawcett, 1782.

For biographical sketch, see No. 31.

298 *Revelation disseminated.* C. M.

HAIL, sacred truth, whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

JOHN BUTTRESS, ALT.

In the *Gospel Magazine*, 1778, appeared a poem on *Truth*, beginning:

"Hail, sacred truth, thou source of peace."

It was signed John Buttress. That poem is probably the origin of this hymn. I am indebted to Mr. David Creamer, of Baltimore, for this information.

299 *Excellence and sufficiency.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures*; containing twelve stanzas, from the author's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*. London, 1760.

This is made up of verses one, three, four, nine, eleven, and twelve, *verbatim*.

See No. 63.

300 *Light from heaven.* C. M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER.

Author's title : *Epiphany.*

One stanza, the third, has been omitted :

"O haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way."

The three stanzas given are unaltered.
From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.
For sketch of author, see No. 33.

301 *God giveth the increase.* 1 Cor. iii, 7. C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground;
O let the dew of heaven descend,
And shed its influence round.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
May it take root in every heart,
And grow in faith and love.

3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,
Nor worldly wealth and joy,
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,
The rising plant destroy.

4 Where'er the word of life is sown,
A large increase bestow;
That all who hear thy message, Lord,
Its saving power may know.

JOHN CAWOOD. ALT. BY W. F. HALL.

Author's title : *Hymn after Sermon.*
Lyra Britannica gives the original :

1 "Almighty God ! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Oh may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 "Let not the foe of Christ and man,
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in praying souls,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 "Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it in converted minds
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 "Let not Thy word so kindly sent,
To raise us to Thy Throne,
Return to Thee and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

5 "Great God ! come down and on Thy word
Thy mighty power bestow;
That all who hear the joyful sound,
Thy saving grace may know."

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 188.
Rev. W. J. Hall edited a *Collection of Hymns*.
London, 1836.

302 *Lord, help my unbelief.* C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

Title : *Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.* From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

It was altered by John Wesley, who edited it for the fourth edition of *Psalms and Hymns*, 1748.

Watts wrote "captive minds," in the first stanza; "trust upon the Lord," in the second; "almighty call," in the third; "dear fountain" and "spotted soul," in the fourth; and "On thy kind arms," in the last verse. One stanza, the fifth, is omitted; it is plain and vigorous, showing clearly the theology of the author :

5 "Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew."

303 *Without God in the world.* C. M.

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Composed of verses, eleven to fourteen inclusive, of a hymn of sixteen stanzas, entitled *For One Convinced of Unbelief*. One line has been altered; the last in the third stanza, Wesley wrote:

"And take away the stone."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

304 *His pitying love.* C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *Praise to the Redeemer*.

Three stanzas have been left out, and the hymn is improved by their omission.

Of this and a number of other hymns, the author says: "I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhymes in the first and third lines of the stanzas." This hymn is sufficient to prove that such rhyme is not necessary to the loftiest poetical composition.

There are very few lines of sacred poetry so sublime as the last part of this hymn.

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

305 *Original corruption and actual sin.* L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

- 3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Original and Actual Sin Confessed*.

An imitation of verses five to eight, inclusive, of Psalm li:

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

Watts wrote in the first person, "Lord, I," etc. The author wrote in the fifth verse:

"Jesus, my God, thy blood alone,"

and "broken bones," in imitation of the psalmist, in the last stanza.

One worthy stanza has been omitted:

- 3 "Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy."

Date of publication, 1719.

306 *The great Physician.* L. M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.
ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Title: *Christ the Physician of Souls*.
Text: "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there
no physician there? why then is not the health
of the daughter of my people recovered?" Jer.
viii, 22.

Three lines have been altered:

Verse one, line four:

"The work exceeds *all nature's* power."

Verse four, line three:

"*Tis only this dear sacred flood.*"

Verse four, line four:

"*Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.*"

Two stanzas, the second and sixth, are omitted:

2 "Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart."

6 "Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound."

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by
Theodosia. London, 1760.
For biography, see No. 63.

307 *Inbred leprosy.* L. M.
JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The last half of a hymn of eight stanzas, from
Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1749.

Title: *Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, To-day,*
and *Forever*. Heb. xiii, 8.

It has been altered and improved since it was
first published.

The last line of the second stanza read originally:

"And write my pardon on my heart."

The change was probably made by John Wes-
ley, as it appears in his *Collection of Hymns for the*
use of the people called Methodists, 1779.

The last line, the author wrote:

"Devote *its little all* to Thee."

This change, and a few others, were made by the
editors of the hymn book, appointed in 1848.

308 *In trespasses and sins.* S. M.

MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

3 With trembling hope I see
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

4 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.
WILLIAM COWPER, ALT.

Title: *The Shining Light*.
The second verse, omitted, is as follows:

2 "Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door."

Cowper began the third line of the second stanza:

"But *sure*," etc.

And the first part of the third stanza with these lines:

"*I see, or think I see*
A glimmering from afar."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biographical notes, see No. 44.

309 *Dependence on the Spirit.* S. M.

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew;

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Title: *The Necessity of Renewing Grace.*

Two stanzas have been omitted, and the meter changed from common to short. As this hymn came into our book in 1849, we infer that these changes were made by the editors of that edition.

From *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*.
By Theodosia. Bristol, 1780.

For biographical sketch, see No. 63.

310 *Helpless and guilty.* S. M.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsoke;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

This hymn has been so transformed that only by long and diligent search was the original discovered. By comparison it will be seen that *only one line* remains as written by the author.

AUTHOR'S TEXT.

Title: *God Holy, Just, and Sovereign.*

1 "How should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 "To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 "Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt the unequal war?

4 "Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn,
He shakes the earth from South to North,
And all her pillars mourn."

There are two additional stanzas.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.

Part of these changes were made for the Scotch Paraphrases about 1770, and others for the *Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, 1826.

311 *Obduracy bemoaned.* S. M.

OTHAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by the two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (1749) contained thirty-seven hymns with this title: *For One Fallen from Grace.*

One receives the impression in reading the poetical works of the Wesleys that there was a great deal of backsliding in those days; and no doubt this was the fact. Great revivals are usually followed by more or less apostasy. The original hymn contains six stanzas. These are the first two, unaltered.

312 *Christ our ransom.* S. M.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

JOHN FAWCETT, ALT.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" John 1, 29.

The original contains seven stanzas. These are verses three, four, five, and seven, altered. Only three lines remain unchanged. The object was evidently to change the meter, which is long in the original.

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, by John Fawcett. Leeds, 1782.

See No. 31.

313 *The only name.* S. M.

JESUS, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow!
Jesus, no other name than thine
Can save from endless woe.

2 None else will Heaven approve:
Thou art the only way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To realms of endless day.

3 Here let our feet abide,
Nor from thy path depart:
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide!
And cheer the fainting heart.

4 Safe through this world of night,
Lead to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where joy forever reigns.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Title: *Christ the Way to Heaven.*
The second stanza is omitted:

2 "In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road."

The meter has been changed from long to short, and only two lines remain as written by the author. From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.

For sketch of author, see No. 63.

314 *The precious blood.* C. M.

GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood.
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Title: *Hope Alone from the Gospel.*
Two lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line three:

"Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed."

Verse four, line four:

"And hence our hopes arise."

The design of this hymn is to show that sinners cannot find comfort in God's justice, nor in their own works, but only in the atonement of Christ.

From *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*. London, 1818.

For biographical sketch, see No. 285.

315 *Wonders of redemption.* C. M.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before His feet they cast their crowns, —
Those crowns which Jesus gave, —
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew:
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Title: *Wonders of Redemption*.
Four lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line three:

"Angels and men with joy confess."

Verse two, line one:

"Beneath his feet they cast their crowns."

Verse four, line one:

"Oh let them still their voices raise."

Verse four, line two:

"And still their song renew."

Two stanzas, the second and third, are omitted. They are not of great value. From *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1818.

See No. 285.

316 *The dearest name.* C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *The Name of Jesus*.

Text: "Thy name is as ointment poured forth."
Song of Sol. i, 3.

Two stanzas are omitted. They are not necessary to the hymn.

The author wrote "*Husband*" instead of "Saviour" in the first line of the fourth stanza. Newton published the last stanza in this form:

"Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.
For biography, see No. 23.

317 *Ceaseless goodness.* C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

It is founded on Exodus xxxiv, 6:

"The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

Wesley wrote "*The*" instead of "*His*" in the last line.

318 *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C.M.

THOU art the Way:—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth:—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life.
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

The Scripture text of this hymn is John xiv, 6:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

The hymn itself is a very happy and successful metrical exposition of the text. Only two of Bishop Doane's hymns are found in this collection. They are both excellent. The other is No. 117, which see. *Verbatim*, from *Songs by the Way*. 1875 edition. The first edition was published in 1824.

319 *The cleansing fountain.* C. M

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The author's title is: *Praise for the Fountain Opened*. The text is Zech, xiii, 1:

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."

It is a little strange that this hymn, and some other great favorites, found no place in the Methodist hymn book till 1849—after they had been in common use for *fifty or sixty years*, but such is the fact. We are glad that the Committee of fifteen found room for the whole of this grand old hymn. It is none too long.

A great change has been made in the last part of the second stanza. The author wrote:

"And there *have* I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away."

There is no doubt but that Cowper gave his personal experience and testimony in this hymn. These two lines are the only ones that have been changed. They are found in various forms.

In *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, they are found in the form of prayer:

"O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

In the *Hartford Selection*, 1799:

"And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

In *Dobell's Selection*, 1806, we find it given in its original form, as above.

Of course the great question with hymnal editors is, "Which form will be the most useful?" and there seems to be a difference of opinion. There is no doubt, however, as to what the author intended. From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biographical sketch, see No. 44.

320

The pierced hand.

C. M.

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feebleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

Title: *Touched with the feeling of our Infirmities.*

Cecil Frances Alexander is the author of a number of hymns and poems. She was the daughter of Major Humphreys, of Strabane, Ireland, and was born in 1823. In 1850 she married the Rev. William Alexander, now Bishop of Derry. Mrs. Alexander wrote *Hymns for Little Children*, which has had a wide circulation in England and in this country, and she edited *The Sunday Book of Poetry*, 1865. This piece first appeared in her *Hymns Descriptive and Devotional*, 1858.

The original has "salve" instead of "heal" in verse one, line four.

321

Grace.

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii, 5: "By grace ye are saved."

This hymn is given *verbatim*, except one word. The author wrote "*wandering feet*" instead of "roving," in the third stanza.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755.

For biography, see No. 78.

322

Our debt paid upon the cross.

S. M.

WHAT majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then though the clouds ascend to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There our High Priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sovereign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

SAMUEL STENNETT, ALT.

"*The Glorious Gospel of the blessed God.*" 1 Tim. i. 11.

This hymn has been changed from a common to a short meter by the omission of two syllables from the first line of each stanza.

From *Rippon's Selection*, 1787.

The first lines were originally as follows:

"What *wisdom*, majesty, and grace."

"Down from his *starry* throne on high."

"The *mighty* debt that sinners owed."

"There *he* our great High Priest appears."

"Great *God* with reverence we adore."

For biography, see No. 218.

323

Full and free.

C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case.
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, ALT.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. xxi, 6.

The second stanza is not Medley's.

The author wrote:

2 "Here Jesus calls, and he's a true,
A kind, a faithful friend;
He's 'Alpha and Omega,' too,
'Beginning and the end.'"

One other stanza, the fifth, of the original has been omitted:

5 "This spring with living waters flows,
And living joy imparts:
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts."

The first two lines of the fourth verse the author wrote:

"Whoever thirsts—O, gracious Word!
Shall of this stream partake."

The author's last stanza has been almost entirely changed:

"To sinners poor, like me and you,
He saith, he'll 'freely give';
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
Drink, and forever live."

It appeared in the first edition of the author's *Hymns*, 1789.

For biographical sketch, see No. 193.

324

The joyful sound.

C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *Salvation*.

One stanza, the second, has been omitted:

2 "Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day."

The last stanza was not written by Dr. Watts. It was appended by some unknown author. It is, in every way, worthy of its place, and caps the climax of this grand hymn. This additional stanza is not modern; it is found in the early editions of Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, and was possibly written by the editor of that book, the Rev. Walter Shirley.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

325

The all-sufficient Saviour.

C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

ANNE STEELE.

Part of a hymn of thirty-nine stanzas, entitled *Redeeming Love*. This is made up, with slight alterations, of verses two, three, eight, thirty-seven, and thirty-nine.

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.

For biography of author, see No. 63.

326 *The gospel feast.* C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

ISAAC WATTS.

Watts gave this hymn a long title: *The Invitation of the Gospel; or, Spiritual Food and Clothing*. It is founded on the first few verses of Isaiah lv, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," etc.

Three stanzas are omitted. One of them is very striking and poetic:

"Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins."

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.

327 *Love which passeth knowledge.* L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

TR. BY A. W. BOEHM.

Another stanza of this hymn is found in Madan's *Collection*, 1760. It follows the first, and is very unique:

"Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with Force, and Men with Love."

It was formerly accredited to Charles Wesley, but was found in a book of translations, before the time of the Wesleys, by Anthony Wilhelm Boehm, (1673-1722,) of whom nothing more is known.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) was born at Fontaine, in Burgundy, and was educated at the University of Paris. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Cistercian Monastery of Cîteaux. His austerity made him famous, and at the age of twenty-five he was appointed abbot of a new monastery at Clairvaux. Here he remained for many years, declining all further preferment. He was the author of several famous Latin hymns.

328 *The divine Teacher.* L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke;
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Title: *Jesus Teaching the People.*

The last line of the third stanza the author wrote:

"Obey thee, love thee, and be blest."

From *Matins and Vespers*, London, 1823.

In his preface the author says: "Should any fragment of this little book, remembered and dwelt upon in moments of gloom and anxiety, tend to restore peace, to awaken fortitude, to create, to renew, or to strengthen confidence in Heaven, I shall have obtained the boon for which I pray, the end to which I aspire."

See No. 150.

329 *The gift unspeakable.* L. M.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a successful paraphrase of Prov. iii, 13-18:

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her."

The original contains nine stanzas. These are not altered.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

330 *The voice of free grace.* 12.

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon!

We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious;
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption for ever and ever,
RICHARD BURDSALL.

I have good reason to believe that this hymn has been abbreviated and altered. I have never seen the original.

The Rev. Richard Burdsall (1735-1824) was a local Wesleyan preacher for about sixty years.

331 *The year of jubilee.* H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home,

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This wonderful hymn has been ascribed in some hymn books to Toplady, the author of *Rock of Ages*. It was first published by Charles Wesley in a pamphlet containing only seven pieces, entitled *Hymns for New-Year's Day*, 1750. Toplady was then only ten years of age. It is unaltered and complete.

The scriptural basis of the hymn is Lev. xxv, 9, 10:

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family."

332 *Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb.* H. M.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a poem of ten stanzas, from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. The hymn is made up of the first four, the seventh, and ninth stanzas. Charles Wesley was never weary of insisting upon the truth of the last two lines of this hymn. He had a most intense aversion to the opposite doctrine of unconditional election. In another hymn, published in the above book, he exclaims: "Take back my interest in Thy blood unless it streamed for all the race." In holy audacity, this reminds us of the prayer of Moses for Israel: "Now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book."

One word only has been changed. Wesley wrote "freely" instead of "swiftly" in verse five, line three.

333 *He died for me.* L. M. 6 L.

WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

2 His name is Jesus, and he died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

3 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
 If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
 By grace alone I draw my breath,
 Held up from everlasting death;
 Yet, since I know his grace is free,
 I know the Saviour died for me.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

This beautiful and pathetic hymn was written by the author on the day previous to his death, which occurred on the Sabbath, April 27, 1862, at Florence, Italy. His death was very sudden, as he had preached the same day from the text: "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." It is not altered.

There are two additional stanzas:

4 "I read God's holy Word, and find
 Great truths which far transcend my mind;
 And little do I know beside
 Of thoughts so high, so deep, so wide:
 This is my best theology,
 I know the Saviour died for me.

5 "My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
 Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
 And say, 'Thy bonds of death are riven,
 Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
 And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
 For I, Thy Saviour, died for thee.'"

The Rev. George Washington Bethune, D.D., was born in New York in 1805; was graduated at Dickinson College in 1822, and studied theology at Princeton, N. J. He was pastor of Reformed Dutch churches in New York and Philadelphia.

334 *The Desire of nations.* 8, 7.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free:
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art:
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A new and valuable hymn, full of praise and prayer. Its meter and rhyme are faultless. It is poetic and scriptural. The hymn mender has

found no excuse for alteration. The first part of the hymn contains an evident reference to Haggai ii, 7:

"The Desire of all nations shall come."

From *Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord*, 1744.

335

Turn ye.

11.

TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye
 die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
 "Come,"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you
 home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to
 receive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come
 home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you ob-
 tain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to
 die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding
 on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and
 free.

JOSIAH HOPKINS. (?)

The first line is a quotation from Ezek. xxxiii, 11. The hymn, six stanzas, is found in the *Christian Lyre*, 1831.

The Rev. Josiah Hopkins (1786-1862) was ordained pastor of a Congregational church in Vermont in 1809, and was subsequently pastor of a Presbyterian church in northern New York. He contributed several pieces to the *Christian Lyre*, which have his name attached. This does not. I am inclined to think it is older than 1831.

336

Delay not.

11.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw
 near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for
 thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is
 free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy
God?

A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardon-
ing blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-
day:

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the
tomb;

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his
sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment
shall stand;

What power then, O sinner, will lend
thee its aid!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

This hymn appeared first in *Spiritual Songs for
Social Worship*, by Thomas Hastings and Lowell
Mason. Copyrighted in 1831. It is not altered.
For biography of author, see No 177.

337 *Fly to Jesus.* 7, 6 l.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;

Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too.
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *The Invitation*. Verbatim, from
*Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Re-
demption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747. It is
found in every edition of the Methodist Episcopal
Hymn Book.

338 *Come and welcome.* 7, 6 l.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

THOMAS HAWEIS.

The Scripture basis for this charming gospel hymn
is John vii, 37:

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and
drink."

Some slight changes have been made since it was
first published in 1792.

Verse one, line three:

"What melodious sounds *I* hear."

Verse one, line four:

"Bursting on *my* ravish'd ear."

Verse two, line three:

"On *my* pierced body laid."

Verse two, line five:

"Bow the knee *and kiss* the son."

Verse three, line two:

"See with richest *dainties* stor'd."

Verse three, line four:

"Yet again a child confest."

There is one more stanza :

4 "Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home," etc.

See No. 270.

339 *The work of sin.* 7. 6 l.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with his flowing blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Eternal Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open all his wounds again?
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, by John and Charles Wesley, Presbyters of the Church of England. Bristol, 1745.

A few verbal changes have been made. The original has "*murdered*" instead of "crucified" in the first stanza; "*our*" sins instead of "thy" sins in the second. The first line of the third stanza began, "*Shall we let,*" etc. The third line was:

"Open, *tear* his wounds again."

340 *Invitation hymn.* 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, —
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

JOSEPH HART.

Author's title: *Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.* From *Hymns, Composed on Various Subjects*, by J. Hart. Date of preface, 1759.

A few lines have been changed. Hart published the first line:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and *wretched*."

And the fourth:

"Full of pity *joined with* power."

The first two lines of the fifth verse have also been changed. The author wrote:

"*View him grow'ling* in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies."

For more than sixty years this hymn stood No. 2 in the Methodist collection. It is a favorite invitation hymn, and thousands have decided to accept Christ while it was being sung.

341 *The healing fountain.* 8, 7, 7.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the lost a refuge find.
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks need thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful; he will never
Break his covenant sealed in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *A Fountain Opened for Sin and Unclean-*
ness.

Three lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse two, line four:

"Here the troubled peace may find."

Verse three, line one:

"He that drinks shall live forever."

Verse three, line two:

"'Tis a soul-renewing flood;

One unique stanza, the second, has been omitted:

"Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light."

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

342 *Hear, and live.* 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN'S COL.

This favorite old hymn appeared in John Dobell's
New Selection, 1806, where it was marked *Allen's*
Collection.

Nothing more is positively known concerning
its authorship.

In Dobell's selection the hymn has six stanzas.
Verses four and five have been omitted.

343 *The last call.* 8, 7, 4.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

ANDREW REED, ALT.

Title: *The Sinner invited*.

Three stanzas; these are the first and third altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line one:

"Listen, sinner! mercy hails you.

Verse one, line two:

"With her sweetest voice she calls."

Verse one, line three:

"Bids you hasten to the Saviour."

Verse one, line five:

"Listen, sinner."

Verse two, line one:

"Haste! ah, hasten! to the Saviour."

Verse two, line two:

"Sue his mercy while you may."

Verse two, line five:

"Hasten, sinner."

Omitted stanza:

"See! the storm of vengeance gath'ring
O'er the path you dare to tread:
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head;
Tarry, sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike your head."

From the author's *Collection*, 1817.
See No. 267.

344 *The gracious call.* 7.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi, 28.

The third stanza is made up of the first half of the third and fourth of the original. The last couplets of these stanzas are as follows:

"Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise."

"Here repose your heavy care:
Who the stings of guilt can bear?"

The last stanza the author began with, "Sinner, come," etc.

For biographical sketch, see No. 77.

345 *Delay dangerous.* 7.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

THOMAS SCOTT.

Author's title: *Delay*.
Two lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line three:
"Longer wisdom you despise."

Verse one, line four:
"Harder is she to be won."

This valuable hymn is from a volume containing one hundred and four pieces, entitled *Lyric Poems, Devotional and Moral*, by Thomas Scott. London, 1773.

The Rev. Thomas Scott was a native of Norwich, England; and was the son of a Dissenting minister, and himself a school-teacher and a minister among the Presbyterians. He died in 1776.

346 *At Zion's gate.* 7.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate:
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly light appears.

2 Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Sealed, by signs the chosen know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in certain rapture die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

GEORGE CRABBE.

This is unaltered and entire.

The careful reader will see that the hymn is a literary curiosity. The fourth line of each stanza contains four words which begin the four following lines.

It is found in the author's poem, *Sir Eustace Grey*, first published in 1785. Sir Eustace is a worldly, prosperous man, who meets with great affliction, loss of family and estate, and becomes insane. While a patient in a mad-house he tells to his physician and a visitor the story of his sorrows, and at length, of the rest he had found, he says:

"I heard a heavenly Teacher speak,
And felt the SUN or MERCY shine;
I hailed the light, the birth divine!
And then was sealed among the few.

* * * * *

"Come hear how thus the charmers cry
To wandering sheep the strays of sin,
While some the wicket-gate pass by,
And some will knock and enter in;
Full joyful 'tis a soul to win,
For he that winneth souls is wise;
Now hark! the holy strains begin,
And thus the sainted preacher cries:

"Pilgrim, burthened with thy sin," etc.

The Rev. George Crabbe was born in England in 1754, and early studied medicine; but gave up this profession and applied himself to literature. He sought the acquaintance of Edmund Burke, who became his friend and aided him in various ways. In 1781 he was ordained priest of the Established Church. His most successful poems were *The Parish Register*, 1809, and *The Borough*, 1810. He died in 1832. A complete edition of his writings was published in 1835.

FIRST PART.

347

Why will ye die?

7.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,—
Spiritually dead in sin;
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

CHARLES WESLEY.

"*Why will ye die? O house of Israel.*" Ezek. xviii, 31.

This hymn and the one following are parts of a poem of sixteen stanzas, first published in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

This part is the first four stanzas, verbatim, except that it has "ye" for "you" in some half-dozen lines. All the stanzas are valuable:

5 "Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go,
Ye for higher ends were born;
Ye may all to God return,
Live with Him above the sky;
Why will you forever die?

6 "You, on whom He favors showers,
You, possess of nobler powers;
You, of reason's powers possess,
You, with will and memory blest,
You, with finer sense endued.
Creatures capable of God,
Noblest of His creatures, why,
Why will you forever die?

7 "You, whom He ordained to be
Transcript of the Trinity;
You, whom He in life doth hold,
You, for whom Himself was sold;
You, on whom He still doth wait,
Whom He would again create,
Made by Him, and purchased, why,
Why will you forever die?

8 "You, who own His record true,
You, His chosen people, you,
You, who call the Saviour Lord,
You, who read His written Word,
You, who see the gospel light,
Claim a crown in Jesus' right,
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?"

9 "You, His own peculiar race,
Sharers of His special grace;
All His grace to you is given,
You, the favorites of heaven:
And will you unfaithful prove,
Trample on His richest Love?
Jesus asks the reason, why,
Why will you resolve to die?"

SECOND PART.

348 *Tender expostulation.* 7.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 "Turn," he cries, "ye sinners, turn:"
By his life, your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?"

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part second is made up of stanzas ten, thirteen, and fifteen.

The changes are as follows:

Verse one, line five:

"After all His *waste* of love."

Verse two, lines five, six, and seven were taken from verse fourteen, which see.

Verse two, line five:

"He hath brought to all the race."

Verse two, line six:

"Full salvation by His grace."

Verse two, line seven:

"He hath no one soul pass'd by."

11 "Will you die because His grace
Cannot reach to all the race?
Life because you cannot have?
You because He will not save?
Dare you say He doth not call,
Doth not offer life to all,
Doth not ask His creatures, why,
Why will you resolve to die?"

12 "Saith He what He never meant,
Calls on all men to repent,
Calls, while His decree withstands,
Mocks the work of His own hands?
Will you die because you must?
Dare you make your God unjust?
Why would he have you live; O why,
Why will you resolve to die?"

14 "Hath he pleasure in your pain?
Did He you to death ordain,
Vow you never should return,
Damn, or ever you were born?
If your death were His delight,
Would He you to life invite?
Would He ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?"

16 "Can ye doubt, if God is Love,
If to all His bowels move?
Will ye not His Word receive?
Will ye not His oath believe?
See, the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps! believe His tears;
Mingled with His Blood, they cry,
Why will you resolve to die?"

349 *The accepted time.* L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
Nor God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Title: *Life, the Only Accepted Time.*

This solemn and valuable hymn is found in the author's edition of *Watts's Psalms*, preface-date, 1800. It is given as the third part of Psalm lxxxviii. It will be seen that the hymn here closes with a repetition of the second stanza. This is the work of some editor. The author closed with these omitted stanzas:

5 "No wonders to the dead are shown,
(The wonders of redeeming love;)
No voice his glorious truth makes known,
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6 "Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In these forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there."

It has not been otherwise altered.

The Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1752; and entered Yale College when only thirteen years old. In the war of the Revolution he was a patriot and a chaplain. In 1795 he was elected President of Yale College, a position that he held to the time of his death, in 1817. Dr. Dwight was the author of several theological works, and of a number of poems; among others, the patriotic song:

"Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

FIRST PART.

350 *All things are ready.* L. M.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready,—come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

Text: "Come; for all things are now ready." Luke xiv, 17.

The first part of a poem of ten stanzas, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

The reader will readily recognize the allusions to the prodigal son in verses two and five.

The original of verse five, line two, is, "*Is ready,*" etc.

No. 351 is the last part of the same hymn.

SECOND PART.

351 *The bliss of penitence.* L. M.

COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood;
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The first line of this hymn has been slightly changed. It is the sixth stanza of the poem, and begins: "Come, *then*, ye sinners to your Lord."

352 *God calling yet.* L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise?
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

TR. BY MISS J. BORTHWICK.

"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to
the sons of man." Prov. viii, 4.

The translation is found in *Hymns from the Land
of Luther*, 1853.

It has been changed considerably. The following
verse, the fifth, is omitted:

"Ah! yield Him all—all to His care confiding:
Where but with him, are rest and peace abiding?
Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder."

Miss Jane Borthwick (born in 1825) was one of the
editors of *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1853,
and the author of a small volume of poems, entitled
Thoughts for the Thoughtful, 1859.

For biography of Tersteegen, see No. 47.

353

L. M.

Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. v, 18.

SINNER, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

MRS. ABBY B. HYDE.

A solemn hymn written upon Genesis vi, 3:
"My Spirit shall not always strive with man." It
was contributed to Dr. Nettleton's *Village Hymns*,
1824. The second verse is omitted:

"Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?"

It has not been altered.

The author's name was not Ann, but Abby
Bradley Hyde. She was the wife of the Rev.
Lavius Hyde, a Congregational minister, who was
pastor of several churches in Massachusetts and
Connecticut.

Mrs. Hyde lived from 1799 to 1872.

354

Haste, traveler, haste.

L. M.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night
comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

This is not in Dr. Collyer's *Collection*, 1812. It
was probably written after that book was published.
It is found in *Rippon's Selection*—the twenty-ninth
edition—published in 1829, where each stanza closes
with this burden:

"Haste, traveller, haste!"

Verses three, five, and seven are omitted;

3 "Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course, while yet 'tis day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round.
Haste, traveller, haste!"

5 "O yes! a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.
Haste, traveller, haste!"

7 "Poor, lost, benighted soul! art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
There yet is hope; hear mercy's call:
Truth! Life! Light! Way! in Christ is all!
Haste to Him, haste!"

The Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D.D., was born in 1782, and was pastor of a Congregational church in Peekham, London, from 1811 to the time of his death, in 1854. He published several prose works and compiled a hymn book, entitled *Hymns, Partly Collected and Partly Original*. London, 1812. In this book were published fifty-eight hymns of his own composition.

355 *Whosoever will.* Rev. xxii, 17. S. M.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. ONDERDONK.

It will be seen that the first three verses are founded on Rev. xxii, 17:

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

The last stanza is based upon verse 20:

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The last line has been altered. The author wrote:

"Jesus, my Saviour, come."

Contributed to the *Hymns in the Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book*, 1826.

The Rev. Henry Ustic Onderdonk, D.D., was born in New York in 1789; was graduated at Columbia College in 1805, and then studied medicine. After practicing for several years he decided to enter the ministry. He rose rapidly to distinction as a

preacher, and in 1827 was elected to the episcopacy in the Protestant Episcopal Church. On account of some dissatisfaction he resigned his office of Bishop in 1844. He lived till 1858. Several of his hymns are found in the *Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church*.

356 *The guardianship of angels.* S. M.

YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For he whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

3 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know;
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow:
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

4 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

JOHN WESLEY.

Published, without title, in *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

This pamphlet, containing fifty-two pieces, and sold for sixpence, was published without name. Mr. Henry Moore, one of the biographers of John Wesley, claims the authorship of this hymn for John, rather than for Charles, Wesley.

Stanzas two, three, and seven have been omitted, and the meter has been changed from particular to short. This change was made by the author for his *Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists*, 1780.

357 *All things are ready.* Matt. xxii, 4. S. M.

"ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.

2 "All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

3 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.

4 "All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

From *Gospel Echoes; or, Help to the Heralds of Salvation*, by Albert Midlane. London, 1865.

This little book contains one hundred and ninety-one hymns.

The hymn is not altered. One verse, the fourth, has been omitted:

"All things are ready," come,
All hind'rance is removed;
And God, in Christ, His precious love
To fallen man has proved."

Albert Midlane, a layman of the Church of England, was born in 1825. Besides the above-mentioned book, he published *Leaves from Olivet*, 1865.

358 *The second death.* S. M.

WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Author's title: *The Issues of Life and Death*.
The testimony of Montgomery, in the first part of this hymn, should have great weight. He wrote from sad experience.

The original has four additional lines:

"Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality."

Unaltered from *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.
See No. 5.

359 *Accepting the invitation.* S. M.

COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wanderers home;
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Saviour's call,
'O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all."

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely,
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

The original contains four double stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first, the first part of the second, and the last part of the third; but there is not a single line that remains as it was published by the Wesleys. The changes were made by the editing committee of 1848. Common honesty demands that it should be marked altered.

From *Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747.

360 *Seek Him while he may be found.* S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

- 2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shall thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

UNKNOWN.

This is hardly a hymn, but it is a fine exhortation. It was written upon the words of David to Solomon, found in 1 Chron. xxviii, 9:

"And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

The Hymnal gives the authorship to Robert Carr Brackenbury, who was a local Wesleyan preacher, and a wealthy and gifted friend of John Wesley for many years; but this is certainly a mistake. The hymn is found in a neat little book, entitled *Sermons to Children. To which are added Short Hymns suited to the Subject.* "By a Lady." There were in this book seventeen little sermons, and fifteen hymns. This hymn follows Sermon xvi. The text of the sermon, as well as the basis of the hymn, is the above-quoted passage.

The first hymn is the once familiar and favorite juvenile,

"See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands."

The date is from 1795 to 1818.

361 *The day of grace.* S. M.

NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace:
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

JOHN DOBELL.

"Behold, now is the accepted time." 2 Cor. vi, 2.
It is unaltered.

The original has two additional stanzas:

4 "Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

5 "At length around thy throne
They shall thy face behold;
While thro' eternity they'll strive
Their raptures to unfold."

From *A New Selection of Seven Hundred Evangelical Hymns, For Private, Family, and Public Worship.* (Many original.) From more than two hundred of the best authors in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America. Intended as A Supplement to Dr. Watts's *Psalms and Hymns*, by John Dobell, 1806. Dobell was a pious man, and his hymn book a good one for those times. He lived from 1757 to 1840.

362 *The abundance of His grace.* L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

JOHN WESLEY.

Isa. lv. The first four verses of a paraphrase of the entire chapter, containing thirty-one stanzas. I know of no reason for attributing this to John rather than Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, Published by John Wesley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; and Charles Wesley, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1740.

The author wrote verse two, line four:

"And find my grace," etc.

363 *Come to Me.* L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me!"

4 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"

5 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion: come to me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Founded upon the precious words of Jesus:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi, 28.

Two stanzas, the third and seventh, are omitted:

3 "When the poor heart with anguish learns,
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, 'Come to me.'"

7 "O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony;
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, 'Come to me.'"

This fine hymn is from the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1834. For many years it was anonymous, but *The Book of Praise*, edited by Sir Roundell Palmer, (Lord Selborne,) attributes it to Miss Elliott.

Charlotte Elliott was born in England in 1789, and lived till 1871. She was highly accomplished and fond of society. A serious sickness led her to feel the need of personal religion. Something of the conflict in her soul is evidently recorded in this hymn. Hymn No. 393, "Just as I am," seems to be the counterpart of this.

Miss Elliott was an invalid for many years, yet she was a devoted Christian and anxious to do good. Her desire was granted through her hymns, which have been a blessing to multitudes.

364 *The gospel feast.* L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

10

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *The Great Supper.*

Founded on Luke xiv, 16-24.

It is a very interesting paraphrase of the story, in twenty four stanzas. The hymn is made up of verses one, two, twelve, twenty, and twenty-two. A few slight changes were made for the *Collection*, 1780. In some of the omitted stanzas the author uses great plainness of speech, for example, we give the following verse, the thirteenth of the original:

"Sinners my gracious Lord receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you."

It is said that when Jesse Lee preached under the Old Elm, on Boston Common, in 1790, he sang this radical Methodist hymn to collect his congregation. From *Redemption Hymns*, 1747.

365 *Sin kills beyond the tomb.* C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

JOSEPH HART.

Author's title: *Death.*

The second line of the fourth stanza, the writer published:

"Shall *crawling worms* consume,"

which, by the way, is neither true nor poetic. There are two additional and comparatively feeble stanzas:

"To-day the gospel calls, to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue:

"Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be;
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free."

From the *Supplement of Hart's Hymns*, 1762.

366

C. M.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. xxvii, 1.

WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day,
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

3 O think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high!
Where sin and grief and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

M. WILKS.

This appeared in the Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book in 1849.

The Rev. Matthew Wilks, (1746-1829,) one of Lady Huntingdon's ministers, wrote hymns, but this is not found among those attributed to him. I can vouch neither for the authorship nor for the text.

367 *The Justifier of the ungodly.* C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain;
For you the Saviour spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

Title: *Before Preaching to the Colliers in Leicestershire.*

It is from the last part of a long hymn of eighteen stanzas. No. 32 is from the first part. This is composed of verses eleven, twelve, seventeen, and eighteen. All, except the last, were altered for the hymn book of 1849. The third line of the first verse, Wesley wrote:

"*Railers*, for you *He* spilt His blood."

The second verse was:

"*Misers*, His life for you He paid,
Your basest *crime* He bore;
Drunkards, your *sins* on Him were laid,
That *ye* might sin no more."

The third verse began:

"The God of love to earth He came."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, 1749.

368 *The hammer of His word.* C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill ever soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Written Before Preaching at Portland.*

The fact that many of the people worked in stone quarries probably suggested to Wesley this Scripture:

"Is not my word . . . like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Jer. xxiii, 29.

The author wrote, verse four, line one:

"Conclude us first in unbelief."

There are three additional stanzas.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, 1749.

369 Desperate resolution. C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

EDMUND JONES.

Title: *The Successful Resolve*.

Text: "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." Esther iv, 16.

The oldest copy of this hymn now known is in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. In that book, verse two, line two, is:

"*Hath like a mountain rose.*"

One verse, the fourth, is omitted:

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives."

The Rev. Edmund Jones (1722-1765) was a worthy man, and the pastor of a Baptist church at Exon, Devonshire.

370 The wanderer recalled. C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER, ALT.

Author's title: *The Backslider*.

It was written in long meter and contained six stanzas. Only the first lines remain unaltered.

From *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*. Designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts's *Psalms and Hymns*, by William Bengo Collyer, D.D. London, 1812.

See No. 354.

371 No peace to the wicked. C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Text: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv, 7.

The author wrote "*immortal*" instead of "eternal" in verse four, line four.

There is one additional stanza, which is a good illustration of the anticlimax. The first part is grand, the last part weak:

"His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood."

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782.
For biographical sketch, see No. 31.

372 *The voice that wakes the dead.* C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,—
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree!

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain:
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*, by Charles Wesley, 1767.
There are three valuable additional stanza:

"Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?"

"I must this instant now begin,
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

"I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee,
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

Two lines have been changed.
Verse one, line three:

"Accept our evening sacrifice."

Verse four, line three:

"And fill his *careless heart* with grief."

This last change was made for the *Collection* of 1780.

373 *Warnings multiplied.* C. M.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril, every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

REGINALD HEBER.

Title: *At a Funeral*.
Second stanza omitted:

"Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they."

In the last stanza the author wrote "*Christian*" instead of "mortal" in the first line; and "*The bones*" instead of "The dead" in the third line.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827.
For biography, see No. No. 62.

374 *Waiting to be gracious.* C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let the sinner find,
And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears, to hear thy cries;
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee;
For thee he weeps and dies.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds and spreads his
hands,
And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye,
He will with blood efface;
E'en now he waits the blood to apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a hymn of twelve stanzas. This is made up of verses five, and eight to eleven, inclusive.

From *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, by John and Charles Wesley, Presbyters of the Church of England. London, 1744.

Three lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, lines three and four:

"Thy mercy let *these outcasts* find,
And know *their* gracious hour."

Verse three, lines one and two:

"Open their eyes *and ears*, to see
Thy cross, to hear Thy cries."

At this time England was at war with France, and was threatened with invasion. The Wesleys and their fellow-laborers were subjected to severe persecution. The "outcasts" for whom they prayed were the fanatical leaders of riot and outrage.

375 *Too late!* 10.

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night,
and chill!

Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.

"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

2 No light had we;—for that we do repent,
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.

"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night—

O let us in, that we may find the light.

"Too late, to late! ye cannot enter now!"

4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet!

O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet.

"No! no! too late! ye cannot enter now!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

This plaintive song is found in *Idyls of the King*, imbedded in *Guinevere*. The unhappy queen had fled from King Arthur's court to the convent at Almesburg. Here, unknown to all, she found sanctuary among the nuns. She was attended by a little maid, a novice, who one day was humming snatches of a song. To her Queen Guinevere said:

"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.

Whereat full willingly sang the little maid,

'Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill,'
etc.

"So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad queen."

Alfred Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire in 1810; and is the son of a clergyman. While yet an under-graduate at Cambridge, he published a small volume of poems, which, of course, the critics condemned unread, and almost unseen. His third volume, containing *Locksly Hall*, *Ulysses*, and some of the first tales of King Arthur, gave him a reputation as the coming poet of the age. Upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, he was made Poet-Laureate. He has easily held his place, and added to his fame. In January, 1884, the poet was made a peer of the realm, with the title of Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt.

376 *Mercy, death, doom.* 8, 5.

I N the silent midnight watches,

I List,—thy bosom door!

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,

Knocketh evermore!

Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:

'Tis thy heart of sin;

'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth

Rise, and let me in!

2 Death comes down with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut:
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

Title: *The Heart's Song*.
From *Athanasian and Miscellaneous Poems*, New York, 1842.

The Scripture basis of the hymn is: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Rev. iii, 20.

A few changes have been made since it was first published. In the seventh line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating."

The first line of the second stanza is:

"Death comes down with equal footstep,"

and in the seventh line:

"Grieved at length away he turneth."

For sketch of author, see No. 202.

377 *The gift of faith.* C. P. M.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace;
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the vail remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove;
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For One Convinced of Unbelief*.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, in two volumes,
by Charles Wesley, M.A., Student of Christ
Church, Oxford. Bristol, 1749.
Two lines have been changed. Verse three, line
four:

"Thou wouldst the benefit bestow."

Verse three, line five:

"And give us hearts to feel and know," etc.

378 *Pleading the sacrifice of Christ.* C. P. M.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee, my suit to gain,—
I plead what thou hast done:
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace,
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine!
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell forever in my breast,
And make it all divine!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Desiring to Love*.
Seven stanzas. These are respectively the fourth,
fifth, and third of the original. The first couplet
of the hymn as here given has been transposed and
changed. The author wrote:

"What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God for sinners slain."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*,
1749.

379

Depth of mercy.

7.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,—
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare!

2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title is: *After a Relapse into Sin.*

This song, so full of poetry and tenderness, is made up of verses one, two, thirteen, seven, and nine of the original.

One word has been changed. Wesley wrote "fall" instead of "sins" in verse three, line two.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley. London, 1740.

A story is told of an English actress, who was led into a cottage prayer-meeting by hearing this hymn sung as she was passing by. She was deeply convicted of sin, and soon afterward found pardon. Having given her heart to God, she resolved to leave the stage; but her manager urged her to play once more—representing that his disappointment and loss would be great unless she consented to appear. At last she yielded to his request. Her part was introduced by a song. When the curtain rose, the orchestra began the accompaniment, but she did not sing. Supposing that she was confused, the band played the air again. Still she was silent. At length, with her hands clasped and her eyes suffused with tears, she sang—not the song of the play, but—

"Depth of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

The performance suddenly ended, and the people scattered—some ridiculing her act, others reflecting upon the power of religion.

It is said that the woman became a consistent Christian, and afterward was the wife of a minister of the Gospel.

380

With Thee is mercy.

7.

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
 Hear, O hear my ardent cry,
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
 Worst of rebels I have been;
 Oft abused thee to thy face,
 Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
 Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
 Justly might thy kindled ire
 Send me to eternal fire.

4 But with thee is mercy found,
 Balm to heal my every wound;
 Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,
 Give the weary wanderer rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

Title: *The Penitent Pardoned.*

Some lines of this hymn differ from the version in the author's book.

Verse three, line three:

"Justly might thine angry breath."

Verse three, line four:

"Doom me to eternal death."

Verse four, line one:

"But with thee there's mercy found."

Verse four, line three:

"Soothe, oh, soothe my troubled breast."

From *Hymns Selected, and Alphabetically Arranged, for Public Worship and Private Devotion*, by Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., 1852. It first appeared in W. B. Collyer's *Hymn Book*, 1812, where it has two additional stanzas.

See No. 45.

381

The Man on Calvary. C. P. M.

THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
 Help us to look on thee and mourn,
 On thee, whom we have slain,—
 Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
 And by reiterated crimes
 Renewed thy sacred pain.

2 O give us eyes of faith to see
 The Man transfigured on Calvary,—
 To know thee who thou art,
 The one eternal God and true:
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls! to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Wesley wrote verse two, line one:

"*Vouchsafe* us eyes of faith to see."

And verse four, line one:

"The *unbelieving veil* remove."

Two stanzas, the third and sixth, have been omitted:

3 "My heart all other means defies,
It dares against Thy threatenings rise,
Thy righteous laws disdains;
More hardened than the fiends below,
With unconcern to hell I go,
And laugh at hellish pains.

6 "Now by Thy dying love constrain
My heart to love its God again,
Its God to glorify;
And lo I come Thy cross to share,
Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns for Families*, 1767.

382 *Looking unto Jesus.* 7, 6, 8.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppressed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possessed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Worldly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven:
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Looking unto Jesus.*
Wesley wrote "*feebly*" instead of "humbly" in verse one, line two.

Three stanzas have been omitted:

2 "Hast Thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their sin?
Weary I obey Thy call,
And come to be made clean:
Give my burdened conscience ease;
O grant me now the promised rest:
Jesus, Master, etc.

4 "Full of pain and sin am I.
I ever bear my shame,
Waiting till my Lord pass by,
And call me by my name;
Surely now my pain He sees,
And I shall quickly be released!
Jesus, Master, etc.

6 "This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath;
Join the happy few, whose love
Was mightier than death;
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be Thy guest:
Jesus, Master," etc.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

383 *Remember Calvary.* 7, 6, 8.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary.
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, by John and Charles Wesley, Presbyters of the Church of England. Bristol, 1745.

Wesley wrote the first two lines thus:

"Lamb of God, whose *bleeding* love
We thus recall to mind."

There is one additional stanza:

4 "Never will we hence depart,
Till Thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give;
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

384 *Even me.* 8, 7, 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering foul and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

Written in 1860, and first published as a leaflet in 1861.

Mrs. Codner is the wife of an English clergyman. Some of her young friends had been greatly interested in an account of revival work to which they had listened. She was anxious that they might receive a personal blessing and wrote for them this hymn. She says: "I longed to press upon them an earnest individual appeal. Without effort, words seemed to be given me, and they took the form of a hymn. I had no thought of sending it beyond the limit of my own circle; but, passing it on to one and another, it became a word of power, and I then published it as a leaflet."

In J. C. Ryle's *Spiritual Songs* are found two other stanzas, the fifth and seventh. They are too good to be omitted:

5 "Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive, and rescue me,
Even me.

7 "Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh! bless me,—
Even me."

385 *Saved by grace.* 7, 8, 8.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him.
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *I am Determined to Know Nothing Save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.*

The original contains nine stanzas. These are the first and last, with parts of the third and fourth, unaltered. The burden of this hymn doubtless refers to the words of Paul, who called himself the "chief" of sinners.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

386 *Refuge in the blood of the Lamb.* 7, 6, 8.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace,
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After a Relapse into Sin.*
There are eight stanzas in the original. These are verses one, two, and six, *verbatim*.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

387 *Hear, and save.* 7, 5.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite—
Jesus! hear and save.

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
Jesus! hear and save.

3 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus! hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then—
Jesus! hear and save.

REGINALD HEBER.

Title: *Quinquagesima.*
One stanza, the second, is omitted:

"Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save."

The first couplet of the third stanza has been transposed.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. It was first published in the *Christian Observer*, 1811.

See No. 62.

388 *The soul's home.* S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

This hymn was written at Flushing, Long Island, in 1826; and published the same year in *Hymns Appended to the Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book*. There is one additional stanza:

5 "And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Zion's hill."

The Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., was born in Pennsylvania, in 1796; was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1814, and ordained priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1820. Subsequently he established St. Paul's College, at Flushing, Long Island. Dr. Muhlenberg was one of the committee that edited the *Hymns Suited to the Feasts and Fasts of the Church*, 1826. He lived until 1877.

389 *The sinner's only plea.* L. M.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,

And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hath showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a hymn of thirteen stanzas. This is composed of verses one, two, three, five, six, and nine. The scriptural basis of the hymn is Micah vi, 6-8:

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. London, 1740. Wesley wrote:

Verse one, line one:

"Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near."

Verse three, line one:

"Can these assuage the wrath of God?"

Verse four, line one:

"Who'er to Thee themselves approve."

Verse six, line two:

"I feel on me Thy wrath abide."

390 *The withdrawal of the Spirit deprecated.* L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Penitential Hymn*. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, two vols, 1749. The last line of the second stanza the author wrote:

"For forty long rebellious years."

Wesley was forty-two years old when he published these volumes. There are three additional stanzas:

5 "This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague, I pray, remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 "If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes,
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

7 "From now my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land."

391 *Pleading for pity.* L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.*

A famous hymn, founded on the first part of a famous psalm: (Psa. li.)

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest."

It is unaltered and entire.

From the *Psalms of David*, *Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719.

392 *The sinner's only hope.* L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Text: "But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe." Gal. iii, 22.

Composed of stanzas one, two, ten, and twelve, of a hymn of thirteen verses.

In the third line of the second stanza the author wrote "*Fall'n*" instead of "Dark;" in the fourth line, "*cursed*" instead of "lost;" and in the last line of the hymn, "Lord, I am *damned*," etc.

This author sometimes used strong language as one of the omitted stanzas, the fifth, will illustrate:

"Awake, the woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

393

Just as I am.

L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

Text: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi, 37.

The last line of each stanza in the original is:

"O Lamb of God, I come!"

The second line of the sixth stanza begins, "*Has broken*," etc.

This favorite hymn was contributed to *The Invalid's Hymn Book*. Dublin, second edition, 1841.

The following additional stanza is frequently found with the hymn. It was doubtless written by Miss Elliott, but it was not a part of the hymn as printed in the above edition of *The Invalid's Hymn Book*:

"Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The Rev. H. V. Elliott, brother of the authoress, said, with reference to this hymn: "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel that far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's."

The hymn was written after Miss Elliott had become a permanent invalid. It has been translated into other tongues, and sung around the world.

See No. 363.

394

Dawning hope.

L. M.

MY soul before Thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 Already springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

C. F. RICHTER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Hoping for Grace.*

The translation from the German contains eleven stanzas, and was published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

This is made up of the stanzas one, three, eight, the first couplet of nine, and the last couplet of eleven.

The original of the last couplet of verse three was:

"God, from the land of wars and pain,
Leads me where peace and safety reign."

Christian Friedrich Richter, a doctor of medicine and also of divinity, was born in 1676. After graduating at Halle, he was for many years medical attendant at Francke's celebrated Orphan-House. He was the author of a number of excellent hymns, several of which have been translated.

395

Only Jesus.

L. M.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From a poem of thirteen stanzas, entitled "*Come, Lord Jesus.*" This hymn is composed of the first three and the ninth stanzas

The first line Charles Wesley wrote:

"When, *dearest* Lord," etc.

John Wesley, as was his custom, changed it. He would not allow such familiar terms in speaking of the King Eternal.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

396

Stubbornness of heart.

L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed:
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

JOSEPH HART.

The authors's title is: *The Stony Heart*.
From the *Supplement of Hart's Hymns*, 1762.
This is a highly poetic and valuable hymn. The
last stanza has been improved. Hart wrote:

"But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine."

For biography, see No. 29.

397

Only by faith.

L. M.

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Text: "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Heb. xii, 2.

The first two stanzas are left out:

1 "Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2 "From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.

The author wrote "*is*" instead of "*are*" in verse two, line four; and "*to*" instead of "*on*" in verse three, line one.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

398

The kind Physician.

L. M.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exalts to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Scripture basis: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Heb. xiii, 8.

The original contains twelve stanzas. These are verses one, three, five, six, and eleven.

The first part of the last stanza has been changed. Wesley wrote:

"My sore disease, my desperate sin,
To thee I mournfully confess."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, in two volumes, by Charles Wesley. Bristol, 1749.

FIRST PART.

399

Restore my peace.

L. M.

AND wilt Thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst: pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

5 I long to see thy face:
Thy Spirit I implore—
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *The Resignation*.

Twenty-two stanzas. These are the first three, the sixth, and eighth, unaltered.

OMITTED STANZAS.

4 "The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to Thee is known:
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

5 "My peevish passions chide,
Who only canst control,
Canst turn the stream of nature's tide,
And calm my troubled soul.

7 "Abate the purging fire,
And *draw* me to my good;
Allay the fever of desire
By sprinkling me with blood."

SECOND PART.

400 *Yearning for deliverance.* S. M.

WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

These are stanzas nine to twelve of the same hymn, *verbatim*.

13 "To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart."

THIRD PART.

401 *The surrender.* S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The following stanza, the fourteenth of the poem, throws light upon the first verse of this valuable hymn:

14 "My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

"And can I yet delay," etc.

No. 401 is composed of verses fifteen to twenty, inclusive. There are two more stanzas:

21 "Rather than let it burn
For earth, O, quench its heat;
Then, when it would to earth return,
O, let it cease to beat.

22 "Snatch me from ill to come;
When I from Thee would fly,
O, take my wandering spirit home,
And grant me then to die."

Unaltered from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

402 *To whom shall I go?* S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Text: "God will have all men to be saved."
1 Tim. ii, 4.

The hymn consists of sixteen double stanzas. This is made up of the first, the first half of the second, and the last half of the third. The poet's idea can be better seen by reading the omitted lines:

"Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

"Jesu, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know,
What keeps me out of Thee."

The only change is in verse one, line four. The author wrote "Or pour" instead of "And pour."
From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

403 *Out of the depths.* S. M.

OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry:
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
Open, and take me in.

3 O hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

4 Glory to God above,
The waters soon will cease!
For, lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Fervent Supplication*.
It is founded on Psalm cxxx:

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that

thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities."

The original contains eight stanzas. These are the first, fourth, second, seventh, and eighth, unaltered, except verse three, line one, which begins:

"Then hearken to my voice."

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

404 *For a broken heart.* S. M.

OTHAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From vol. i of Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

There are thirty-seven hymns with this title:
For One Fallen from Grace.

Backsliding is no new thing. This hymn is the first half of No. 28 of these hymns. The author wrote "effectual" instead of "resistless" in verse four, line three. It is well adapted to the purpose for which it was written.

405 *The Son of God in tears.* S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Title: *Before Sermon.*

Text: "He beheld the city, and wept over it."
Luke xix, 41.

The second line of the second stanza, the author wrote:

"Angels with wonder see."

Written for and published in *Rippon's Selection*,
in 1787.
For bibliographical sketch, see No. 285.

406 *Unwearied earnestness.* C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

CHARLES WESLEY. (?)

Title: *A Prayer for Faith.*

There is some doubt about the authorship of this hymn. In the new *Wesleyan Collection* it is marked "unknown." The most that can be said is, that it may be Wesley's. It is found in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley in 1741. It was evidently modeled after Psalm cxliii, 6-11.

A few lines have been changed.

ORIGINAL.

Verse three, line three:

"Now, my poor soul, Thou wouldst retrieve."

Verse three, line four:

"Nor let me wait one hour."

Verse six, lines one, two, and three:

"The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see Thy face,
O let me hear Thy quickening voice."

407 *Earnest desire for pardon.* C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to a thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767.

The Rev. Henry Moore, in his *Life of Wesley*, says: "Numberless examples might be given of the genius and taste of the Rev. Charles Wesley: but, however unfashionable it may appear, I cannot but give the palm to his *Family Hymn Book*."

One double stanza, the second, has been omitted:

2 "Jesus, Thou all-atoning Lamb,
How shall I plead with Thee?
If graven on Thy hands I am,
For good remember me:
If still Thou dost my tokens bear,
Thy love to me reveal,
And listening to a sinner's prayer,
My present pardon seal."

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse six, line two:

"Of all in earth *and* heaven,"

Verse six, line four:

"Let me but die forgiven."

408

Reposing on Christ.

C. M.

WE sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

2 Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light!
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

3 Around thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven thy glory sings;
And earth, for which thou cam'st to die,
Loud with thy praises rings.

4 Dear Lord, to thee our prayers ascend;
Our eyes thy face would see:
O let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in thee!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

TR. BY ROBINSON P. DUNN.

Title: *Jesu decus angelicum.*

These stanzas have not been altered, but the first two verses of the translation are omitted:

1 "Jesus, whose name the angel hosts
Unceasing praise above,
Not all the joys our being boasts,
Can move us like thy love."

2 "To thee, our fainting spirits cry,
When wilt thou show thy face?
Oh, when our longings satisfy,
And fill us with thy grace?"

The Rev. Robinson Potter Dunn was born in Newport, R. I., in 1825; he was converted in early life, and joined the Congregational Church when seventeen years of age. He entered Brown University in 1839, and subsequently studied theology at Princeton, graduating in 1848. In the same year he was ordained pastor of a Presbyterian church at Camden, N. J. In 1851 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Brown University, which position he held until his death, in 1867.

From a *Memorial Volume*, edited by the Rev. S. L. Caldwell, D.D.

409

I would be Thine.

C. M.

I WOULD be thine: O take my heart
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

ELIZABETH H. REED, ALT.

Author's title: *Christian Desires.*

Verses three and four have been changed:

ORIGINAL FORM.

3 "I would be thine, but *oh!* I feel
Such evil lurk within:
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And *overcome* my sin.

4 "I would be thine: I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
O grant me faith, and larger grace
To love thee more and more.

From *The Hymn Book, Prepared from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns and Other Authors, With some Originals*, by Andrew Reed, D.D. London, 1842.

The Hymnal attributes this hymn to Andrew Reed. In the book which he edited it is marked "Original." English hymnologists give it, and some twenty others, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes Reed, (1794-1867.)

410

Sincere contrition.

C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Scripture text, 2 Kings xxii, 19, 20 :

"Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, when thou hearest what I spake against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, that they should become a desolation and a curse, and hast rent thy clothes, and wept before me; I also have heard thee, saith the Lord. Behold therefore, I will gather thee unto thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace; and thine eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place. And they brought the king word again."

The author wrote "*Acknowledges*" instead of "*Acknowledging*" in verse one, line three; and "*trembles*" instead of "*trembling*" in verse one, line four.

From *Charles Wesley's Scripture Hymns*, 1762.

411 *The Sun of righteousness.* C. M.

O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quickening power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee.

JOHN WESLEY. (?)

Title: *A Prayer for the Light of Life.*

We know of no positive proof that John Wesley wrote this hymn. In the new *Wesleyan Collection* it is marked "*unknown*." It is found in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley in 1741.

It has not been altered.

412 *Timely penitence.* C. M.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

JOSEPH ADDISON, ALT.

This was first published in *The Spectator*, No. 513. 1712.

In the third line of the second stanza the author wrote "*mind*" instead of "*soul*;" and in the first line of the fifth, "*See then the sorrows*," etc.

The fourth stanza has been considerably altered. It was :

4 "*But Thou hast told the troubled mind
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endless woe prevent.*"

In the *Spectator* the author claims that the very best of men need the meditation and pardon of Christ. He says: "Let a man's innocence be what it will; let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins—so many human frailties—so many offenses of ignorance, passion, and prejudice—so many unguarded words and thoughts—and in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his sight."

413 *All things possible to God.* C. M.

O THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

- 3 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Title: *A Prayer Against the Power of Sin*.
Seventeen stanzas. These are verses one, three,
four, and thirteen, unaltered. They make a fine
hymn. The last two stanzas of the original are
somewhat remarkable:

- 16 "Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice,
The blind his sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.
- 17 "The Ethiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel Thy power,
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

414 *The prodigal's return.* C. M.

THE prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!

UNKNOWN.

This is nearly the same as No. 369 in *Village Hymns*, 1824; but that was based on No. 247, part iii. in *The Hartford Selection*, 1799.

In many editions of the Hymnal it has been attributed to Mrs. Sigourney, but the author is unknown.

415 *Rock of ages.* 7, 6 l.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, ALT.

This grand and favorite hymn cannot be correctly understood, so long as it is divorced from its original title, *A living and dying PRAYER, for the HOLIEST BELIEVER in the World*.

The author's main thought is, the holiest man must say in his prayer:

"Thou must save, and Thou alone."

The purest saint on earth must cast himself wholly on the merits of Christ's atonement, and say:

"In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

This hymn first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, in March, 1776, when Toplady was its editor. In its altered and improved form of three verses it is found in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Cotterell, (eighth edition, 1819,) and probably in the earlier editions. Mr. Cotterell was a notorious hymn-mender, and it was probably rewritten by him for his *Collection*.

We here give a reprint of the original:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.

"Not the Labours of my Hands
Can fulfill thy Law's demands:
Could my Zeal no respite know,
Could my Tears forever flow,
All for Sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

"Nothing in my Hand I bring;
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for Dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for Grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die!

"Whilst I draw this fleeting Breath—
When my Eye strings break in Death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on thy Judgment-Throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE!"

This hymn is a universal favorite. The British Premier, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, made a version of it in Latin and another in Greek. Many persons, and among them Prince Albert, of England, have used it as a dying prayer.

The steam-ship *London* was lost in the Bay of Biscay in 1866. The last man that escaped said that when he left the ship the passengers were singing:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady was a Church of England clergyman, born in 1740. He was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Dublin, and was awakened and converted, when about sixteen years of age, by hearing an illiterate layman preach in a barn in Ireland. He received orders in 1762. In 1775 he settled in London. Toplady was a High Calvinist, a fierce and bitter controversialist, and opposed the Wesleys with all his might. He died in 1778, hiding in the "Rock of Ages."

416 *The true Light.* 7. 6 l.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *A Morning Hymn.*
Montgomery, in the preface of the *Christian*

Psalmist, calls this hymn "one of Charles Wesley's loveliest progeny."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

Wesley wrote "*they*" instead of "*thou*" in verse two, line five.

417 *The Litany.* 7, 6 l.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, ALT.

The original of this hymn is No. 723 in this Hymnal. The first three verses are founded on verses two, three, and four of that hymn. It is hardly fair to put Robert Grant's name to it, although it belongs to him more than to any one else.

It was altered largely in Dr. Thomas Cotterell's *Collection*, 1819—no doubt by the editor himself. It was still further changed when it appeared in the *Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book*, 1849, probably by Dr. James Floy, one of the editors of that book.

418 *Peace and hope of the righteous.* L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace
within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come
on,

But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.*

The first line of the fifth stanza Watts wrote:

"They scorn to seek *out* golden toys."

The following additional stanza is not necessary to the hymn:

6 "While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie groveling in the dust below,
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

419 *Filial love and longing.* L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Longing after God; or, The Love of God Better than Life.*

An imitation of Psalm lxxiii.

Three stanzas are omitted. The fourth stanza has been slightly changed from this form:

"My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove
If I were banished from the Lord."

It was first published in 1719.

420 *The soul's anchorage.* L. M. 6 l.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and
skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

JOHANN A. ROTHE.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Redemption found.*

The last two stanzas are especially grand. There are two others in the translation. They constitute No. 649 in this collection. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

Wesley began the last verse, "With faith," etc. The Rev. Johann Andreas Rothe was a Moravian, and for some years pastor at Herrnhut. He was born in 1688, studied theology at Leipsic, resigned his pastorate at Herrnhut in 1737, and became a Lutheran minister. He died in 1758.

This hymn, in the German, contained ten stanzas, and was dedicated by the author to his friend, Count Zinzendorf, on his birthday in 1728.

421 *Christ, the solid rock.* L. M. 6 l.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

EDWARD MOTE, ALT.

Title: *The Immutable Basis of a Sinner's Hope.*
The first stanza is made up of the first two verses of the author:

1 "Nor earth nor hell my soul can move,
I rest upon unchanging love;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, etc.

2 "My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
'Midst all the hell I feel within,
On his completed work I lean:
On Christ," etc.

There are some slight changes in the first lines of the second stanza.

ORIGINAL.

"When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale," etc.

The author wrote the first lines of the next stanza:

"His oath, his cov'nant, and his blood,
Support me in the sinking flood."

There are two additional stanzas:

5 "I trust his righteous character,
His council, promise, and his pow'r;
His honor and his name's at stake
To save me from the burning lake:
On Christ, etc.

6 "When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him,
Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne:
On Christ," etc.

These changes and omissions were probably made on account of the peculiar doctrines of the hymn.

From *Hymns of Praise*, 1836.

The Rev. Edward Mote was an English Baptist minister, who lived from 1797 to 1836. The above book contains ninety-five of his hymns.

422 *Alive in Christ.* L. M. 6 l.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Free Grace.*

Wesley wrote this hymn in 1738, the very year of his conversion, and without any doubt it contains his personal experience. The following omitted stanza is a remarkable one. It is full of the spirit of Methodism, and reveals the secret of its early success:

5 "Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven:
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart."

The author wrote "God" instead of "Lord" in the last line of the first verse.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

423 *Convicted,—pardoned.* C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *Looking at the Cross.*

This hymn is, no doubt, autobiographic.

Newton wrote his own epitaph, which he requested might be put up on a plain marble tablet, near the vestry door of his church in London:

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk.

Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long labored to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks
And . . . years in this church.
On Feb. 1, 1750, he married

MARY.

Daughter of the late George Catlett
Of Chatham, Kent.

He resigned her to the Lord who gave her
On 15th of December, 1790.

There is one additional stanza:

8 "With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed."

Unaltered. From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

424 *The earnest of redemption.* C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart, 1
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

ISAAC WATTS.

Watts's title was: *The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.*

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, 'Abba, Father.' The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. viii, 14-16.

"In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." Eph. i, 13, 14.

The author wrote "Some tokens" in the last line of the first stanza; and the last two lines of the last stanza:

"And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.

425 *The blood of sprinkling.* C. M.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After a Relapse into Sin.*
Twelve stanzas. These are the first three and the sixth. The last part of the first stanza read originally:

"One drop of blood on me let fall,
And wash me white as snow."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

426 *The voice of Jesus.* C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Title: *The Voice from Galilee.*

"Of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." John i, 16.

Verbatim, except the last line, which the author wrote:

"Till traveling days are done."

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., is one of the sweetest, though one of the saddest, singers of the Church. He was born in Edinburgh in 1808, and was educated in its university; was ordained in 1837, and for several years was pastor at Kelso. Dr. Bonar was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, (first series,) 1857.

427 *Amazing grace.* C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *Faith's Review and Expectation.*

"Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in thine eyes, O God; for thou hast also spoken of thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God." 1 Chron. xvii, 16, 17.

The author in this hymn plainly refers to his own life and experience.

Unaltered and entire. From *Olney Hymns*, 1779. See Nos. 23 and 423.

428 *Reconciliation with God.* C. M.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

4 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
Then joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Composed of two of Charles Wesley's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*. The "passage" of Scripture on which the first half is founded is:

"The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee." Num. vi, 25.

The Scripture basis of the last part is the passage immediately following:

"The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Num. vi, 26.

It is not altered.

429 *Delightful assurance.* C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by that witness from on high,
Unwavering I believe;
And, "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, ALT.

Title: *A Filial Temper the Work of the Spirit and a Proof of Adoption.*

Dr. Doddridge's hymns were all written on texts of Scripture. The foundation of this is Gal. iv, 6:

"And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

The hymn has been altered for the purpose of making the first and third lines rhyme, as they do not in the original. Nine lines of the sixteen have been changed.

There is one additional stanza:

4 "On Wings of everlasting Love,
The Comforter is come;
All Terrors at his Voice disperse,
And endless Pleasures bloom."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

430 *Peace in believing.* C. M.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After a Relapse into Sin.*

There are ten stanzas. These are the sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth, unaltered.

The Wesley's believed in backsliding, but they did not believe in living in a backslidden state.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

431 *The well of life.* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Entering into the Congregation.*
A grand opening hymn, copied verbatim from
Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1742.

432 *Victorious faith.* C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

- 2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"
- 4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.
- 5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a long hymn founded on Rom. iv, 16-23:
"Therefore it is of faith," etc.

The third stanza is a good definition of faith.
This hymn is composed of verses one, nine, four-
teen, fifteen, and twenty, unaltered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

433 *His boundless grace.* C. M.

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length and breadth, and height to
prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is
known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After a Recovery.*

These are verses eleven to fifteen, inclusive, of a
long hymn of eighteen stanzas.

The anticalvinism of the author is very prom-
inent in this, as in many other of his hymns.

Unaltered. From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and
Sacred Poems*, two vols., 1749.

434 *No more a wandering sheep.* S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole:
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold:
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam;
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Author's title: *Lost, but Found*.

One stanza, the third, of the original has been omitted:

3 "They spoke in tender love;
 They raised my drooping head;
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed.
 They washed my filth away;
 They made me clean and fair;
 They brought me to my home in peace,—
 The long-sought wanderer!"

The third, fifth, seventh, and eighth lines of the second stanza begin with the word "*They*" instead of "*He*."

The last stanza has been changed. In *Hymns of Faith and Love*, (first series,) it is:

"I was a wandering sheep.
 I would not be controlled:
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold!
 I was a wayward child;
 I once preferred to roam,
 But now I love my Father's voice,—
 I love, I love his home."

See No. 426.

435 *The revealing Spirit.* S. M.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 That he who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:

Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood;
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his name:
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power, impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The following stanzas, the third and the fifth, are omitted:

3 "I know my Saviour lives,
 He lives, who died for me,
 My inmost soul His voice receives
 Who hangs on yonder tree:
 Set forth before my eyes
 Even now I see Him bleed,
 And hear His mortal groans and cries,
 While suffering in my stead."

5 "Inspire the living faith,
 Which whoso'er receives,
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes;
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountain move,
 And saves whome'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love."

Unaltered from a pamphlet containing thirty-two pieces, entitled *Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father*. By the Reverend Mr. John and Charles Wesley. Bristol, 1746.

436 *God, my Father.* S. M.

HERE I can firmly rest;
 I dare to boast of this,
 That God, the highest and the best,
 My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
 Naught in the life I lead;
 What Christ hath given, that alone
 I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
 Of Jesus and his blood;
 It is through him that I have found
 My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
 At cost of life and limb,
 I cling to God who yet shall save;
 I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

PAUL GERHARDT,
TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

This is made up of quatrains, selected here and there, from a translation of sixteen double stanzas, found in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, beginning:

"If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose."

Original of verse three, line four:

"The True Eternal Good."

Writing of Gerhardt, Miss Winkworth, in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, says: "His hymns seem to be the spontaneous outpouring of a heart that overflows with love, trust, and praise."

For biographical sketch, see No. 212.

437 *Knowledge of forgiveness.* S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

Title: *The Marks of Faith.*

As published by Charles Wesley in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, (two vols.,) 1749, this hymn has eight stanzas of eight lines each. The first three were altered into this meter for the *Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists*, probably by John Wesley, 1779.

438 *Abba, Father.* Rom. viii, 15. H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice

In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Behold the Man.*

A much-used and blessed hymn. It is a satisfaction to know that it remains, except the title, as it was published by the author in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

439 *The inward witness.* C. P. M.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, "Abba, Father," cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Three stanzas are omitted, which we give, as a specimen of the careless and faulty manner in which the author sometimes wrote:

5 "Ah! never let Thy *servant* rest,
Thy part in Christ possessed.
I on thy mercy feed.
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet raised by Him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 "O may I cast my rags aside,
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
And for acceptance groan:
My works of righteousness disclaim,
With all I have, or can, or am,
And trust in grace alone.

7 "Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love,
Or sin, or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away."

"Feed" and "bread" are not rhymes, although they come nearer to it than "convince" and "sins." There are other infelicities that will be seen by every reader.

Unaltered. From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

440 *The indwelling Spirit.* 7, 61.

A BBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail.

3 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine:
Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." John xvi, 24.

Twelve stanzas, beginning:

"Rise, my soul, with ardour rise,
Breathe thy wishes to the skies."

This hymn is composed of verses eight, nine, eleven, and twelve.

In the first line of the third stanza the author wrote:

"Heavenly Adam, Life divine.
Late in Jesus reconciled."

Wesley was then only a *young convert*.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

441 *Chief of sinners.* 7, 61.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

M'COMB.

Title: *Christ is All.*

Two stanzas, the third and fifth, are omitted:

3 "Jesus only can impart
Balm, to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sins forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven,
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.

5 "O, my Saviour, help afford,
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word:
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply,
While I live and when I die."

I cannot vouch for the text of the hymn, nor for the authorship, as I have taken both at second hand.

William M'Comb was born in Ireland in 1793: and was a book-seller in Belfast for many years. His complete *Poetical Works* were published in 1864.

442 *The joys of conversion.* 12, 8.

HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tougue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For One Fallen from Grace.*
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.
A few slight changes have been made, and two stanzas, the fifth and sixth, omitted:

5 "On the wings of His love,
I was carried above,
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 "I rode on the sky,
(Freely justified I!)
Nor envied *Eljah* his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

There is a "part second," that contains nine verses more. The old *Pocket Hymn Book* contained the whole sixteen stanzas, which were retained in all the editions down to 1849, when all the stanzas were left out, except these five. They are all that are worth saving. Some writers, judging from internal evidence, have doubted whether Charles Wesley ever wrote this hymn; thinking him incapable of writing such nonsense as the stanzas quoted above. The real wonder is, that in the great harvest of his writings—some six thousand pieces—there should be so much good wheat and so little worthless chaff.

443 *The righteousness of faith.* 7, 6, 7.

OFT I in my heart have said,—
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky!
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,—
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeigned humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell in me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
While Christ to me it brings:
"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh:
In thy mouth and in thy heart
The word is ever nigh."

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is founded on Rom. x, 6, 7:

"But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)"

The author wrote "To bring" instead of "And bring" in verse one, line four.

There are three additional stanzas.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley, 1742.

444 *The new joy.* L. M.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The newborn peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

4 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

5 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret cord that mine will bear.

AUGUSTUS L. HILLHOUSE.

Dr. Leonard Bacon said that this hymn was "as near perfection as an uninspired composition could

be." It is said to have been the only poem the author ever wrote.

One stanza, the fourth, has been omitted. It is hardly suitable for singing, and yet it is too bad to dismember such a piece of work. It is:

4 "Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings."

The thought of the last couplet of the hymn is not new, but it is expressed in an original and admirable manner.

Augustus Lucas Hillhouse was a brother of the poet, James A. Hillhouse, and was born at New Haven, Conn., in 1792. He died in 1859.

This poem was first published in the *Christian Spectator*. New Haven, 1822.

445 *The realizing light of faith.* L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same.

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour thou:
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Life of Faith, Exemplified in the Eleventh Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.

The author wrote eighty-five stanzas of paraphrase upon this chapter. This hymn is founded on the first verse:

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley, 1740.

446 *Salvation by grace.* L. M.

WE have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood,
That blood which doth for sinners speak;
O let it speak us up to God!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For Condemned Malefactors.*

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die." *Psa. lxxix, 12.*

The whole hymn contains fourteen stanzas. These are the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, unaltered. It must be remembered that Wesley ministered to condemned prisoners, and sought to prepare them for death. This hymn, with others, was written for their special use. It will be better understood by reading the first three stanzas of the hymn:

1 "O Thou that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to Thee,
And save us by Thy dying love.

2 "Outcasts of men, to Thee we fly,
To Thee who with the worst receive;
Forgive, and make us fit to die;
Alas! we are not fit to live.

3 "We own our punishment is just,
We suffer for our evil here,
But in Thy sufferings, Lord, we trust,
Thine, only Thine, our souls can clear."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

447 *O happy day!* L. M.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

12

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Rejoicing in Our Covenant Engagements to God.*

"And all Judah rejoiced at the oath: for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought him with their whole desire; and he was found of them: and the Lord gave them rest round about." 2 Chron. xv, 15.

The hymn is a *verbatim* copy of the original, excepting the last couplet of the fourth stanza. Doddridge wrote:

"With Ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on Angels' Bread to feast."

"Blessed is the man," says Montgomery, "who can take the words of this hymn, and make them his own from similar experience."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

For biographical sketch, see No. 78.

448 *Salvation by faith.* L. M.

INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace.
Now righteous through thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord,
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight;
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

WOLFGANG C. DESSLER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *The Change*.

The last half of a hymn of six stanzas. Wesley wrote "wounds" instead of "grace" in verse one, line five.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

Wolfgang Christopher Dessler was born at Nuremberg in 1660. His father was a jeweler, and wished his son to follow the same trade. But the son was devoted to study, and at length entered the University of Altdorf as a student of divinity. On account of ill health, he was obliged to give up his course; but he continued his literary work as he was able. He was head-master of a school at Nuremberg some fifteen years. Dessler was the author of fifty-six hymns; an accurate scholar, and a devout Christian. He died in 1722.

449

Forgiving love.

L. M.

MY soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransomed powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

LIVINGSTONE.

The three stanzas of this hymn are founded on the first four verses of Psalm ciii. It was contributed, with twelve other pieces, by the same author to Dr. William B. Collyer's *Collection of Hymns*, 1812.

The author was not the Rev. John Henry Livingstone, as the editors of our Hymnal supposed, but a Livingstone not otherwise known.

450

The highway of holiness.

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

JOHN CENNICK, ALT.

The author's title was: *Following Christ the Sinner's Way to God*.

Several lines have been altered.

Verse one, line two:

"He *that* I fix my hopes upon."

Verse three, line three:

"My grief *my* burden long has been."

Verse three, line four:

"Because I *could not cease* from sin."

Verse four, line two:

"I *sinned and stumbled but the more*."

Verse four, line four:

"Come hither, soul, *for I'm* the way."

Verse five, line one:

"Lo! glad I come; and thou, *dear* Lamb."

Verse five, line three:

"Nothing but sin *I Thee can* give."

Verse five, line four:

"*Yet help me and Thy Praise I'll live*."

Verse six, line one:

"*I'll tell to all poor* sinners round."

OMITTED STANZAS.

3 "No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin;
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No ravenous Tyger shall be there.

4 "No Nothing may go up thereon
But traveling Souls, and I am one:
Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

5 "Nor Fools, by carnal men esteem'd,
Shall err therein; but they redeem'd
In Jesus' Blood, shall shew their Right
To travel there, till Heav'n's in Sight."

From *Sacred Hymns, For the Use of Religious Societies. Generally Composed in Dialogues.* By John Cennick. Part ii. Bristol, 1743.

The author was born in England in 1717. In early life he was fond of sinful amusements and ungodly companions; but at length the Spirit thoroughly awakened him, and, after a long struggle, he found the way of "faith." He refers to this struggle in verses three and four. Cennick was a Methodist preacher. When Whitefield withdrew from the Wesleys, Cennick followed him. He afterward became a Moravian preacher. He died at London in 1755, and was buried in the Moravian Cemetery.

451 *His sovereign grace.* L. M.

GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us unto Abraham's sons.

2 The people that in darkness lay
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day
In Jesus' lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought;
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from naught.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
And praise thee in the highest heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Hymn for the Kingswood Colliers.*

They were an ignorant and desperately wicked class of men who worked in the coal mines near the city of Bristol. The Wesleys labored among them, and this hymn celebrates a glorious revival that followed.

The last line of the hymn the author wrote:

"We raise the happiness of heaven."

There are three additional stanzas, which show plainly the original design of the author:

6 "For this, no longer sons of night,
To Thee our thanks and hearts we give;
To Thee who called us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

7 "Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language filled our tongues,
We all Thy words behind us cast,
And loudly sang the drunkard's songs.

8 "But, O the power of grace Divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

452 *The Lord our righteousness.* L. M.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures.* The "passage" on which this hymn is founded is Jer. ix, 23, 24:

"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

One word has been changed. In the last line the author wrote:

"In Christ through endless ages mine."

453 *His plenteous grace.* 10, 11.

WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in
grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set
free;

The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace:

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and
power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defense;
I trust in his word; none plucks me from
thence;
Since I have found favor, he all things will
do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me
anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own:
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *A Thanksgiving.*

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 "Their daily delight shall be in Thy name,
They shall, as their right, Thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God."

It has not been altered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

454 *Accepted in the Beloved.* 10, 11.

ALL praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
Through faith in the Saviour's ador-
able name:

In him I confide, his blood is applied;
For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

2 Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine
eyes:

In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, 1749.

It is part of one of the *Hymns for Believers*. The original contains eighteen stanzas. This is made up of verses one, three, five, and six, altered. Only three lines remain as they were first published. The hymn first appeared in this collection in the 1849 edition.

455 *Tears of joy.* 7, 6, 8.

LORD, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

3 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After a Recovery.*

The whole hymn consists of eight eight-line stanzas. This is made up of the first half of the first, the first half of the second slightly altered, the fifth and sixth.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John and Charles Wesley, 1742.

CONSECRATION.

456 *Nothing but Christ crucified.* 7, 6, 8.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonement Victim died:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *I am Determined to Know Nothing save Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified.*

The original has nine stanzas. This hymn is composed of verses one, two, four, seven, and eight, *verbatim*.

In one of the omitted stanzas the author alludes to the opposition that he sometimes encountered:

6 "What though earth and hell engage
 To shake my soul with fear;
 Calmly I defy the rage
 Of persecution near;
 Suffering faith shall brighter glow,
 As gold when in the furnace tried;
 Only Jesus," etc.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John Wesley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Charles Wesley, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford, 1742.

457 *Renouncing all for Christ.* L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free;
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue:
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
 Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul;
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But thy pure love within my breast;
 This, only this, will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest,

MAD. A. BOURIGNON.

TR. BY J. BYROM.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739; ten stanzas. These are the first four, sixth, and ninth. The translation was not made by John Wesley, as the *Hymnal* says, but by John Byrom, of Manchester. At least he claims it in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1773. Byrom's title was: *An Hymn to Jesus*. Wesley made a few verbal improvements.

Madame Antoinette Bourignon, a truly pious but somewhat visionary French woman, was born in 1616. She aspired to be a great religious leader, but did not meet with very marked success. Her disciples, since her death, in 1780, have dwindled and been almost forgotten. She wrote much, and her works were published at Amsterdam, in 1786, in nineteen volumes. Some of them have been translated into English, but they are regarded as of little worth; as largely "wood, hay, and stubble." This hymn is one of the "precious stones,"—a gem that survives because it is worthy. As a hymn of consecration it has no superior.

458 *Personal consecration.* L. M.

GOD of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give?
 I only live my sin to mourn:
 To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employed
Thine image in my soul to see;
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,—
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,—
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After a Recovery from Sickness.*

Part of a long hymn of seventeen stanzas. These are verses eight, nine, eleven, thirteen, and sixteen, unaltered. The hymn was written after recovering from a severe sickness, which he did not expect to survive. The author describes his recovery very poetically in the sixth and seventh stanzas that immediately preceded this hymn:

6 "Jesus to my deliverance flew,
When sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
Pale Death his ancient Conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasped his prey.

7 "The fever turned its backward course,
Arrested by Almighty power;
Sudden expired its fiery force,
And anguish gnawed my side no more."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

459 *Living to God.* L. M.

○ THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Whom wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

MRS. M. J. COTTERILL.

Title: *For Entire Subjection to the Will of God.*
The original has six stanzas. These are verses one, two, three, and six.

One couplet has been changed. The author wrote the last part of verse two:

"O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee."

OMITTED STANZAS.

4 "Still make us when temptation's near
As our worst foes ourselves to fear;
And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.

5 "Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word, our safety from alarm,
Our strength, thine everlasting arm."

The author wrote, verse four, line three:

"Until the joyful summons come."

It appeared in one of the editions of Thomas Cotterill's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1810 to 1819.

460 *The vow sealed at the cross* L. M.

L ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

This hymn is a rich legacy to the Christian Church. It was published from the writer's manuscripts, with a few others by the same author, in Dr. Thomas Gibbon's *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship*, London, 1769, where it has this heading:

"*Self Dedication at the Table of the Lord*, by the Reverend Samuel Davies, A.M. A Sacramental Hymn."

One line has been altered. Verse three, line four, is:

"Now will I set the solemn seal."

Verses two and five are omitted. Many will be glad to see them:

2 "Here, Lord, my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
I yield to Thee beyond Recall;
Accept thine own, so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield!"

5 "Be thou the Witness of my Vow,
Angels and Men attest it too,
That to thy Board I now repair,
And seal the sacred Contract there."

The Rev. Samuel Davies was a Presbyterian minister, born in Delaware in 1723, and ordained in 1747. He subsequently labored for several years as missionary and evangelist in the State of Virginia. In 1759 he was elected President of New Jersey College, Princeton, where he died in 1761. He was a man of great piety, activity, and usefulness. His sermons have been frequently reprinted, and are still read with profit.

461 *Thirsting for perfect love.* L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow!
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

This translation was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

The original of verse three, line three, is:

"Who life and strength from thence derive."

There are two additional stanzas, which we give, though the hymn is complete without them.

7 "Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

8 "First born of many brethren Thou!
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die; Thine may we live."

For biographical sketch of Count Zinzendorf, see No. 123.

462 *The Lord is my portion.* Lam. iii, 24. L. M.

O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *In Desertion, or Temptation.*

These are the last three stanzas of a hymn containing fourteen verses.

Verse two, line one, Wesley wrote:

"Would aught *with Thee* my wishes share."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

463 *Perfect peace.* 7.

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

MARY A. S. BARBER.

The original appeared in the *Church of England Magazine*, March 3, 1838. It contained thirty-two lines. The writer of this genuine prayer-song is said to be Mrs. Mary Shindler Barber Dana.

464 *The mind of Jesus.* 7.

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Sweetly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown:
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 To thy gracious will resigned,
All thy will by me be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to live with God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author's title was: *The Image of God*. The first two lines of the third stanza have been changed. Montgomery wrote:

"Humble, holy, all-resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done."

It was contributed to the Rev. William B. Coll-
yer's *Collection*, 1812.

465 *Thine forever.* 7.

THINE forever!—God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever!—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever!—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever!—thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
MRS. MARY F. MAUDE.

Title: *We are Thine*. Isaiah lxiii, 19.
This hymn is unaltered, and is found in the col-
lection edited by Morrell and How. Second edi-
tion, 1864. It was written in 1848.
One stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 "Thine forever!—O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end."

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude is the wife of the Rev.
Joseph Maude, an English clergyman.

466 *The solemn vow.* C. M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Title: *Joining the Church*.
One word has been changed. The author wrote
verse four, line one:

"O, guide our doubtful feet aright."

From *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Fam-
ily Devotion*, 1818.
See No. 285.

467

C. M.

I will take the cup of salvation. Psa. cxvi, 13.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts he hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

2 My vows I will to his great name
Before his people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon his altar lay.

3 Thy lawful servant, Lord, I owe
To thee, whate'er is mine,
Born in thy family below,
And by redemption thine.

4 The God of all-redeeming grace
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon his name.

5 Praise him, ye saints, the God of love,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Till, gathered to the Church above,
We sing the songs of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This hymn is part of a paraphrase of Psalm cxvi. There are eleven eight-lined stanzas in the piece. These are the first half of verses seven, eight, nine, and ten, and the last half of verse eleven, unaltered.

Hymn No. 157 is from a part of the same paraphrase. Samuel Wesley, Sr., wrote the first part of it, and Charles Wesley the latter part. Charles Wesley's name should be appended to this hymn. The *Hymnal* says Samuel Wesley.

468

Accept my heart.

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

Author's title: *Confirmation.*

Two stanzas, the third and fourth, of the original, have been omitted. Unaltered from *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848:

3 "Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,—
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

4 "May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!"

See No. 229.

469

C. M.

Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our heart's desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The last line the author wrote:

"Through all eternity."

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. This volume contained one hundred and sixty-six pieces, and was prefaced by a thesis upon *The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice*, by Dr. Brevint, a French Protestant.

470

Entire consecration.

7, 6 l.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim.
All I have, and all I am,

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

4 Now, O God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The second stanza has been omitted. It is as follows:

2 "Vilest of the fallen race,
Lo, I answer to Thy call;
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
(Grace divinely free for all,)
Lo, I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfill."

Such language is of doubtful utility in a hymn to be sung.

The hymn closes by a repetition of the first stanza.

The original has "and" instead of "or" twice in verse three, line five, and "for" instead of "if" in verse four, line six.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

471 *The trial of Abraham.* L. M.

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue!
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,—
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a long paraphrase of Heb. xi. This hymn is founded on the seventeenth verse:

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son."

One word has been changed. In the third line of the fifth stanza Wesley wrote:

"Lo! at Thy word our Isaac dies."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

472 *Dedication to God.* H. M.

MY soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

2 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven:
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *On his Birthday.*

The original contains eight stanzas. These are verses three, four, and six.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse three, line four:

"Eternally forgiven."

Verse three, line six:

"When sanctified by spotless love."

The last stanza of the original hymn contains a singular conceit:

"Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Call home Thy favored son
At death's triumphant hour,
Like Moses to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away."

Dr. Watts uses a similar expression. The idea is that God took the life of Moses with a kiss. The thought did not originate with Wesley nor Watts. It is an old Jewish tradition. Such a fanciful interpretation of the Scripture will do for the poet, but it can hardly be sustained by the sober Hebraist.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, 1749.

473 *Self-consecration.* S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace.
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unaltered from *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

This is founded on 1 Chron. xxix, 5:

"Who is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

474 *A living sacrifice.* L. M. 6 l.

OOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine:
This house still let thy presence fill:
O Source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

JOACHIM LANGE.
TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *A Morning Dedication of Ourselves to Christ*.

Seven stanzas. These are verses two, three, and four.

The original has, verse one, line one:

"But O, what," etc.

And verse two, line four:

"Cheer it *by* hope," etc.

Among the omitted stanzas are two upon dress:

5 "O, never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation through Thy name
My soul, and may I put on Thee?
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe Thy righteousness.

6 "Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far
And brighter than the morning star."

These are in harmony with the "rules concerning dress," which were found in the Methodist Discipline down to the year 1856. Two of them were as follows: "Receive none into the Church till they have left off superfluous ornaments." "Give no tickets (of admission to love-feasts) to any that wear high heads, enormous bonnets, ruffles, or rings."

The Rev. Joachim Lange, D.D., the German author of this hymn, was born in 1670, and was an associate of Franke, and other Pietists of his day. He gained a great reputation, while professor at Halle, as a theologian and commentator, and especially as an opponent of Christian Wolf and his philosophy. He died in 1744.

Wesley's translation was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

475 *The single eye.* L. M. 6 l.

BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding hand to feel;
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfill all righteousness.

2 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

3 Here, then, to thee thine own I leave;
Mold as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *An Act of Devotion*.
It was first published in 1744.

One stanza is omitted :

2 " Me, if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all Thy creatures me.
The deed, the time, the manner choose ;
Let all my fruit be found of Thee,
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought."

Verbatim, as found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*,
by Charles Wesley, 1749.

476 *The prize of our high calling.* L. M. 61.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there :
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown :
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue ;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire :
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GERHARDT, TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Living by Christ*.

The translation has sixteen stanzas ; these are the first two, the fourth, and last, *verbatim*.

The German text is found in the *Herrnhuth Collection*.

The translation is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

For biographical sketch of Gerhardt, see No. 212.

477 *Christ in you, the hope of glory.* L. M. 61.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows !

I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive !
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

4 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me thy dutious child, that I
Ceaseless may, " Abba, Father," cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Divine Love*.

This translation was made by Mr. Wesley, while he was at Savannah, Georgia, in 1736. It was published in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1738.

Three stanzas are omitted.

The last line as first published was :

" To taste Thy love *is* all my choice."

Wesley gave it the precatory form, as in the hymn, in his *Collection*, 1780.

For biography of Tersteegen, see No. 47.

478 *Pressing toward the mark.* L. M. 61

I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have
shined ;

I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

JOHANN A. SCHEFFLER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Gratitude for our Conversion.*

The German text may be found in the *Herrn-Juth Collection*. The translation consists of seven stanzas; the last four, unaltered.

The first three are as follows:

1 "Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone!
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 "Ah! why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 "In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved:
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved.
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light and comes from Thee."

Translation in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.
For biography of Scheffler, see No. 119.

479 *His blood cleanseth from all sin.* L. M. 61.

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a hymn of thirteen stanzas, entitled "*The word of our God shall stand forever.*" Isa. xl, 8.

This hymn is made up of verses one, two, and eight. One word is changed in the first line of the second stanza, "We" for "Ye."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

480

L.P.M.

The sealing and sanctifying Spirit.

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honor of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,—
Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to apply;
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above:

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain;
Outsoar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all the saints in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

CHARLES WESLEY.

In 1746 the Wesleys published a pamphlet containing thirty-two pieces. It was entitled *Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father*.

This is part of the first hymn of eight stanzas—verses one, six, seven, and eight, *verbatim*.

481

Crucified with Christ. L. P. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenng fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

4 My will be swallowed up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Hymn to God the Sanctifier.*

The original contains eight stanzas. These are a copy of verses eight, four, five, and seven, unaltered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John Wesley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Charles Wesley, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1740.

482 *The law of love.* S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who did'st for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas are founded upon Jer. xlv, 4:

"Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate."

The rest of the hymn is based upon Jer. xxxi, 33:

"I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."

This hymn has not been altered.

483 *The Guide and Counselor.* S. M.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor thou art:
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For Believers.*

The original contains seven eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first two, and the last. The only change is a slight transposition in the fourth stanza. Wesley's order was:

"I never will remove."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

484 *Christian aspiration.* S. M.

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;

2 Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

3 What'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name.

4 Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For Believers. An Hourly Act of Oblation.*
One word is altered. Verse three, line one, Wesley wrote:

"What'er I *speak* or do."

There is one additional double stanza:

3 "Spirit of grace, inspire
My consecrated heart,
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all Thou hast, or art:
My feeble mind transform,
And perfectly renewed
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, 1749.

485 *Loyalty to Christ.* 7.

KING of kings, and wilt thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

Title: *Thy Kingdom Come.*

There is one additional stanza to this fine hymn:

6 "Be it so: my heart's Thy throne,
All my powers Thy scepter own,
And, with them on Thine own hill,
Live rejoicing in Thy will."

It is found in Dr. Muhlenberg's little book, "*I Would not Live Always*," and *Other Pieces in Verse*, by the same Author. New York, 1860. It contains twenty pieces. It has not been altered, except in one line, which was changed by the author. See No. 388.

486 *Cut short the work in righteousness.* 7.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is the last half of one of several *Hymns for Those that Wait for Full Redemption*. Here is the first part:

1 "Jesu, east a pitying eye,
Humbled at Thy feet I lie,
Fain within Thy arms would rest,
Fain would lean upon Thy breast;
Thrust my hand into Thy side.
Always in the elef abide,
Never from Thy wounds depart,
Never leave Thy bleeding heart.

2 "Surely I have pardon found,
Grace doth more than sin abound,
God, I know, is pacified,
Thou for me, for me, hast died;
But I cannot rest herein,
All my nature still is sin,
Comforted I will not be,
Till my soul is all like Thee."

The next stanza began :

"See my burdened sin-sick soul."

It was changed by John Wesley for his *Collection*, 1780.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

487 *Christ comforting mourners.* 7, 61.

GRACIOUS soul, to whom are given
Holy hungerings after heaven,
Restless breathings, earnest moans,
Deep, unutterable groans,
Agonies of strong desire,
Love's suppressed, unconscious fire;

2 Turn again to God, thy rest,
Jesus hath pronounced thee blest:
Humbly to thy Jesus turn,
Comforter of all that mourn:
Happy mourner, hear, and see,
Claim the promise made to thee.

3 Gently will he lead the weak,
Bruis'd reeds he ne'er will break;
Touched with sympathizing care,
Thee he in his arms shall bear,
Blessed with late but lasting peace,
Fill with all his righteousness.

4 Lift to him thy weeping eye,
Heaven behind the cloud descry:
If with Christ thou suffer here,
When his glory shall appear,
Christ his suffering son shall own;
Thine the cross, and thine the crown.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: "*Blessed are they that Mourn.*" Matt. v, 4. There are eleven stanzas in all; these are verses one, two, seven, and three, unaltered. The hymn is new to this collection, and was inserted by the revisers of 1878.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley, 1740.

488 *Ineffable love.* 7.

JESUS, full of love divine,
I am thine and thou art mine:
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.
More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to thee aspires,
Years with infinite desires.

2 Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to thee, my Lord;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to thee combined.
Ever since I saw thy face,
Proved thy plenitude of grace,
Chose thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my heart.

3 Jesus, Saviour, thou art mine:
Jesus, all I have is thine;
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.
Love my darkness shall illumine,
Love shall all my sins consume:
Sweetly then I die to prove
An eternity of love!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Mr. Benjamin Gough, lately deceased, was born in 1805. For many years he was a London merchant, but at length retired from active business. In 1865 he published a volume of hymns and poems, entitled *Lyra Sabbatica*.

He was also the author of several other volumes of poetry which have been examined to find this hymn, but without success. I can vouch neither for the alleged authorship nor for the text.

489 *For reviving grace.* 7.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Hymns for Those that Wait for Full Redemption*.

The only change is in the seventh line of the second stanza. The author wrote:

"Thou art all our heart's desire."

John Wesley made the change for his *Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists*, 1780.

There is one additional stanza :

3 "Whom but Thee have we in heaven,
Whom have we on earth but Thee?
Only Thou to us be given,
All besides is vanity;
Grant us love, we ask no more,
Every other gift remove;
Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and power,
Still we all enjoy in love."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

490 *Panting for purity.* 7.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
"As thou art, so let us be!"

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

MRS. ANNA S. DOBER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Redemption Found.*

A translation from the German of Anna Schindler Dober, (1713-1739.) The original is found in the *Herrnhuth Collection*. Only the first half of the translation is here given.

Unaltered from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

491 *The new creation.* 8, 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.

Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747.

This hymn, one of the most valuable the author ever wrote, was evidently intended for "those that seek."

Only two words have been changed. In the first line Wesley wrote:

"Love divine, all *loves* excelling."

In the fifth line, second stanza, he wrote:

"Take away our *power* of sinning."

This line, literally interpreted, would be a prayer to take away our free moral agency, which, of course, the author did not intend.

John Wesley evidently had some objection to the stanza, as he omitted it from at least two books that he edited. In this collection, from the first, it has been:

"Take away our bent to sinning,"

which is good theology and an appropriate petition.

492 *The one thing needful.* 8, 7.

WELL for him who all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as naught,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true bliss is fraught!

2 Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth
Calm and pure as saints above!

3 Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!

4 O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on him forever
In whom all our fullness lies!

5 Thou, abyss of love and goodness,
Draw us by thy cross to thee,
That our senses, soul, and spirit,
Ever one with Christ may be!

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD.

TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

In *Lyra Germanica* this hymn is marked Anon.;" but Theodore Kubler, in *Historical Notes to the Lyra Germanica*, ascribes it to Arnold. His hymns appeared in 1697, under the title, *Sparks of Divine Love*. The translation is unaltered.

Two stanzas, the fifth and sixth, have been omitted:

5 "Oh that we might Him discover
Whom with longing love we've sought,
Join ourselves to Him forever,
For without Him all is nought!

6 "Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
From our God, so might we cease
Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
And our conscience be at peace!"

The Rev. Gottfried Arnold was a German Pietist, born in 1666, and educated at Wittenberg. In 1689 he was engaged as tutor in a noble family at Dresden. Here he became acquainted with Spener, and was one of his most ardent disciples. In 1707, after various experiences, he became pastor at Perleberg, remaining there until his death, in 1714. Arnold is represented as being full of prejudices and fanatisms, yet, withal, a pious man and a faithful preacher.

493 *Rejoicing in hope.* H. M.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This hymn retains its original title, which is an exception to the rule.

The first line Wesley wrote:

"Ye happy sinners, hear."

The following stanzas, the second, third, and fifth, are omitted:

2 "The Lord our Righteousness
We have long since received,
Salvation nearer is
Than when we first believed;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 "Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say from sin's remains
They never can be freed;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free."

5 "Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near;
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

494 *Speak the word.* 7, 6, 8.

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my all.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Thou my life, my treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know;
My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee:
Son of God, thyself reveal;
Engrave thy name on me.
As in heaven, be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love,

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *A Prayer for Holiness.*

Ten stanzas, of which these are the first and the last two, unaltered.

One of the omitted stanzas, the fourth, was as follows:

4 "Gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
And comforts all are vain;
While one evil thought can rise
I am not born again;
Still I am not as my Lord,
Thy holy will I do not prove.
Help me, Saviour," etc.

Wesley italicized the third and fourth lines of this stanza; but, subsequently, both of the Wesleys were obliged to modify some expressions in poetry and in prose, because they were indefensible.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

495 *The yoke easy and the burden light.* L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.

Fourteen stanzas in all; these are verses one, four, five, six, and eight, *verbatim*.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

496 *Following the Saviour.* L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its cross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

TR. BY JOHN WESLEY.

Title: *The Believer's Support.*

This translation was printed in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1738, and again in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The German original is found in the *Herrnhuth Collection*.

For biographical sketch of Tersteegen, see No. 47.

497 *For constant devotedness.* L. M.

L ORD, fill me with a humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

- 2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Verses eight to eleven inclusive of a hymn of fifteen stanzas. No. 686 in this collection is the first part of the same poem.

The title is: *Watch in all Things*. 2 Tim. iv, 5.

The first word of the hymn has been changed. It was:

"Pierce, fill me with a humble fear."

This change was made by the editors of the edition of 1849.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

498 *The throne of grace.* S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love,
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

JOHN NEWTON.

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

Eight stanzas in all. These are verses one, three, six, and seven. Some slight changes have been made to make it read in the plural, inasmuch as it was written in the singular number.

The passage of Scripture upon which it is founded is the word of God to Solomon:

"Ask what I shall give thee." 1 Kings iii. 5.

For biographical sketch, see No. 23.

499 *Living temples.* S. M.

AND will the mighty God,
Whom heaven cannot contain,
Make me his temple and abode,
And in me live and reign?

2 Come, Spirit of the Lord,
Teacher and heavenly Guide!
Be it according to thy word,
And in my heart reside.

3 O Holy, Holy Ghost!
Pervade this soul of mine:
In me renew thy Pentecost,
Reveal thy power divine!

4 Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruits to know;
Thy joy, and peace, and gentleness,
Goodness and faith to show.

5 Be it my greatest fear
Thy holiness to grieve;
Walk in the Spirit even here,
And in the Spirit live.

GEORGE RAWSON.

Title: *He dwelleth with you*. John xiv, 17.

This hymn is *verbatim* as found in *The Sunday-School Hymn Book*, Leeds, 1859, except that in the Leeds book there is one additional stanza.

In an earlier edition of the same book (1838) the hymn is quite different. It was probably altered by the author.

Rawson was an English Baptist layman, who published *Hymns, Verses, and Chants*, in 1876.

500 *Thine, living or dying.* S. M.

JESUS, I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

The leading thought of this excellent hymn is evidently found in the words of Paul, Rom. xiv, 8 :

"For whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord : whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

It is unaltered and entire as published in *Hymns and Chants*, 1861

The Rev. Henry Harbaugh was a prominent minister and writer in the German Reformed Church, and the son of a clergyman. Born in Pennsylvania in 1817, in 1840 he entered Marshall College, where he remained three years, but did not graduate. From 1843 to 1863 he served as pastor of three churches. In 1863 he was elected Professor of Theology in the Seminary of Mercersburg, Pa., where he remained until his death, in 1867. He was the author of several prose works, and of one volume of *Poems*.

501 Purity of heart. S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be ;
O give the pure and lowly heart, —
A temple meet for thee.

JOHN KEBLE.

"Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God." Matt. v, 8.

Verses one and two are the first and last stanzas of a poem of seventeen verses on the festival of "The Purification." The last stanza was probably written by another author.

Kebles wrote, verse one, line four :

"Their soul is *Christ's* abode."

and verse two, lines three and four :

"And for His *cradle* and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart."

From *The Christian Year*, 1827.

For biographical sketch, see No. 102.

502 Glorious liberty. S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume ;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas are founded on 2 Cor. iii, 17 :

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

The third stanza is based upon 2 Cor. v, 17 :

"Old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new."

The text of the last two stanzas is Heb. xi, 5 :

"Before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

One word has been changed. The original has "*mind*" instead of "will" in verse four, line three.

503 Waiting at the cross. S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow ;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is composed of two *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first part is founded on *Psa. cxxx, 8*:

"He shall redeem Israel from all his sins."—
Prayer Book version.

The Scripture "passage" of the last part is
Jer. iv, 14:

"O, Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved;"

They are not altered.

Among these *Short Hymns* are found some of the most valuable stanzas of Charles Wesley's poetical composition.

504 *Charity supreme.* S. M.

HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain,
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

SAMUEL STENNETT, ALT.

Title: *All Attainments Vain without Love.*

It will be seen at a glance that this hymn is founded upon the first part of *1 Cor. xiii*:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

In *Dr. Stennett's Works*, vol. iii, we find the original hymn in nine stanzas. It is quaint and good. This hymn is composed of verses three, four, five, and nine, altered so as to change the meter from common to short. Eight lines have been more or less changed. The other eight remain as written.

FIRST PART.

505 *For entire consecration.* S. M.

JESUS, my strength my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer,
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title is: *A Poor Sinner*.
There are seven stanzas in all. The first part is made up of verses one, three, and four, *verbatim*.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

SECOND PART.

506 *For perfect submission.* S. M.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This part is made up of stanzas five, six, and two, unaltered; thus including the whole of the original, except the last verse, which is peculiar:

7 "I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill,
To know myself, and what Thou art,
And what Thy perfect will.
I want I know not what,
I want my wants to see,
I want, alas! what want I not,
When Thou art not in me."

507 *Walk in the light.* C. M.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

BERNARD BARTON.

Title: *Walking in the Light.*

This familiar hymn is founded on 1 John i, 7:

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The second stanza of the original is omitted:

2 "Walk in the light! and sin abhorr'd
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ, thy Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain."

Two lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse five, lines one and two:

"Walk in the light! and thine shalt be
A path, though thorny, bright."

From the author's *Devotional Verses*. London, 1826.

Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, (as he was commonly called,) was born in 1784, and lived until 1849. He was the author of no less than eight volumes of verse, between the years 1812 and 1845.

508 *The fullness of God.* C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee;
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title is: *Grace After Meat*.
One word has been altered. The author wrote,
verse four, line three:

"Turn, and *beget* us, Lord, again."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John Wesley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Charles Wesley, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1739.

This was the first hymn book published by the Wesleys to which they put their names.

In 1738 *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns* was published in London, with no name of editor or printer. Recently, we understand, there has been found in London *A Collection of Psalms and*

Hymns. Charles-Town. Printed by Lewis Timothy, 1737. The 1738 book has long been considered to be the first Wesleyan hymn book, but this is still earlier, and was published in America.

509 *The thought of God.* C. M.

HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and straight the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

4 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Title: *Perfection.*

These are a *verbatim* copy of the first five verses of a hymn of eleven stanzas from the author's *Hymns*. London, 1861.

The old thought, that the soul without God is homesick, is well expressed in the third stanza.

The following are the closing stanzas of this hymn:

"Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss:
And go where grace entices thee;—
Perfection lies in this.

"Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shall be."

For biographical sketch of Faber, see No. 125.

510 *For full redemption.* C. M.

MY Saviour, on the word of truth
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine:
But chiefly long to walk with thee,
And only trust in thine.

2 Thou knowest that I am not blest
As thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in thee;
And still I seek 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

3 It is not as thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust:
Until I find, O Lord, in thee,
The Lowly and the Meek,
The fullness which thy own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

ANNA L. WARING.

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope." Psa. cxxx, 5.

Two stanzas are omitted; they are the second and fifth:

2 "In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay,
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.
Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,
In many a deadly strife,
By the stronghold of hope in Thee;
'The hope of endless life.'"

5 "Then, O my Saviour, on my soul,
Cast down, but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand
In tender mercy laid,
And while I wait for all Thy joys,
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
And at Thy feet sit still."

The hymn has not been altered.

Miss Anna Lætitia Waring was a native of South Wales. Her *Hymns and Meditations*, from which this was taken, was first published in London in 1850, and was reprinted at Boston in 1863, with an Introduction by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D.

511 *For a tender conscience.* C. M.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From Thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.
 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title is retained, a circumstance so rare as to be well worth recording.

There are five stanzas; the first is omitted, and also half of each of the last two:

1 "Almighty God of truth and love,
 In me Thy power exert,
 The mountain from my soul remove,
 The hardness from my heart:
 My most obdurate heart subdue,
 In honor of Thy Son,
 And now the gracious wonder show,
 And take away the stone."

"Give me to feel an idle thought
 As actual wickedness,
 And mourn for the minutest fault
 In exquisite distress."

More of this tender spirit, more
 Of this affliction send,
 And spread the *moral sense* all o'er
 Till pain with life shall end."

One can hardly help feeling that there is something *morbid* about these last lines.

Unaltered. From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

512 *The counsel of His grace.* C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me:
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
 He brings salvation near;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
 What can withstand his will?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus. I hang upon thy word;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possessed,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Rejoicing in hope." Rom. xii, 12.

Twenty-three stanzas. This hymn is composed of verses one, two, ten, fifteen, and nineteen, *versbatim*. One of the omitted stanzas is as follows:

"Thy love I soon expect to find
 In all its depth and height,
 To comprehend the eternal Mind,
 And grasp the Infinite."

It is not strange that the verse has been omitted. It is strange that Wesley ever wrote it. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

513 *The rest of faith.* C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in!
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
 This unbelief remove:
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Heb. iv, 9.

The original hymn contains seventeen stanzas. These are the first, second, tenth, and eleventh, unchanged, except in the third line of the second stanza. This was first published:

"Where *doubt* and *pain* and *fear* expire."

It was altered by John Wesley for his *Collection* in 1780.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

514 *Come, Lord Jesus.* C. M.

O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfill:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God!

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of a number of *Hymns for Those That Wait for Full Redemption*.

Nine stanzas; these are the first, second, sixth, seventh, and ninth.

In the last verse the author wrote "gift" instead of "grace" in line one; "The" instead of "Thy" in line two; and "an" instead of "a" in line three.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

515 *A present paradise.* C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear.
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!
CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a long hymn of twenty-two stanzas, entitled "*The Spirit and the bride say, Come*," Rev. xxii, 17.

This hymn is composed of verses ten, fourteen, fifteen, nineteen, and twenty-one. They contain the cream of the whole poem.

One word has been changed. Wesley wrote "blessed" hope in verse three, line three. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

516 *The world overcome.* C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *Old Things are passed Away*.

The first two lines of the second stanza have been slightly altered. Newton wrote:

"Its pleasures *now* no longer please,
No more content afford."

The third stanza is very beautiful. There are two additional verses that are characteristic of the author:

5 "Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And holy live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?"

6 "Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biographical sketch, see No. 23.

517

C. M.

In earth as it is in heaven. Matt. vi. 10.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfill.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The first four verses of a hymn of twelve stanzas,
written upon Matt. vi, 10:

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

Wesley wrote "*choirs*" instead of "powers" in
the second line of the second stanza.

The last two lines of the hymn have been alto-
gether changed. Wesley wrote:

*"My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer."*

These changes were made by the editors of the
Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book,
1803. They were Bishop Asbury and Daniel Hitt.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

518

The refining fire.

C. M.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A favorite hymn, from a poem of twelve stanzas,
entitled *Against Hope Believing in Hope*.

These stanzas are numbers four, seven, eight,
nine, and twelve. The second and third lines of
the last stanza have been changed. The author
wrote:

*"Can now no longer move;
Jesus is all the world to me."*

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

519

The affections crucified.

C. M.

JESUS, my Life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Christ our Sanctification*.
There is one additional stanza:

6 "My inward holiness Thou art,
For faith hath made Thee mine:
With all Thy fullness fill my heart,
Till all I am is Thine."

The original has "Thy" instead of "the" in
verse two, line two.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

520

Give me Thyself.

C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The last five stanzas of a hymn of thirteen verses,
written on Acts xvi, 31:

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou
shalt be saved."

Wesley wrote "*soul*" instead of "*heart*" in verse
three, line three.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

521 *A perfect heart.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Make me a Clean Heart, O God.*—Prayer-
Book version of P-sa. li, 10

The original has "*an heart*" instead of "*a heart*"
in every case.

The third stanza began:

"*An humble, lowly, contrite heart.*"

The author wrote in the second stanza:

"*My dear Redeemer's throne.*"

and in the last:

"*Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart.*"

John Wesley changed these words for his *Collection*, in 1780.

Three stanzas, the fifth, sixth, and seventh, of
this favorite hymn were omitted from the 1849 edition.
They are not necessary to the hymn, yet,
perhaps, some would like to see them:

5 "Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for Thee, distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.

6 "My heart, Thou knowest, can never rest
Till Thou create my peace;
Till of my *Eden* repossess,
From self and sin I cease.

7 "Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

522 *The work wrought.* C. M.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

4 'Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762.

The passage on which this is written is Mark
xi, 24:

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray,
believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have
them."

One eight-lined stanza is omitted:

"For this as taught by Thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove far hence, to sin I say,
Be cast this moment out;
The guilt and strength of self and pride,
Be pardoned and subdued,
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood."

In the first stanza Wesley wrote:

"Now in my *gasping* soul reveal,"

and in the last line of the hymn:

"And heaven in *Thy* peace."

523 *Faith omnipotent.* C. M.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfill.

2 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

4 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

5 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first part of the hymn is founded on Micah vii, 20:

"Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, and the mercy to Abraham, which thou hast sworn unto our fathers from the days of old."

The first stanza is incomplete. It was:

"God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, Thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, *even us*, fulfil:
Let us to perfect love restored,
Thine image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live."

The second and third stanzas were written upon Matt xv, 28:

"O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt;"

and the last two stanzas, upon Mark ix, 23:

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

In verse five, line three, Wesley wrote "*sinless*" instead of "spotless."

524 L. M. *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.* Heb. iv, 9.

COME, O Thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

CHARLES WESLEY.

From part second of a long hymn of four parts, written on Isaiah xxviii, 16:

"He that believeth shall not make haste."

Part second has eight stanzas. These are numbers one, four, five, and eight, *verbatim*. Hymns 792 and 793 are a part of the same poem.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

525 *Christ all in all.* L. M.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all,

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Pleading the Promise of Sanctification.*

Part of a long hymn of twenty-eight stanzas founded on Ezek. xxxvi, 23-31 inclusive. These are verses twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-seven, and twenty-eight.

The original has "Be less," etc., in verse four, line three.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

526 *Waiting for the promise.* L. M.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy glorious face;
I seek redemption through thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope;
The faithful promise I receive:
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

CHARLES WESLEY.

These are the first, sixth, eighth, and last verses of a hymn of eleven stanzas, entitled *Waiting for the Promise*.

The author wrote "lovely face" in the first verse, "faithful saying" in the second, and "almighty power" in the third.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

527 *For lowliness and purity.* L. M.

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride—the plague expel;
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Written upon Matt. i, 21:

"He shall save his people from their sins."

In the last stanza of this hymn two lines have been omitted, and two others added. The author wrote:

"Fury is not with Thee, my God;
O, why should it be found in Thine!
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with Thy blood,
And all Thy gentleness is mine."

Two stanzas, the second and last, have been omitted:

2 "Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor constancy nor strength I have:
But Thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost Thy power to save.

6 "Pour but Thy blood upon the flame,
Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And I become a little child."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

528 *The Canaan of perfect love.* L. M.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure;

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Pleading the Promise of Sanctification.*

This is the first part of stanzas one, three, eight, and fourteen, of a long hymn of twenty-eight verses. No. 525 is a part of the same. It is founded on Ezek. xxxvi, 23-31.

The whole hymn may be seen at the end of John Wesley's sermon *On Christian Perfection*. Works, vol. i, page 368.

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

529 *The will of God.* L. M.

HE wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas are founded on 1 Thess. iv, 3:

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

The last two are written upon Deut. xxx, 6:

"And the Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live."

The last has one more eight-lined stanza:

"One of the stubborn, hardened race,
Now, Lord, on me the work begin,
And by the Spirit of Thy grace
Cut off the foreskin of my sin:
My stiff-necked heart to circumcise,
Thy sanctifying power exert,
And I shall then attain the prize,
And love my God with all my heart."

The hymn has not been altered.

530 *Heavenly bliss in prospect.* L. M.

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

THOMAS GIBBONS, ALT.

Only three lines of this hymn remain unaltered.

ORIGINAL.

1 "Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time:
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 "Twice born by a celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 "Shall aught beguile us on the road
When we are travelling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 "Welcome sweet hour of my discharge,
That sets my longing soul at large,
Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,
And gives me with my God to dwell.

5 "To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below."

From *Sermons on Various Subjects; with an Hymn Adapted to each Subject*.

This hymn was appended to a sermon, the text of which was Eccl. xii, 7:

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

For biographical sketch, see No. 910.

531 *The new covenant.* L. M.

O God, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find.

- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God in Jesus pacified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

This hymn is founded on Ezek. xvi, 62, 63:

"And I will establish my covenant with thee; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord: that thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all thou hast done, saith the Lord God."

The last lines of the first and last stanzas have been altered. Wesley wrote:

"And write perfection on my heart;"

And:

"My God forever pacified."

532

True perfection.

L. M.

WHAT! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.
- 3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fullness of thy saving grace;
O may thy power the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!
- 4 Forgive, and make my nature whole,
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The first two stanzas are founded upon James iii, 2:

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

The third line of the second stanza has been altered. The author wrote:

"And all my language pure shall tell."

The third and fourth stanzas were written on Psa. ciii, 3:

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

The third stanza was, originally:

"Saviour, I long to testify
The fullness of Thy gracious power:
O might Thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the peace; and more!"

These changes were made by John Wesley for his *Collection*, 1780.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762.

533

Entire purification.

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The original title to this favorite hymn is: *Christ our Righteousness*. 1 Cor. i, 30.

The first two stanzas, which have been omitted, are as follows:

1 "Jesus, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine:
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made Him mine.

2 "Spotless and just, in Thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
And antedate my heaven."

Two lines have been changed.

Verse two, line three:

"Sprinkle me ever *in* Thy blood."

Verse four, line three:

"Till hope *shall* in fruition die."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

534 *Perfect rest from sin.* C. M.

JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfilled.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

If we were to guess at the authorship of this hymn, upon internal evidence, we should say it was one of Charles Wesley's hymns on sanctification. Stanzas one and two have been transposed.

In verse one, line three, the original is, "*my* heart; and verse one, line four, "*I* look." There are four additional stanzas.

From *Poems on Sacred Subjects*. Dublin, 1759.
For biographical sketch of author, see No 415.

535 *The gift of righteousness.* C. M.

ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

It is written on Mark xi, 24:

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

The first double stanza, and half of the last, have been omitted:

"Jesus, the irrevocable word,
Thy gracious lips hath passed,
And trusting in my faithful Lord,
I shall be saved at last;
Whate'er I ask with longing heart,
Expecting to receive,
Almighty God, Thou ready art,
And promisest to give."

"Art Thou not able to convert,
Art Thou not willing, too,
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?"

The author wrote the first line of the fourth stanza:

"My *vehement* soul cries out, oppress'd;"

thus giving the line one redundant syllable; and so it remains in the *Wesleyan Collection* to this day. It read the same in this collection up to the year 1849.

536 *Steadfast faith.* C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue:
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew.

- 4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, sanctified by grace,
I only for thy glory burn,
And always see thy face.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: "*Against Hope, Believing in Hope.*"

Twelve stanzas. These are numbers one, two, five, and eleven. No. 518 is a part of the same.

The third line of the third stanza, Wesley wrote:

"*Mine own unconquerable sin,*"

and the second line of the last stanza,

"*While purified by grace.*"

These changes were made for the *Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book*, 1808.

537 *Thy will be done.* Matt. vi, 10 C. M.

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home;
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At Waking.*

Part of a hymn of fourteen stanzas, beginning:

"Giver and Guardian of my sleep,"
To praise Thy name I wake."

This hymn is composed of verses ten, eleven, twelve, and fourteen.

Slight changes have been made in two lines.

In verse three, line two, the original is:

"What *shall* I more require!"

and in verse four, line three:

"Come *when* Thou wilt, I that resign."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

538 *For patience and sanctity.* C. M.

DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure,
Till bold to say, "My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure."

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is a combination of two of the *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas are founded on Deut. xxxii, 39:

"I wound, and I heal."

Verses three and four were written on Psa. cxix, 96:

"I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad."

Only half of the last hymn is given. The first part is as follows:

"I, too, the broad command have seen,
Enlightened, Lord, by Thee,
And may attain, through faith, the mean,
That spotless charity:
Holy and just I may appear,
Before I hence remove:
The end of all perfection here,
The law fulfilled, is love."

The author wrote "*cry*" instead of "*say*" in verse two, line three.

539 *The hope of our calling.* C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

4 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

CHARLES WESLEY.

The last part of a hymn of fourteen stanzas,
founded on Titus ii, 14:

"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem
us from all iniquity."

These are stanzas nine, ten, thirteen, and four-
teen. John Wesley altered a few words for his
Collection of 1780.

In verse two, line three, the original has "*roots*"
instead of "casts;" and in verse three, line one,
"*soul*" instead of "heart."

In the second stanza, first line, we have a happy
allusion to the healing of the leper by a touch of
our Lord.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

540 *Panting for fullness of love.* C. P. M.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;

The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Desiring to Love.*
Original of verse two, line six:

"The length, and breadth, and height."

Two stanzas, the fifth and seventh, of this won-
derful hymn are omitted:

5 "O that with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove:
'Thou knowest,' for all to Thee is known,
'Thou knowest,' O Lord, and Thou alone,
'Thou knowest' that Thee I love."

7 "Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven, and all things go,
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

541 *The blessed hope.* C. P. M.

BUT can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to thy love,
From sin forever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *In Temptation*. Two stanzas, the third and fifth, of this fine hymn are omitted:

3 "No more shall sin its sway maintain,
No longer in my members reign,
Or captivate my heart.
Upheld by Thy victorious grace,
I walk henceforth in all Thy ways,
And never will depart."

5 "While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin:
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in."

The original has "keeper" instead of "helper" in verse three, line four; and "shalt" instead of "wilt" in verse four, line four.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

542 *The glorious hope.* C. P. M.

GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings:
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

CHARLES WESLEY.

From a hymn of two parts, entitled *Desiring to Love*. Part first has eleven stanzas; part second has eight. This hymn is made up of verses four to seven, inclusive, of part second. They are unaltered.

This is a remarkable hymn and a great favorite; but the closing impression is not a very happy one. If the next stanza had been added it would have been better:

"Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out my foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide;
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love."

543 *Power over temptation.* C. P. M.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And, starting, cry from ruin's brink,
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;
O save me, or I die."

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before thy glorious face.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *In Temptation*.

The author wrote "this evil day" in verse one, line three; and "feeble hands" in verse three, line one.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

There were five volumes published by the Wesleys under this title. The first three, distinguished by their dates, 1739, 1740, 1742, bore the names of the brothers, John and Charles Wesley. The other two were entitled *Hymns and Sacred Poems, in two volumes*. By Charles Wesley, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Bristol, 1749. John Wesley says, in his *Plain Account of Christian Perfection*, that he did not see these volumes before they were printed, and that they contained some things which he could not approve.

544 *A present help in trouble.* C. P. M.

O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead,
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haste to mine aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine:
I claim the promise now.

2 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me, till the storm be past,
Upon thy love alone.

4 Thy faithful, wise, almighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *In Temptation.*

Eight stanzas; these are numbered one, five, six, and seven.

In the first line of the third verse the author wrote "*rich in grace*;" and in the second line of the fourth verse:"Shall every *obstacle* remove."These changes were made by John Wesley for his *Collection* in 1780. His alterations are usually improvements; but these, in my opinion, are not.From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.545 *The pure in heart shall see God.* C. P. M.

SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
That, with thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fullness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles*, by Charles Wesley. The first stanza is founded on Matt. v, 3:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Some changes have been made in the first lines:

"*Jesus*, on me the *want* bestow,
Which all who feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven."

The second stanza is founded on the sixth verse:

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

And the third stanza upon the eighth verse:

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall
see God."

546 *Mourning departed joys.* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

JOHN NEWTON, ALT.

Founded upon Job xxix, 2:

"O that I were as in months past."

Three stanzas, the third, fifth, and seventh, are omitted:

3 "In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm."

5 "Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke
For all my joys are gone."

7 "My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case."

The last stanza has been so altered that the author would hardly dare to claim it. Newton wrote:

"Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay."

These changes were doubtless made by the editors of the 1849 edition of this collection. From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

547 *Sad reflections on spiritual sloth.* C. M.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

Title: *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*
This hymn has been altered somewhat. The first part of the second stanza Watts wrote:

"The little ants for one poor grain
Labor, and tug, and strive."

The last line of the fifth stanza was originally written:

"And sit and warm our hearts,"

and the last stanza was in this form:

"Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize."

These changes were made at least a century ago. Those in the second and fifth verses are improvements. The change in the last stanza, I think, is not for the better.

There is an easy majesty in some of Watts's stanzas that no other hymnist has reached. An illustration of this can be seen in verses three and four.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

548 *Returning to Christ.* C. M.

MY head is low, my heart is sad,
My feet with travel torn,
Yet, O my Saviour, thou art glad
To see thy child return.

2 It was thy love that homeward led,
Thine arm that upward stayed;
It is thy hand which on my head
Is now in mercy laid.

3 O Saviour, in this broken heart
Confirm the trembling will,
Which longs to reach thee where thou art,
Rest in thee and be still.

4 Within that bosom which hath shed
Both tears and blood for me,
O let me hide this aching head,
Once pressed and blessed by thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

Title: *Penitential Confirmation Hymn.* The original contains five eight-lined stanzas. This is composed of the first and fourth stanzas, unaltered. It is founded on Luke xv, 24:

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

From *Hymns of Love and Praise*. London, 1863.

For biographical sketch of the author, see No. 232.

549 *For the return of the Spirit.* C. M.

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *Walking with God.*

It was suggested by Gen. v, 24:

"And Enoch walked with God: and he was not;
for God took him."

The fact that this hymn is found in the Hymnals
of all the Churches; and usually, as here, without a
word of change, is the highest possible praise.

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biography of Cowper, see No. 44.

550 *Faint, yet pursuing.* C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour and thy King.

TATE AND BRADY.

This is a part of an excellent metrical version of
Psalm xlii. These are stanzas one, two, four, and
eleven.

The third stanza has been entirely changed, ex-
cept the first two words:

"I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent."

The last line of the hymn was originally:

"Thy health's eternal spring."

From *A New Version of the Psalms of David*,
1696.

For biographies, see Nos. 13 and 120.

551 *God gracious to the contrite.* C. M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

JOHN MORRISON.

A paraphrase of Hosea vi, 1-3:

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he
hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten,
and he will bind us up. After two days will he
revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and
we shall live in his sight. Then shall we know, if
we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is
prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto
us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto
the earth."

One stanza, the third, is omitted :

"Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
the dawn shall bring us light :
God shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in his sight."

Contributed to the Scotch *Paraphrases*, 1770. It has not been altered.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 184.

552 *Love to the Saviour.* 7.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word :
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee :
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare!
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore :
O for grace to love thee more !

WILLIAM COWPER.

Original title : "*Lovest thou Me.*" John xxi, 16.

One word has been changed. In the second line of the fifth stanza Cowper wrote :

"When the work of *grace* is done."

Some Arminian hymn editor made this change, because he thought that "grace" savored of Calvinism. It ought to be restored out of regard to the author.

The third stanza of this hymn is a reproduction of a remarkable passage in Isaiah xlix, 15.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 44.

553 *God's absence deprecated.* S. M.

O THOU, whose mercy hears
Conitron's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this last refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Author's title : *Absence from God.*

This hymn has been changed from common to short meter, by the omission of two syllables from the first line of each stanza.

There is one additional verse :

6 "Thy presence only can bestow,
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy."

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.

For biography of author, see No. 63.

554 *The wanderer returning.* S. M.

HOW oft this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet mercy calls, "Return;"
Saviour, to thee I come :
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.

3 Thy love so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

ANNA STEELE, ALT.

Author's title : *Pardoning Love.* Written on Jer. iii, 22 :

"Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings."

It has been altered from common to short meter.

This can usually be done very easily. Here are the first lines with the omitted words italicized:

- "How oft, *alas*, this wretched heart."
 "Yet *sovereign* mercy calls, 'Return.'"
 "Thy *pardoning* love so free, so sweet."

Two stanzas, the third and fourth of the original, are omitted:

- 3 "And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love?"

- 4 "Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine."

From *Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.
 See No. 63.

FIRST PART.

555 *The warning voice of Jesus.* S. M.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul!
 Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
 And Christ shall make thee whole."

- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
 Alarm me in this hour;
 And make me fully understand
 The thunder of thy power.

- 3 Give me on thee to call
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.

- 4 For each assault prepared,
 And ready may I be;
 Forever standing on my guard,
 And looking up to thee.

- 5 O do thou always warn
 My soul of evil near;
 When to the right or left I turn,
 Thy voice still let me hear:

- 6 "Come back! this is the way;
 Come back, and walk therein;"
 O may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is part of one of a number of *Hymns for the Watchnight*.

There are ten eight-lined stanzas. These are the fifth, sixth, and seventh, *verbatim*.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

SECOND PART.

556 *Commending the soul to God.* S. M.

THOU seest my feebleness;
 Jesus, be thou my power,
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.

- 2 Give me to trust in thee;
 Be thou my sure abode:
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour and my God.

- 3 Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep,
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eyelids never sleep.

- 4 My soul to thee alone,
 Now therefore I commend;
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
 And love me to the end.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Composed of stanzas nine and ten of the same as the last. The beginning of this hymn is awkward, and might be arranged in this form:

- "Jesus, be thou my power;
 Thou seest my feebleness;
 Be thou my fortress and my tower,
 My refuge in distress."

The second stanza of the original begins:

- "Cause me to trust in thee."

The last two lines were written:

- "Thou, Jesus, *having loved* Thine own,
Shalt love me to the end."

These changes were made by John Wesley for his *Collection* of 1780.

557 *Restore my peace.* S. M.

O JESUS, full of grace,
 To thee I make my moan:
 Let me again behold thy face,
 Call home thy banished one.

- 2 Again my pardon seal,
 Again my soul restore,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And bid me sin no more.

- 3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
 Speak, and my soul shall live;
 "Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,
 "Abundantly forgive."

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
 Say to my drooping soul,
 "In peace and full assurance go;
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

CHARLES WESLEY.

From a hymn of six eight-lined stanzas. This is made up of the third, the first part of the fourth, and the last part of the sixth.

It is full of the broken-hearted pleading of a poor backslider. In the third line of the third stanza Wesley wrote "*gasping spirit*," and in the first line of the last stanza "*Thy utmost*," etc.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

558 *Humility and contrition.* 7, 6, 8.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep.
 Let me be by grace restored;
 On me be all long-suffering shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love
 Drop from thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live;
 "Father," at the point to die
 My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"
 Surely, with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of one of several hymns *For One Fallen from Grace*.

Twelve stanzas, of which these are verses one, two, six, and twelve. One word has been changed. In the fourth line of the last stanza Wesley wrote:

"My Saviour *gasp*ed, 'forgive.'"

For this improvement we are indebted to the editors of the 1849 edition of the hymn book.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. By Charles Wesley, 1749.

559 *The deceitfulness of sin.* 7, 6, 8.

JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear
 Yet once again, I pray;
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have naught to pay:
 Speak, O speak the kind release;
 A poor backsliding soul restore;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from thy face;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy, I implore;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 A hardness o'er my heart;
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart:
 Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
 And let me feel thy softening power;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *A Prayer for Restoring Grace*. These are verses one, two, and four, unaltered, of a hymn of six stanzas. In the refrain reference is made to the words of Jesus in John viii, 11:

"Go, and sin no more."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

560 *Zeal implored.* L. M.

OTHOU who all things canst control,
 Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
 With joy and fear, with love and awe,
 Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
 Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
 Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
 With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
 Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
 With steps unwavering, undismayed,
 Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

FROM THE GERMAN.
TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *Spiritual Slumber.*

The German author is unknown. The translation has one additional stanza:

6 "Single of heart, O! may I be,
Nothing may I desire but Thee;
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from Thy love."

This hymn has never found a place in the *Wesleyan Collection*. It came into this collection in the *Supplement* of 1808. It first appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

It has not been altered.

561 *Peace in the favor of God.* L. M.

WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

THOMAS KELLY.

Scripture motto, Jeremiah ii, 2:

"Thus saith the Lord; I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals."

Three stanzas, the second, fifth, and seventh, have been omitted:

2 "So strange did love like his appear,
That love that made him bear the cross,
No other subject pleased our ear,
The world for this appeared but loss."

5 "To thee, our God, we own our sin,
Of thee we have forgetful proved;
As one who leaves her lord we've been,
As one unfaithful, though beloved."

7 "And, oh! renew our former love;
Yea, let it never cease to grow,
Till, brightened and refined above,
A pure celestial flame it glow."

The stanzas given are not altered.

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1809.

For biographical sketch, see No. 54.

562 *For the fire of divine love.* L. M.

THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

This was written on Lev. vi, 13:

"The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out."

It is unaltered and complete. John Wesley said that his experience might always be found in these lines.

563 *Onward, Christian soldiers.* 6, 5.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

This hymn was first published in the *Church Times*, 1865. It is entire and unaltered as found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1834.

564 *Forward into light.* 6, 5.

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

HENRY ALFORD.

Written upon Exod. xiv, 15:

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

The original has eight stanzas; these are the first, third, fourth, and fifth, unaltered.

The Rev. Henry Alford is widely known as the author of *The Greek Testament with Notes*. He was born at London in 1810; was pious from his youth, and in his sixteenth year wrote the following dictation in his Bible:

"I do this day, in the presence of God and my own soul, renew my covenant with God, and solemnly determine henceforth to become his, and to do his work as far as in me lies."

He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; ordained in 1832, and soon made a reputation as an eloquent preacher and sound biblical critic. He was appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1857, which distinction he held to the day of his death in 1871.

565 *Work, while it is day.* 7, 6, 5.

WORK, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

The *Hymnal* and other books attribute this to the Rev. Sidney Dyer, the author of *Resting By and By*, and other pieces; but Mr. Dyer writes: "I have never claimed this hymn, and know not who put my name to it."
 The author is now said to be Annie L. Walker, of Canada.

566 *The spiritual warfare.* 7, 7, 7, 6.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
 Lo! your Leader from the skies
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory.
 Seize your armor, gird it on;
 Now the battle will be won;
 See, the strife will soon be done;
 Then struggle manfully.

2 Now the fight of faith begin,
 Be no more the slaves of sin,
 Strive the victor's palm to win,
 Trusting in the Lord:
 Gird ye on the armor bright,
 Warriors of the King of light,
 Never yield, nor lose by flight
 Your divine reward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod;
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 Soon you'll join that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

JARED B. WATERBURY.

This is one of eight hymns, written for the *Christian Lyre*. New York, 1830. It has been altered and improved in *four lines* since it was first published.

The second stanza is not Waterbury's, but is taken from a hymn of four stanzas written for the *Christian Lyre* by William Mitchell, (1793-1867.)

The Rev. Jared Bell Waterbury, a Presbyterian minister, was born in New York city in 1799. He was graduated at Yale College in 1822, and subsequently studied theology at Princeton. He was a pastor in Hudson, N. Y.; in Boston, and elsewhere. His active and useful life closed in Brooklyn in 1876.

567 *Stand up, for Jesus.* 7, 6.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

This favorite hymn was inspired by the triumphant death of the Rev. Dudley Atkins Tyng, the gifted son of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. Dudley Tyng was rector in Columbus, Ohio, and also in Philadelphia, and was an active and successful worker in the great revival of 1857. In the following year he met with an accident which proved to be fatal. Being asked if he had any message to his brethren in the ministry, he replied: "Tell them to *stand up for Jesus*."

The Rev. George Duffield, D.D., a Presbyterian minister, was born in Pennsylvania in 1818, and was graduated at Yale College in 1837. The date of the hymn is 1858.

568

7, 6.

Enduring hardness as good soldiers.

GO forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath His banner true:
 The Lord himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices,
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished,
 And heaven is all possessed;
 Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

There is one additional stanza:

4 "Go forward Christian soldier
 Fear not the gathering night:
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light:

When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are passed:
 Oh pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last."

The Rev. Laurence Tuttiett was born in England in 1825; was educated at King's College, London; studied medicine, but at length resolved to enter the Church. He was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1848.

569 *Battle-hymn of the Reformation.* C. P. M.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;
 Dread not his rage and power;
 What though your courage sometimes faints?
 This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
 Lasts but a little hour.

2 Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs
 To him who can avenge your wrongs;
 Leave all to him, your Lord:
 Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
 Salvation shall for you arise;
 He girdeth on his sword!

3 As true as God's own promise stands,
 Not earth nor hell with all their bands
 Against us shall prevail;
 The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
 God is with us; we are his own;
 Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
 Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
 Thy Church with strength defend;
 So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
 A joyful chorus to thy praise,
 Through ages without end.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, IN PROSE.

JACOB FABRICIUS.

TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

Miss Winkworth's translation is found in *Lyræ Germanica*, first series. This varies from that in twelve of its lines. It was the battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Miss Catherine Winkworth, in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, says that the hymn was "long attributed to Altenburg, a pastor of Thuringia; recent researches, however, seem to have made it clear that he only composed the chorale; and that the hymn itself was written down roughly by Gustavus Adolphus, after his victory at Leipsic, and reduced to regular verse by his chaplain, Dr. Fabricius, for the use of the army." The date of the battle of Leipsic is September 7, 1621. Gustavus sang this hymn with his army before entering the battle of Lützen, Nov. 6, 1632, where he met a triumphant death. The Rev. Jacob Fabricius, D.D., chaplain of the king, lived from 1593 to 1654.

570 *Looking unto Jesus.* C. P. M.

ARE there not in the laborer's day
 Twelve hours, in which he safely may
 His calling's work pursue?
 Though sin and Satan still are near,
 Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
 With Jesus in my view.

2 Light of the world! thy beams I bless;
 On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
 My faith hath fixed its eye:
 Guided by thee, through all I go,
 Nor fear the ruin spread below,
 For thou art always nigh.

3 Ten thousand snares my paths beset,
 Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
 Which thou to me hast given;
 Regardless of the pains I feel,
 Close by the gates of death and hell,
 I urge my way to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *The Way of Duty the Way of Safety.*

Five stanzas; those omitted are the second and last:

2 "Not all the powers of hell can fright
 A soul that walks with Christ in light;
 He walks and cannot fall:
 Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
 Shining unto the perfect day
 And more than conquers all."

5 "Still will I strive and labor still,
 With humble zeal to do Thy will,
 And trust in Thy defense;
 My soul into Thy hands I give,
 And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
 Let Satan pluck me thence."

Wesley wrote, verse three, line four:

"*Superior to the pains I feel.*"

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

571 *Loving gratitude.* C. P. M.

BE it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude:
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given:
 And let me through thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

It is based upon Job xxviii, 28:

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
 and to depart from evil is understanding."

It is unaltered and entire.

572 7, 6, 5, 4.
One more day's work for Jesus.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of life for me!
 But heaven is nearer,
 And Christ is dearer
 Than yesterday to me;
 His love and light
 Fill all my soul to-night.
 One more day's work for Jesus, etc.

2 One more day's work for Jesus!
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 Where Christ's flock enter in!
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine!

3 One more day's work for Jesus!
 O yes, a weary day;
 But heaven shines clearer
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way;
 And Christ in all,
 Before his face I fall.

4 O blessed work for Jesus!
 O rest at Jesus' feet!
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day!

ANNA WARNER.

Title: *The Song of a Tired Servant.*

There are two omitted stanzas, the second and fourth, that are equal, if not superior, to those given:

2 "One more day's work for Jesus:
 How glorious is my King!
 'Tis joy, not duty,
 To speak his beauty;
 My soul mounts on the wing,
 At the mere thought
 How Christ her life hath bought."

4 "One more day's work for Jesus:
 In hope, in faith, in prayer,
 His word I've spoken—
 His bread I've broken,
 To souls faint with despair;
 And bade them flee
 To him who hath saved me."

From *Wayfaring Hymns, Original and Translated*, by Anna Warner. Preface date, 1859.

Miss Anna Warner, and her sister, Susan Warner, well known American authors, are the daughters of Mr. Henry Warner, a member of the bar of New York city. This touching hymn was written after the receipt of a letter from the Rev. Benjamin M. Adams, in which, after the close of his day's labors, he spoke of physical weariness, and of abounding spiritual joy.

573 *For the head of a family.* C. P. M.

I AND my house will serve the Lord;
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians, live.

CHARLES WESLEY.

In this hymn the author is indebted for his leading thought to the words of Joshua xxiv, 15:

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

It is not altered. There are two additional stanzas:

5 "With all-sufficient grace supply,
And lo, I come to testify
The wonders of Thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

"A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach *their* sins forgiven;
Children and wife and servants seize,
And through the ways of pleasantness,
Conduct them all to heaven."

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767.

574 *For watchfulness.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is a great favorite, and is found in all editions of the hymn book. It was first published in *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762; and was written upon Lev. viii, 35:

"Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not."

Wesley very happily utilized this text. It has not been altered.

575 *Sow beside all waters.* S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever sown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author's title was: *The Field of the World*.

It is based upon Eccl. xi, 6 :

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted :

2 "Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 "The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, every where."

In the last stanza the author wrote "*Thence*" instead of "*Then*" in the first line ; and "*cry*" instead of "*shout*" in the last line.

From *A Poet's Portfolio ; or, Minor Poems : in Three Books*, by James Montgomery, 1835.

See No. 5.

576 *Make haste to live.* S. M.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die ;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away ;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray !

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er ;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Author's title : *Live*.

Seven stanzas ; the second, fifth, and sixth have been omitted ; also the refrain of each stanza :

"Make haste, O man, to live !"

2 "To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live !

Make haste, O man, to live !"

5 "The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies ;
The silent toil that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.

Make haste, O man, to live !

6 "The sad, whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
Sow thou by day and night.
Make haste, O man, to live."

Unaltered, except by omissions.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857.
See No. 426.

577 *Victory on the Lord's side.* S. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise !
The Lord our Leader is ;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King ;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight :

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more ;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

THOMAS KELLY.

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1809.

The passage prefixed to the hymn is Psalm xviii, 34 :

"He teacheth my hands to war."

The second and third stanzas are omitted :

2 "Behold ! he leads the way ;
We'll follow where he goes ;
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since he subdues our foes.

3 "Lead on, Almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory ;
Encouraged by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee."

The first and third lines of the second stanza begin :

"We'll follow thee," etc.

The third stanza the author wrote thus :

"We hope to see the day
When toil and strife shall cease ;
We then shall cast our arms away
And dwell in endless peace."

The last two lines of the hymn were written thus :

"And, *O sweet thought!* forever rest
On yonder peaceful shore."

This hymn came into the collection in 1849, and these changes were probably made by the editors of that edition.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 54.

578 *Recompense of toil.* S. M.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Title: *For Tract Distributors.*

The author wrote verse two, line three:

"And where the sons of *penury* pine."

One stanza, the third of the original, has been omitted:

3 "Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng."

This is found in *Select Hymns Adapted to the Devotional Exercises of the Baptist Denomination*, by James H. Linsley and Gustavus F. Davis, 1836.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 287.

579 *Sowing in tears, reaping in joy.* S. M.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long:
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

GEORGE BURGESS.

From the author's *Book of Psalms in English Verse*. New York, 1840.

Part of a metrical version of Psalm cxxvi.

These two stanzas are founded on the last two verses of the psalm:

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The Rev. George Burgess, D.D., was born in Providence, R. I., in 1809; was graduated at Brown University, and afterward spent two years in German universities. In 1834 he was chosen rector of Christ Church, Hartford, where he remained until 1847, when he was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Maine. Bishop Burgess died on his passage home from the West Indies, while on a voyage for his health in 1866.

580 *On guard.* S. M.

LET us keep steadfast guard
With lighted hearts all night,
That when Christ comes, we stand prepared,
And meet him with delight.

2 At midnight's season chill
Lay Paul and Silas bound,—
Bound, and in prison sang they still,
And singing, freedom found.

3 Our prison is this earth,
And yet we sing to thee:
Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,
Set us, believing, free!

4 Meet for thy realm in heaven,
Make us, O holy King!
That through the ages it be given
To us thy praise to sing.

BREVIARY.

The editors of the *Hymnal* found this hymn in the *Book of Praise*, published in Connecticut in 1875.

I have not been able to learn more concerning it.

581 *Perseverance.* S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH, ALT.

Title: *Fight the Good Fight of Faith.*
It has been altered in seven lines, and improved
by the changes.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line three:

"*An host of sins are pressing hard.*"

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

"*Nor once at ease sit down,
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.*"

Verse four, lines two, three, and four:

"*God will the work applaud,
Reveal his Love at thy last breath,
And take to his abode.*"

From *Hymns and Poetic Essays Sacred to the
Public and Private Worship of the Deity, and to
Religious and Christian Improvement*, by the Rev.
George Heath. Bristol, 1781.

This book contains 244 hymns.

582 *The standard of the cross.* S. M.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand—
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of several pieces that the author entitled
Hymns for the Watch-night. It contains twelve
stanzas. These are the first, second, and fourth,
verbatim.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred
Poems*, 1749.

583 *Courage—victory.* S. M.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of a number of *Hymns for Believers*. Six-
teen stanzas in all. These are the fourth, fifth,
and sixth, unaltered.

Hymn No. 251 is the first part of the same.
From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred
Poems*, 1749.

584 *Weigh not thy life.* S. M.

MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

LEONARD SWAIN.

Contributed to the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858.
The author's name was omitted at his special request.
It has not been altered.

The Rev. Leonard Swain, D.D., was born in Concord, N. H., 1821; was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841, and completed his theological course at Andover in 1846. His last pastorate was that of the Central Congregational church, Providence, R. I., and continued from 1851 to his death in 1869.

585

Victory.

S. M.

“**I** THE good fight have fought,”
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
“Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained.”

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas were written upon 2 Tim. iv. 7:

“I have fought a good fight;”

and the last two upon

“I have kept the faith.”

The second stanza is a sublime prayer worthy of the writer. It has not been altered.

586 *The mind that was in Christ.* S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee;
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *The Lord's Controversy.*

This hymn is made up of verses two, three, and seven of a long hymn of twenty-six double stanzas.

The hymn begins with the second stanza of the original, and cannot well be understood without the first.

“O ALL-ATONING Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If every soul may in Thy name
With me salvation find;
If Thou hast chosen me
To testify Thy grace,
(That vast unfathomable sea
Which covers all our race),

“Equip me for the war,” etc.

Charles Wesley had a most intense aversion to the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, as taught by many in his day. This is well shown in the eighth stanza of this same composition. He says:

“Increase (if that can be)
The perfect hate I feel
To Satan's HORRIBLE DECREE,
That genuine child of hell;
Which feigns Thee to pass by
The most of Adam's race,
And leave them in their blood to die
Shut out from saving grace.”

There is more of the same sort, but this will suffice. Slight verbal changes have been made in three lines.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

FIRST PART.

587 *The whole armor of God.* S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The original title was: *The whole armor of God.*
Eph. vi, 11.

The "first part" is composed of verses one, two,
and four of a poem of sixteen stanzas.

Part of this hymn is found in the *Lyra Catholica*,
marked "Anon."

It has not been altered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

SECOND PART.

588 *The shield of faith.* S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part second is composed of verses seven and
eight of the same hymn as the preceding. It is
written on Eph. vi, 16:

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, where-
with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts
of the wicked."

The first line the author wrote:

"But above all, lay hold."

Otherwise it is unaltered.

THIRD PART.

589 *The well-fought day.* S. M.

PRAY, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

2 In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is made up of the twelfth, the first half of
the thirteenth, the last half of the fourteenth, and
the sixteenth stanzas of the original poem, *verbatim*.
It is founded on Eph. vi, 18:

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication
in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all per-
severance and supplication for all saints."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles
Wesley, 1749.

590

Bearing the cross.

C. M.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

JOHN H. GURNEY.

From *A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*,
by the Rev. J. H. Gurney, 1838.

The original text has "plead" instead of "pray" in the first stanza, and "brethren's" instead of "brother's" in the second. One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted:

"Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love."

The Rev. John Hampden Gurney was a clergyman of the Church of England, and lived from 1802 to 1862. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1824, and was ordained in 1828.

591

Christian courage.

C. M.

WORKMAN of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Composed of verses ten to thirteen, inclusive, of a poem of eighteen stanzas. No 596 of this book is a part of the same.

Faber wrote the first word of this hymn in the plural:

"Workmen of God," etc.

From the author's *Hymns*. London, 1862.
For biographical sketch, see No. 125.

592

Toil sanctified.

C. M.

SON of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to thine.

2 Servant, at once, and Lord of all,
While dwelling here below,
Thou didst not scorn our earthly toil
And weariness to know.

3 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

4 Careless through outward care I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

5 O when wilt thou, my life, appear?
Then gladly will I cry,
"Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finished, Lord," and die!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *To be Sung at Work*.

This hymn is new to this book. Part of it is found in John Wesley's *Collection*, 1780.

The second stanza was altered by Mrs. Rice, author of hymn No. 878. Originally it was:

2 "Servant of all, to toil for man,
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy Majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

593

Faith sees the final triumph.

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

This grand and favorite hymn was first published by the author at the end of a sermon, entitled *Holy Fortitude; or, Remedies Against Fear*. The text was:

"Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. xvi, 13.

Watts wrote the last part of the fifth stanza:

"They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye."

The change is a great improvement, whoever made it.

Bishop Emory added this hymn to the *Methodist Hymn Book* when he was Book Agent and Editor at New York, (1824-1832.)

594 *The race for glory.* C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Pressing on in the Christian Race*.
It is founded upon Phil. iii, 12-14:

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Unaltered and entire from *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.
For biographical sketch of author, see No. 78.

595 *Not ashamed of the Gospel.* C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Not Ashamed of the Gospel*.
Written upon 2 Tim. i, 12:

"I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Unaltered and entire from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.

596 *To doubt, disloyal.* C. M.

IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Part of a long hymn, eighteen stanzas, entitled
The Right Must Win.

These are verses one, two, three, six, and eighteen.
No 591 is part of the same. The last stanza is particularly fine.

From the author's *Hymns*. London, 1862.

For biographical sketch of Faber, see No. 125.

597 *Week-day worship.* C. M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be done.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Written in 1870 for a midday service in a city church. It is unaltered and complete.
For sketch of author, see No. 86.

598 *More reapers.* C. M.

STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Title: *Behold the Fields are White.*

The closing stanza, for some reason, is omitted:

4 "O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home."

Unaltered. It was contributed to *Hymns of the Spirit*, which the author compiled, in connection with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, in 1864.
See No. 109.

599 *The Christian warrior.* L. M.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
 Yet vain were skill and valor there,
 Unless, to foil his legion foes,
 He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *The Christian Soldier*. Eph. vi, 10-18.
 Two lines have been altered. The first was:

"The Christian warrior—see him stand."

The last line of the third stanza was:

"The trustiest weapon were 'all prayer.'"

The third, fourth, and sixth stanzas have been omitted:

3 "He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
 But principalities and powers,
 Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
 Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

4 "Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
 Quenched on his shield, at him are hurled;
 The traitor in his heart is known,
 And the dire friendship of this world."

6 "With this omnipotence he moves,
 From this the alien armies flee,
 Till, more than conqueror, he proves,
 Through Christ, who gives him victory."

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.
 See No. 5.

600

L. M.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
 By actions show your sins forgiven,
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all his Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
 Contending for your native place;
 And emulate the angel choir,
 And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
 Ye nothing seek or want beside;
 Dead to the world and sin ye live,
 Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
 Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
 And glorious as your Head revealed,
 Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

This was written on Col. iii, 1-4:

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

It has not been altered.

601

Take up thy cross.

L. M.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
 "If thou wouldst my disciple be;
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
 Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
 To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
 And calmly every danger brave;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST.

The Scripture basis is Matt. xvi, 24:

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

I have not been able to verify the reputed authorship of this hymn.

The Rev. Charles William Everest (1814-1877) was a native of Connecticut; was graduated at Trinity College in 1838; was rector at Hartford and in other places; and edited a volume entitled *The Poets of Connecticut*. Hartford, 1843. He was also the author of *Vision of Death*, and *Other Poems*.

602 *The sure reward.* L. M.

IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done.

3 And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Author's title; *Seed-time and Harvest*.

The first three stanzas of the original poem are omitted:

"As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

"Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

"Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?"

Then follows the hymn.

The thought of the poet is a true and very comforting one, that God will reward those who *try* to serve him; even though they may not succeed according to their expectations.

Unaltered. From the author's *Miscellaneous Poems*.

See No. 197.

603 *Zeal in labor.* L. M.

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
HORATIUS BONAR.

Original title: *The Useful Life*.

Three stanzas, the third, fifth, and sixth, are omitted:

3 "Go, labor on; enough while here,
If He shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain."

5 "Go, labor on; while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
It is not thus that souls are won.

6 "Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom."

Unaltered. From the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857.

See No. 426.

604 *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

JOSEPH GRIGG,
ALT. BY B. FRANCIS.

The merits of the piece belong largely to the original author who composed it—it is said—when only ten years of age.

ORIGINAL.

Ashamed of Me. Mark viii, 38.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal Man ashamed of Thee?
Seorn'd be the Thought by Rich and Poor;
O may I seorn it more and more!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let Ev'ning blush to own a Star.
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let Midnight blush to think of Noon.

3 'Tis Evening with my Soul till He,
That Morning-Star bids Darkness flee;
He sheds the Beam of Noon divine
O'er all this Midnight Soul of mine.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! shall yon Field
Blush when it thinks who bids it yield?
Yet blush I must, while I adore,
I blush to think I yield no more.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! of that Friend,
On whom, for Heaven, my Hopes depend;
It must not be—be this my Shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

6 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no Crimes to wash away;
No Tear to wipe, no Joy to crave,
No Fears to quell, no Soul to save.

7 'Till then, (nor is the Boasting vain),
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O, may this my Portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me!

It was published in a pamphlet entitled *Four Hymns on Divine Subjects*, 1765.

Joseph Grigg was born in humble circumstances, and in early life was a mechanic. He was a deeply pious man, and for a number of years (1743-1747) was assistant pastor of a Presbyterian church in London. He died in 1768.

605 *Living to Christ.* L. M.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Christ's Service, the Fruit of our Labors on Earth.* Phil. i, 22.

This hymn has been altered considerably since it was first published by Job Orton, in 1755. The third line in the second stanza was originally:

"*Thine ever-smiling Face to see.*"

The first line of the third stanza:

"I would not *breathe* for worldly Joy;"

and the last part of the fourth stanza:

"Nor could *untainted Eden* give
Such Bliss as *Blossoms* at his Side."

The last line of the hymn read:

"His *Love hath animating Power.*"

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 78.

606 *Beginning the labors of the day.* L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Before Work.*

The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted:

- 2 "The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.
- 3 "Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love."

The author wrote "Thee may I set," etc., in the second stanza.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.607 *The Master calling.* 8, 7.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

- 2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

DANIEL MARCH.

Only one word has been altered. The first line was originally:

"Hark the voice of Jesus crying."

Two stanzas, the second and third, with which

the author has very kindly furnished me, have been omitted:

- 2 "If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the needy nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.
- 3 "If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms."

The history of this hymn is as follows:

In 1868 the author was a pastor in Philadelphia. On the 18th of October he was to preach, by request, to the Christian Association of that city. At a late hour he learned that one of the hymns selected was not suitable. His text was, "Here am I; send me," Isa. vi, 8. In "great haste," he says, he wrote the hymn, and it was sung from the manuscript.

The Rev. Daniel March, D.D., a Congregational clergyman, was born in 1816. He is the author of *Night Scenes in the Bible*, and of other prose works.

608 *Faith of our fathers.* L. M. 61.

FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

- 3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

FREDERICK W. FABER.

From *Jesus and Mary; or, Catholic Hymns for Singing and Reading*, by Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

There are four stanzas in the original. These are verses one, two, and four, *verbatim*.

The third stanza is omitted for evident reasons :

"Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

See No. 125.

609 *Thy service is perfect freedom.* 7, 6, 8.

L O! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee, to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For a Believer, In Worldly Business.*
Six stanzas. The third, fourth, and fifth are
omitted, but they are too good to be forgotten:

3 "Thou, O Lord, in tender love
Dost all my burdens bear,
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there:
Calm, on tumult's wheel, I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes, alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.

4 "To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted, I;
Here I find an house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

5 "Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
Is all laid up above;
Far above these earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings
And freely talks with God."

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that
Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ.*
London, 1747.

610 *A calm and thankful heart.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness.*
Ten stanzas. These are the last three. Three
lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line one:

"And O, whate'er of earthly bliss."

Verse three, line two:

"My path of life attend."

Verse three, line four:

"And bless its happy end."

The end of the author's life was indeed "happy." Dr. Caleb Evans, her biographer, says: "She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and, at length, the happy moment of her dismission arriving, she closed her eyes, and, with these animating words on her dying lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' gently fell asleep in Jesus."

The whole hymn is found in *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760. For biographical sketch, see No. 63.

611 *The only solace in sorrow.* C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

One of the author's *Sacred Songs*, founded on
Psa. cxlvii, 3:

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up
their wounds."

One quatrain has been left out; its place is be-
tween the third and fourth stanzas:

"When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too."

Thomas Moore, author of *Lalla Rookh* and the
Irish Melodies, was born in Dublin in 1779; was
graduated at Dublin University, and subsequently
studied law. Many of Moore's poems are of little
value, yet he possessed great genius and all the
qualities that are required in a great poet, except
true religion. Were we to judge from his *Sacred
Songs* alone, he was not altogether a stranger to
that. For example:

"The bird let loose in eastern skies."

And

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean."

There are no lines in English poetry more tender
and devout than these two lyric gems.

Moore died in 1852, and his memoirs were edited
by Lord John Russell.

From *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore*, cor-
rected by himself. London, 1868.

612 *Consolation in sickness.* C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid;

5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Title: *My Meditation of Him shall be Sweet.*
Psa. civ, 34.

The original has fifteen stanzas. These are the
first four, the eighth, and fourteenth. Two slight
changes have been made.

The third line of the first verse Toplady wrote:

"'Tis sweet to look beyond my *Cage*."

and the last line of verse six:

"Immediately from thee."

This "sweet" hymn was written in illness, and
sent to the Countess of Huntingdon by Toplady.
It may be called the dying testimony of the author
of *Rock of Ages*.

From *Toplady's Works*. See No. 415.

613 *Friend of souls.* C. M.

O FRIEND of souls! how blest the time
When in thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast!

2 The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

3 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure;
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.

4 And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth thee.

5 To others, death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.

6 Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

WOLFGANG C. DESSLER.

In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Psalm xvi, 11.

This translation is found in *Christ in Song*, edited by Dr. Philip Schaff, and is evidently based upon the translation of Miss Catharine Winkworth, in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, 1855.

For biographical sketch of Dessler, see No. 448.

614 *Unfaltering trust.* C. M.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

Original title: *Father of Love.*

"Doubtless thou art our Father." Isa. lxiii, 16.

This is *verbatim* and entire as found in *Psalms and Hymns for the Church*, written by William J. Irons, D.D. London, 1875.

For sketch of author, see No. 225.

615 *Crosses and blessings.* C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

JAMES HERVEY, ALT.

This hymn is found in a forgotten book: *Reflections on a Flower-Garden. In a Letter to a Lady*. It is usually found in connection with the author's once famous *Meditations and Contemplations*.

The hymn is prefaced with this "reflection:—"

"Be still, then, thou uneasy mortal: know that God is unerringly wise, and be assured that, amidst the greatest multiplicity of beings, he does not overlook thee."

Verses two and three have changed places.
Original of altered lines.

Verse one, line one:

"Since all the downward tracks of time."

Verse one, line four:

"And regulate our ways."

Verse three, lines one and two:

"Since none can doubt his equal love.
Immeasurably kind."

The Rev. James Hervey lived from 1713 to 1758. He was graduated at Oxford, entered the ministry as a clergyman of the Church of England, and was the author of several works which, in their day, were considered valuable.

616 *Habitual devotion.* C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

This hymn is full of submission, and of faith in God.

Miss Helen Maria Williams was born in England in 1762, and lived until 1827. She gained an early and wide reputation by her writing in prose and poetry. Miss Williams's poems were published in London in 1786 in two small volumes. Two words only have been altered:

The author wrote "*powers of thought*" in the second stanza, and "*low'ring storm*" instead of "*gathering*" in the last stanza.

617 *Acquiescence in the Divine will.* C.M.

AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thine hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defense,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
"The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

JAMES MERRICK, ALT.

Author's title: *The Ignorance of Man.*

This is a part of a longer hymn, beginning:

"Behold yon new-born infant grieved."

It has been altered in nearly every line.

The Rev. James Merrick (1720-1769) was ordained priest in the Church of England, but his health never permitted him to do pastoral work. He was the author of several books, of which the best known are *Poems on Sacred Subjects*, and *The Psalms, Translated or Paraphrased in English Verse* 1765.

618 *Overwhelming grief.* C.M.

THOU, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suffering Son,—

2 O by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

3 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Father, thy will be done,"—

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS, ALT.

The author's title was: *Hymn by the Sick Bed of a Mother.*

It was written in 1826, and published first in *Hymns for Children*. It begins:

"Father who in," etc.

The meter has been changed from particular to common by the addition of two syllables to the last line of each stanza. The words inserted are "*suffering*" in the first stanza, "*whelming*" in the second and fourth, and "*Father*" in the third.

These changes were probably made by the editors of the 1849 edition.

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born at Liverpool in 1793. Her educational advantages were very limited; but she was a great reader and student all her life. She began to write very early, and in 1808, when only fourteen years of age, published a volume, entitled *Juvenile Poems*. From this time until her death, in 1835, she wrote and published many volumes. Her maiden name was Browne. She married Captain Hemans, of the militia, in 1812. Mrs. Hemans ranks among the first lyrical poets.

619

Remember me!

C. M.

OTHOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
 Reproach and shame shall be,
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and
 grief,
 This feeble body see;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
 Hear, and remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
 I wait thy just decree,
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry, "Remember me."

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,
 Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
 O Lord, remember me.

THOMAS HAWEIS, ALT.

"Remember me, O my God, for good." Neh.
 xiii, 31.

The original (1792) has six stanzas. These are
 verses one, five, four, and six, altered. Verses two
 and three of the original are omitted. The last
 stanza has been added by another writer.

The author wrote, verse one, line two:

"I lift my heart to thee."

Verse two, lines one, two, and three:

"If on my face for thy dear Name,
 Shame and reproaches be;
 All hail reproach and welcome shame."

Verse three, line one:

"Distrest with pain, disease, and grief."

Verse four, lines one and two:

"The hour is near, consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree."

Omitted stanzas:

2 "When groaning on my burden'd heart,
 My sins lie heavily;
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me.

3 "Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee;
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
 For good remember me."

16

From *Carmina Cristo*; or, *Hymns to the Saviour*,
 1792. Another edition, enlarged, was published in
 1808.

See No. 270.

620

Light at evening.

C. M.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
 By many a cloud o'ercast;
 And worldly cares and worldly fears,
 Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
 Could we but read aright,
 "Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
 At eve it shall be light!"

3 Though earthborn shadows now may
 shroud
 Thy thorny path awhile,
 God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power divine;
 And ere thy sun shall set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
 A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
 By faith and not by sight,
 And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
 "At eve it shall be light."

BERNARD BARTON.

The author's title was: *Hope for the Mourner*.

"But it shall come to pass, that at evening time
 it shall be light." Zech. xiv, 7.

There are slight changes in two stanzas.

Verse two, line four:

"At eve there shall be light."

Verse five, line four:

"Betokening storms shall cease."

From the writer's *Household Verses*, 1845.
 For biographical sketch, see No. 507.

621

Grateful acknowledgment.

C. M.

I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

- 2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

The author's title was: *Recovery from Sickness.*

Founded on the first part of Psa. cxvi:

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

Three stanzas, the third, fourth, and sixth, have been omitted:

- 3 "My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplexed my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God, I cried, thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just,
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."
- 6 "My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears,
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years."

The verses given are unaltered. Published in 1719.

622

He leadeth me.

L. M.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort
fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

The seed-thought and title of this favorite hymn is: "He leadeth me beside the still waters," Psa. xxiii, 2.

It first appeared in the *Watchman and Reflector*, (Boston, Dec. 4, 1862), in which it was signed "Contocook."

The hymn is not altered, save that the last two lines of the chorus have been added by another hand.

The Rev. Joseph Henry Gilmore, a Baptist minister, was born in 1834.

623 *Patient thankfulness and trust.* L. M.

ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace,"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O Death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title is: *In Affliction*.
The last three stanzas are especially fine.
It is unaltered and entire.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

624 *For sustaining grace.* L.M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

UNKNOWN.

In the Hymnal this is attributed to Thomas Coke, but without sufficient warrant. It was supposed for a long time that the first official hymn book of the M. E. Church was compiled by Bishops Coke and Asbury. It has been shown that this book was substantially a reprint of *A Pocket Hymn Book*, published in York, England, by Robert Spence. (Sixth edition, 1786.)

This hymn appears in the York book. One stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 "Correct, reprove, and comfort me,
As I have need my Saviour be;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart."

625 *Friend of the friendless.* L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor I may be, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The original title was: *Looking Upwards in a Storm*.

Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth, have been omitted:

4 "That were a grief, I could not bear,
Did'st thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

5 "Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocatè with thee;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast."

The third line of the third verse is:

"Does not the *word still fixed* remain."

And the last line was:

"For whom the *Lord vouchsafes* to plead."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biography, see No. 44.

626 *In hope, believing against hope.* L.M.

A WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is the first half of a hymn written upon Hab. iii, 17, 18:

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

It will be seen, by comparison, that the second stanza is an excellent metrical rendering of this fine passage of Scripture.

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

627 *Blessing for mourners.* L. M.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known,
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Title: *Blessed are They that Mourn.*

This hymn was written in 1820, for a collection to be used in the Rev. William Ware's—afterward Dr. Bellows's—church in New York city.

The third line of the first stanza evidently troubled the author considerably. As originally written, it was:

"The God who loves our race has shown."

In his *Poems* (1854 edition) it was:

"The Power who pities man has shown."

In an autograph letter to a member of the committee that edited this Hymnal, he gave to it its pre-ent form. It was his last revision. One stanza, the fourth, is omitted:

4 "And Thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again."

For biographical sketch, see No. 201.

628 *Resignation.* L. M.

THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me
here,
I know that all is bright above,

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with
tears;

The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend unto a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

JANE E. ROSCOE.

Title: *Comfort in Affliction.*

The original began:

"My Father! when around me spread,"

It contained eight stanzas. The first three have been omitted. The last stanza of the hymn has been altered. The author wrote it:

"That glorious hour will well repay
A life of toil and care and woe;
O Father, joyful on my way
To drink thy bitter cup I go!"

Jane Elizabeth Roscoe, afterward Mrs. Hornblower, lived from 1793 until 1853.

This fine hymn, full of faith and resignation, was first published in *Sabbath Recreations*, edited by Emily Taylor, in 1829.

629 *Sympathetic love.* L. M.

LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art
near!"

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The original title was: *Hymn of Trust*.
It is unaltered and entire. From the author's
Poems, 1862.
For biographical sketch, see No. 135.

630 *It is I; be not afraid.* Matt. xiv, 27. L. M.

WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging
storm,

In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove,—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know, or know him not.

4 And when the last dread hour is come,
And shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

SIR J. E. SMITH.

This hymn, founded on the words of the Master, first appeared in *Sabbath Recreations*, (1829,) a little book, edited by Miss Emily Taylor.

Instead of "lonely" in the second stanza the author wrote "*his lone*;" and instead of "wake" in the fourth stanza the original has "*call*."

The third and fourth stanzas have been omitted:

3 "Bless'd be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
Lo! it is I; be not afraid.

4 "When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage;
Bless'd be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, 'God is over all,'"

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 67.

631 *Meekness and patience.* L. M.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

3 Close by my side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown:
O may I conquer through thy blood.

5 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

C. F. RICHTER. TR. BY J. WESLEY.

From the German, by the Rev. Christian Friedrich Richter.

See No. 394.

This second stanza is omitted:

"With fraudless, even, humble Mind,
Thy Will in all Things may I see:
In Love be every Wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole Heart to thee,"

This translation appeared in Wesley's *first* hymn book, edited and printed in America: *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. Charles-Town, 1737.

632 *Comfort in the promises.* L. M.

O GOD, to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.
CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

The original title was: *After the Death of My Dear Husband*.

It was written in the first person :

"My God, to thee I raise mine eyes,"

and so on throughout the hymn. The only other change is in verse four, line one :

"Now, Lord, thy needful aid afford."

From the author's *Poems, Written on Different Occasions*, 1806.

In the preface the editor says : "Charlotte Smith was born in the year 1775 under circumstances the most unfavorable ; and it is probable that whatever in her character or subsequent conduct may have been deserving of praise, has owed its origin to religious impressions early made upon her mind by the pious conductors of a Sunday-school."

She had some small educational advantages in a charity school, but at the age of sixteen went out to service. In 1802 she married a Mr. Richardson, and two years later was widowed. Her *Poems* (thirty-seven pieces) were published by subscription. They show but little poetic talent, yet manifest true piety and great trust in God.

633 *Believers encouraged.* S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee ;
Who wait for their salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Title : *Weak Believers Encouraged.*

Part of a hymn of eight double stanzas. These verses are the first, the first half of the second,

the fourth, and the last half of the eighth, *verbatim*.

The whole poem can be found in the author's *Works*, or in *The Poetical Remains of Toplady*, published by Daniel Sedgwick. London, 1860. See No. 415.

634 *With Christ.* S. M.

JESUS, one word from thee
Fills my sad soul with peace :
My griefs are like a tossing sea ;
They hear thy voice and cease.

2 Soon as thy pitying face
Shone through my stormy fears,
The storm swept by, nor left a trace,
Save the sweet dew of tears.

3 And when thou call'st me, Lord,
Where thickest dangers be,
Even the waves a path afford ;
I walk the waves with thee.

4 With thee within my bark
I'll dare death's threatening tide,
Nor count the passage strange or dark
With Jesus by my side.

5 Dear Lord, thy faithful grace
I know and I adore :
What shall it be to see thy face
In heaven for evermore !

HERVEY D. GANSE.

Written in 1872, and published first in the *New York Observer*. It was afterward published in *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, edited by Drs. Hitchcock, Eddy, and Schaff, 1874.

It is unaltered and complete.

For sketch of author, see No. 283.

635 *In the Saviour's care.* S. M.

MY spirit, on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I ravine ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest ;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Written upon Psalm xxxi:

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed," etc.

Unaltered. From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, (third edition, 1864.)

For biographical sketch of the author see No. 27.

636 *Walking by faith.* S. M.

IF, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, ALT.

Part of the hymn from which No. 633 is taken.

This hymn is made up of the last part of the second stanza, first half of the third, last half of the fourth, and the last half of the fifth—all of them altered.

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

1 "Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That waits you smooth along.

2 "Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home.

3 "Soon shall our doubts and fears,
Subside at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

4 "Yet learn in every state,
To make his will your own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone."

It will be seen that the first stanza is almost entirely new, and that there are a number of word-changes in the others. This was done by some hymn-book editor.

For biography of Toplady, see No. 415.

637 S. M.

My times are in Thy hand. Psa. xxxi, 15.

"MY times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD.

One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted:

5 "My times are in thy hand:"
Jesus, my Advocate:
Nor shall Thine hand be stretched in vain,
For me to supplicate."

From the author's *Thoughts in Rhyme*, 1835.

William Freeman Lloyd was an English layman, an enthusiastic Sunday-school worker, and editor of literature for the young. He lived from 1791 until 1853.

638 *Through death to life.* S. M.

WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest before thy throne,
Where saints and angels live.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Rom. viii, 18.

The hymn closes with this doxology :

"All glory, LORD, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One God for evermore." Amen.

Written in 1852.

Contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861.
See No. 91.

639 *No cause for fear.* 7, 6.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand!

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This excellent hymn is founded on the first part of Psa. xxvii:

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life;

of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

In the fifth line of the second stanza, the original has "thine heart."

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

For biographical sketch, see No. 5.

640 *The pilgrims of Jesus* 7, 6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

2 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus woreth
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn,—

3 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

4 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.

TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

From *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. London, 1862.

One word has been changed, the original has "*vaunt-couriers*" in the first line of the third stanza instead of "forerunners."

Joseph of the Studium was a Greek monk of the ninth century. Dr. Neale relates the following legend concerning his death:

"A citizen of Constantinople betook himself to

the Church of Saint Theodore, in the hope of obtaining some benefit from the intercessions of that martyr. He waited three days in vain; then, just as he was about to leave the church in despair, Saint Theodore appeared. 'I,' said the vision, 'and the other saints, whom the poet Joseph has celebrated in his Canons, have been attending his soul to Paradise, hence my absence from my church.'"

641 *Peace and joy* 7, 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *Joy and Peace in Believing.*

This is not a hymn, strictly speaking, but it is a very fine little poem. It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Sometimes it is accredited to John Newton.

The *Olney Hymns* were composed by Newton and Cowper, and edited by Newton, who designated Cowper's hymns by prefixing the letter C. to them. In most editions of the *Olney Hymns* we find this piece so marked; but in John Newton's *Works*, published about ten years before his death, (second edition, 1816, about ten years after he died,) this hymn has no C. prefixed to it. This may be a

typographical error. If so, it is strange that it was not corrected in the second edition.

The third stanza contains happy allusions to Christ's Sermon on the Mount, Matt. vi, and the last stanza is a successful paraphrase of Hab. iii, 17, 18.

One line has been altered, verse two, line seven. The author wrote:

"*E'en let the unknown to-morrow.*"

642 *I will fear no change.* 7, 6.

I N heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING.

"I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." Psa. xliii, 4.

Miss Waring's hymns are characterized by simplicity, beauty, and a rational, child-like faith. This is unaltered and entire.

From *Hymns and Meditations*. London, 1850. See No. 510.

643 *The cross accepted.* 8, 7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Title: *Lo, we have left all and followed Thee.*

This favorite hymn appeared in Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist* (1825) without the name of the author. He doubtless found it in some periodical.

The third line of verse one the author wrote:

"Destitute, despised, forsaken."

And the first line of the fifth verse was:

"Take my soul, thy full salvation."

From *Poems, Chiefly Religious*, by Henry Francis Lyte. London, 1833.

See No. 27.

644

Only waiting.

8, 7.

ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown:
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown:
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES L. MACE.

This fine hymn was written in 1854, and first published in the *Waterville Mail*, a local paper in Maine, Sept. 7, 1854. The author was then a school-girl, and contributed to the poet's corner of this paper under the *nom de plume* of "Inez." It was widely copied, and appeared in various hymn books as "Anon." A few years ago an inquiry was made as to the authorship, and Mrs. Mace acknowledged it.

The title and burden of the poem are not original with the author. A poor old man in an almshouse being asked what he was doing now, replied, "Only waiting." Mrs. Mace heard of this, and based the poem upon it. Several lines have been slightly altered, and one stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 "Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away,
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

The author writes: "Nothing was further from my thoughts, when I sent these simple lines to the *Waterville Mail*, than that they would ever receive more than a passing notice of the readers of that paper."

Miss Frances Laughton was born in Orono, Maine, in 1836. In 1855 she was married to Benj. H. Mace, Esq., a lawyer of Bangor. A dainty volume of Mrs. Mace's poems, entitled *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets*, was published in Boston in 1883.

645 *In deep affliction.* 8, 7.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.

2 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

3 By thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour,
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

4 By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *For a Woman Near the Time of her Travail.*

Four double stanzas, the second and fourth are omitted.

The second line in the last stanza Wesley wrote:

"By Thy bloody sweat I pray."

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*. Bristol, 1767.

646 *Gently lead us.* 8, 7, 4.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Author's title: *Pilgrimage.*

This hymn first appeared in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*. Words and music arranged by

Thomas Hastings, of Utica, and Lowell Mason, of Boston. Utica, 1832.

As then published, the hymn had no refrain. The first stanza has been changed from this form:

"Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us
Till our last great change appears."

The last stanza began:

"And when mortal life is ended."

The rest is *verbatim*.

See No. 177.

647 *Worldly pleasures renounced.* 8, 7.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures,
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

DAVID E. FORD.

Title: *The Watchful Servants.*

It was written upon Luke xii, 35-40.

A few changes have been made by the hymn editors.

The Rev. David Everard Ford, an English Wesleyan minister, was the author of *Hymns Chiefly on the Parables of Christ*. London, 1828. From which this was taken.

648 *The pilgrim's Guide.* L. M. 61.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place;
 But hasten through the vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find:
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast
 borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven;
 That palace of our glorious King,—
 We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength re-
 newed;
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Saviour in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Original title: *The Traveler*.

Two stanzas, the fifth and seventh, have been omitted:

5 "Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
 And still with longing eyes look up,
 Our hearts and prayers before us send,
 Our ready scouts of faith and hope,
 Who bring us news of *Sion* near,
 We soon shall see the towers appear."

7 "Even now we taste the pleasures there,
 A cloud of spicy odors comes,
 Soft wafted by the balmy air,
 Sweeter than *Araby's* perfumes;
 From *Sion's* top the breezes blow,
 And cheer us in the vale below."

In the last line of the hymn the author wrote
 "Captain" instead of "Saviour."
 From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that
 Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*.
 London, 1747.

649 *Steadfast reliance.* L. M. 6 l.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my
 head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone;
 Though joys be withered all, and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,—
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

JOHANN A. ROTHE.
 TR. BY J. WESLEY.

These were the last two stanzas of No. 420,
 (which see,) until the 1849 edition of the hymn
 book, and were printed with it.

The translation was first published in *Hymns and
 Sacred Poems*, 1740.

These stanzas have not been altered.

650 *The ever-present Saviour.* L. M. 6 l.

JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,—
 Our hearts with love to thee o'er-
 flow,—
 With thanks for thy continued gift,
 That still thy gracious name we know,
 Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
 And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
 Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
 We have through fire and water gone,
 But saw thee on the floods appear,
 And felt thee present in the flame,
 And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
 O keep us faithful to the end,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
 His friends and witnesses to own,
 And seat us on his glorious throne!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At Meeting of Friends*.

The original contains six stanzas; these are the
 first two and the last.

Five lines were altered by John Wesley for his
Collection, 1780.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line four:

"That still thy *precious* name we know."

Verse three:

"*The grace which kept us to this hour,
Shall keep us faithful to the end,
When, clothed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.*"

From the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

651 *I will fear no evil.* Psa. xxiii, 4. L. M. 6 l.

PEACE, doubting heart! my God's I am;
Who formed me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, forever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless, their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defense,
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The original has seven stanzas; these are the first four, *verbatim*. It was inspired by a precious passage from Isa., xliii, 1, 2:

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

652

Rest for the weary.

11, 10.

COME unto me, when shadows darkly
gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad-
ness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude-
ly pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
CATHARINE H. ESLING.

Author's title: *Come Unto Me*.
The burden of this beautiful sacred poem is the
familiar invitation of Jesus:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy
laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi, 28.

It was written for an annual, called the *Christian
Keepsake*, (1839,) by Miss Catharine H. Watter-
man, of Philadelphia.

The original poem contains nine stanzas. This
hymn is composed of verses three, eight, and nine,
slightly altered.

Miss Watterman was born in 1812; in 1840 she
married George J. Esling, of Philadelphia. In
1850 her poems were collected and published under
the title: *The Broken Bracelet, and Other Poems*.
Mrs. Esling claims connection with the Protestant
Episcopal Church. This gem of holy song will
long preserve her name in the Church of Christ.

653

The precious name.

8, 7.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

Mrs. Baxter, the writer of "There is a gate that stands ajar," and other popular hymns, was born in Petersburg, N. Y., in 1809. She was converted early in life, and united with a Baptist church. Later in life she resided in New York city; was an invalid for many years, but a patient and cheerful sufferer. She died in 1874.

A volume of her poems, *Gems by the Wayside*, was published in 1855.

654 *Jesus, as thou wilt* 6.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt;
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

TR. BY MISS J. BORTHWICK.

Title: *Thy Will be Done*.

"It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." 1 Sam. iii, 18.

The translation is from *Hymns from the Land of Luther*. Edinburgh, 1853. Seven stanzas; these are the first, fourth, and last, *verbatim*.

For sketch of translator, see No. 352.

For biographical sketch of Schmolke, see No. 228.

655 6.
Christian trial, suffering, and submission.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Author's title: *Thy Way not Mine*.

Seven four-lined stanzas; the second is omitted:

"Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest."

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. Unaltered.

For sketch of author, see No. 426.

656 *The only refuge.* 7.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide.
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title is: *In Temptation*.

This is probably the most popular and widely used hymn in the English language. One stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 "Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and, behold, I live!"

There are several stories concerning the origin of this hymn. One is that a meeting of the Wesley brothers was broken up by a mob. They took refuge in a spring-house. There the author, inspired by gratitude for their providential escape, wrote the hymn with a piece of lead which he hammered into a pencil. Another is that the writer was one day sitting at an open window, when a little bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in and took refuge in the poet's bosom. This incident, it is said, suggested the hymn. Neither of these stories can be verified. They are doubtless pure myths. The original title gives us some light, and the omitted stanza, especially in connection with the first verse, shows that some of the imagery and language of this hymn were borrowed from the story of Peter's attempt to walk on the Sea of Galilee. Matt. xiv, 28-31. The author's genius and his rough experience on the Atlantic account for the rest.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This hymn was published without a title. Two words are changed. The original has "*the vale*" instead of "*this vale*" in the first stanza, and "*happy place*" instead of "*heavenly place*" in the second. The third and last two stanzas are omitted:

3 "See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with His radiant bands,
And join the angelic powers.
For all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours."

7 "The Father shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

8 "In Hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain Thy cross,
And at Thy footstool fall,
'Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
'Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, vol. ii. Bristol, 1749.

657 *Bliss-inspiring hope.* C. P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

658 *The aged pilgrim.* C. P. M.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
 Thy love, with all a mother's care,
 Sustained my childish days:
 Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
 And formed my heart to love thy truth,
 And filled my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy name
 Doth still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee:
 O yet this bosom feels the fire;
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 Thy voice, transported, shall record
 Thy goodness, tried so long;
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Written upon Psalm lxxi.

This hymn is not altered, except in the first part
 of the second stanza, which the author wrote:

"Then even in age and grief, thy name
 Shall still my languid heart inflame."

Verses one and three are omitted. They are very
 touching:

1 "With years oppress'd, with sorrow worn,
 Dejected, harass'd, sick, forlorn,
 To thee, O God, I pray:
 To thee my wither'd hands arise,
 To thee I lift these failing eyes,
 O! cast me not away."

3 "O, Saviour! has thy grace declined?
 Can years affect th' Eternal Mind?
 Or time its love decay?
 A thousand ages pass thy sight,
 And all their long and weary flight,
 Is gone like yesterday."

From the author's *Sacred Poems*, 1839.
 See No. 140.

659 *Heavenly rest anticipated.* C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 'Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrows fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast,

ISAAC WATTS.

The author's title was: *The Hopes of Heaven our Support Under Trials on Earth.*

Only two words have been changed. The original has "*hellish darts*" instead of "*fiery darts*" in the second stanza, and "*May I*" instead of "*So I*" in the third.

The order of the words of the first line of the last stanza was:

"There *shall I* bathe my weary soul."

Father Bates, an old itinerant, used to sing this line as follows;

"There I shall bathe my *happy* soul."

He ridiculed the idea of a soul being "weary" in heaven.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

660 *God's pavilion.* C. M.

GRANT me within thy courts a place,
 Among thy saints a seat,
 Forever to behold thy face,
 And worship at thy feet;—

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
 When storms of trouble blow,
 And in thy tabernacle hide,
 Secure from every foe.

3 "Seek ye my face!" Without delay,
 When thus I hear thee speak,
 My heart would leap for joy, and say,
 "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
 And earthly comforts flee;
 When father, mother, kindred fail,
 My God, remember me!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Founded on the last part of *Psa. xxvii*. The original contains seven stanzas. These are verses two to five, *verbatim*.

The four stanzas of this hymn were written on verses four, five, eight, and ten of the Psalm:

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the

Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.
See No. 5.

661 *Fullness of joy in His presence.* C. M.

THY gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

3 O happy scenes above the sky,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart!

4 Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall forever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *The Presence of God the Only Comfort in Affliction.*

The original contains ten stanzas; this hymn is composed of the fourth, fifth, and the last four. Four lines have been altered.

Verse one, line two, the author wrote:

"My every wish contains."

Verse three, line one:

"O happy scenes of pure delight."

Verse three, line three:

"Unclouded beauty to the sight."

17

Verse four, line one:

"Her part in those fair realms of bliss."

From *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*,
by Theodosia. Bristol, 1780.
See No. 63.

662 *Vanity of earthly enjoyments.* C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,—
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Love to the Creatures is Dangerous.*

It is said that the author wrote this hymn when suffering under the pain and mortification of a rejection of his marriage proposal.

The beautiful and accomplished Miss Singer (afterward Mrs. Rowe) was herself a poet, and published fugitive pieces under the pseudonym, "Philomela." Watts was permitted to examine some of her unpublished pieces. In July, 1706, he wrote a little poem to the lady in praise of her work. There is no doubt that his regard for the Singer had something to do with his extravagant appreciation of her songs. In the closing lines he says:

"Now be my harp forever dumb,
My Muse attempt no more; 'twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales and wars of Rome;
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal strings:
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To turn the notes of heaven and propagate the joy:
Let all my powers with awe profound,
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings."

Miss Singer was equally an admirer of Dr. Watts's writings; as can be learned from a poem that she

dedicated to him in the same month, July, 1706.
Two of the eight stanzas are as follows:

"Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, Watts! to thy celestial strain,
Surprised I listen still.

"The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget."

It is evident that at this time Mr. Watts and Miss Singer were, to say the least, good friends; but Watts's great musical soul was enshrined in an insignificant and enfeebled body. Miss Singer said that while she "prized the jewel, she could not admire the casket that held it." Othersuitors were pressing their claims. Another won the prize, and Watts lost it. The next year *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* appeared, containing this hymn with its significant title.

Those who read the hymn in the light of these facts must confess that only triumphant grace could enable the author to close with a prayer of consecration:

"Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be," etc.

This vow Dr. Watts faithfully kept. He lived and died—wedded only to Christ.

663 *Radiant hope.* C. M.

WHO, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?

2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites the soul to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.

4 And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Bid us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.(?)

This is a part of hymn No. 1115 in the *Plymouth Collection*, edited by Henry Ward Beecher. Brooklyn, 1855. It begins:

"The broken ties of happier days."

It is not found in Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, which he collected a year before his death.

664 *Deliverance at hand.* C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

FRANCES M. COWPER.

The author's title was: *The Consolation*.

The original has five eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is composed of the first three, unaltered. The other two have no special value.

From *Original Poems on Various Occasions*. By a Lady. Revised by William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple, 1792.

The lady author was Maria Frances Cowper, (1727-1797,) wife of Major Cowper. She was a sister of the Rev. Martin Madan, and cousin, by the mother's side, of William Cowper, the poet.

665 *De profundis.* C. M.

OUT of the depths to thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,—
The power of endless life.

MRS. E. E. MARCY.

Mrs Elisabeth Eunice Marcy, the wife of Oliver Marcy, LL.D., Professor of Natural History in the North-western University, Evanston, Illinois, was born in 1822. She contributed this hymn to the *Hymnal* in 1877.

666 *No cross, no crown.* C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

THOMAS SHEPHERD, ALT.

Sometimes this hymn has been erroneously attributed to Prof. Geo. N. Allen. Mr. Allen wrote the tune *Maitland*; or, *Cross and Crown*, to which it is usually sung, about 1850.

The first verse is altered from the following lines, found in Thomas Shepherd's *Penitential Cries*, 1692:

“Shall Simon bear thy Cross alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me.”

The Rev. Thomas Shepherd was an Englishman, born in 1665, educated at one of the great universities, and took orders in the Established Church. In 1694 he became a Congregationalist, and was the pastor of a church in Braintree, Essex, for forty years, from 1700 till the time of his death in 1739.

667 *For victorious faith.* C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, ALT.

Title: *The Power of Faith*.
Scripture basis, Luke xvii, 5:

“Increase our faith.”

Each stanza, except the third, has been altered by the hymn mender, more or less.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line four:

“Of poverty or woe.”

Verse two, line four:

“Can lean upon its God.”

Verse four, lines three and four:

“That *sin's wild ocean* cannot drown,
Nor *its soft arts* beguile.”

Verse five, lines two and four:

“Till life's last *spark* is fled.”
“*Lights up* a dying bed.”

Verse six, lines one and three:

“Lord, give *me* such a faith as this.”
“I taste e'en *now* the hallowed bliss.”

From *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*. By W. H. Bathurst. London, 1831.
The preface date is Barwick-in-Elmet, Nov. 15, 1830. Bathurst was rector there at the time.
See No. 61.

668

C. M.

Strength renewed in waiting upon the Lord.

L ORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Isa. xl, 31.

The original contains fourteen stanzas; these are the first four, *verbatim*.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

669

C. M.

To live is Christ, and to die is gain. Phil. i, 21.

L ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saint
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

RICHARD BAXTER, ALT.

This is a part of a hymn of eight double-stanzas, entitled *The Covenant and Confidence of Faith*. These are verses four, seven, and eight, slightly altered.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line one:

"Now it belongs not to my care."

Verse two, line four:

"That shall have the same pay."

Verse three, lines three and four:

"He that *into* God's kingdom comes
Must enter by *this* door."

Verse six, line three:

"But *it's* enough that Christ knows all."

This was a hymn of personal consecration, which the author wrote for himself. In a note he says: "This Covenant, my dear Wife, in her former Sickness, subscribed with a cheerful will."

The title of the book from which this hymn is taken is a curiosity. It is "*Poetical Fragments: Heart-Employment with God and Itself. Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart, Sorrowing-rejoicing, Fearing-hoping, Dying-living*." Written partly for himself, and partly for near Friends in Sickness and other deep Affliction. By Richard Baxter. London, 1681."

The Rev. Richard Baxter was born in 1610. He was largely self-educated, took orders in the Church of England, and began his ministry about 1640. He was a Puritan at heart, and on the passage of the "Act of Uniformity" renounced his living. In 1685 he was imprisoned by the infamous Judge Jeffries on the charge of sedition, remained in prison for a year and a half, and was then released. He died in 1691. He was a voluminous writer. The best known of his works is *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*.

670 *Christ strengthening the weak.* C. M.

O THOU, whose filmed and failing eye,
Ere yet it closed in death,
Behold thy mother's agony,
The shameful cross beneath!

2 Remember them, like her, through whom
The sword of grief is driven,
And O, to cheer their cheerless gloom,
Be thy dear mercy given.

3 Let thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above;
Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love.

- 4 O Son of Mary, Son of God,
The way of mortal ill,
By thy blest feet in triumph trod,
Our feet are treading still.
- 5 But not with strength like thine, we go
This dark and dreadful way;
As thou wert strengthened in thy woe,
So strengthen us, we pray.

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON.

Written in 1869 for *Hymns of the Church*—the hymnal of the Reformed Dutch Church, of which the author is a member. It has not been essentially altered.

The Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson, D.D., was born in 1822, and was graduated at the University in New York in 1842. Dr. Thompson is the author and translator of a number of valuable hymns.

671

C. M.

Blessed are they that mourn. Matt. v, 4.

FROM lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

- 2 Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

- 3 How rich, how sweet, how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

- 4 Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn;
They shall be comforted."

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

This hymn is a part of a poem of four eight-lined stanzas, and is made up of the last part of the first, the last part of the second, and the fourth verses.

ORIGINAL.

- 1 "O deem not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own;
From lips divine, like healing balm," etc.

- 2 "As blossoms smitten by the rain
Their sweetest odors yield—
As where the plowshare deepest strikes
Rich harvests crown the field,
So, to the hopes by sorrows crushed," etc.

- 3 "Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals:
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals,
The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before."

In the first line of the last stanza of the hymn, the author wrote:

"Supernal wisdom," etc.

William Henry Burleigh was born in Connecticut in 1812; was brought up on his father's farm, and attended the district school. He was a born reformer; and, living in New England, in his time and with his disposition, naturally identified himself with the radical abolitionists and prohibitionists. His business was that of editor and lecturer. Poetry was his recreation. The poem, *Blessed are they that mourn*, was born of sorrow. Within the space of two years he buried his father, wife, eldest daughter, and eldest son. Let no one imagine that the strong, calm faith of this hymn was attained without difficulty. In a letter to a friend he said: "It is not without strong wrestlings that doubt and murmurings are put under my feet, and I am enabled to struggle up into the purer atmosphere of faith."

Mr. Burleigh lived until 1871.

From the author's poems, 1871.

672

FIRST PART.

S. M.

Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou every-where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
PAUL GERHARDT. TR. BY J. WESLEY.

SECOND PART.

673 *He ruleth all things well.* S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

PAUL GERHARDT. TR. BY J. WESLEY.

This is called Gerhardt's *Hymn of Trust*.

It was doubtless written by him when he was suffering wrongfully for "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

Wesley published this translation in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, (1789,) with the title, *Trust in Providence*.

Four stanzas; the sixth, eighth, and last two are omitted. The hymn is founded on Psalm xxxvii, 5:

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

These twelve stanzas have not been altered.
See No. 212.

674 *The soul's only refuge.* S. M.

THOU Refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Title: *God the Only Refuge of the Troubled Mind*.

Eight stanzas; these are the first, third, fourth, and fifth, altered from common meter. The first line of each stanza has been changed:

- 1 "Dear refuge of my weary soul."
- 2 "To thee I tell each rising grief."
- 3 "But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail."
- 4 "Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?"

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.

For biographical sketch, see No. 63.

675 *Contented piety.* 8, 6.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But to please thee perfectly.

ANNIE L. WARING.

Title: *My times are in Thy hand.* Psa. xxxi, 15.
This is the first poem in the author's *Hymns and Meditations*, 18:0

There are two additional stanzas:

"There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

"In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught 'the truth'
That makes thy children 'free';
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty."

It is unaltered.

The reader will perceive that the meter is a little irregular.

See No. 510.

676 *Go not far from me, O my Strength.* 8, 6.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And O, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in thee.

3 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore;
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
And love and life before,
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more!

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;"
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

ANNA L. WARING,

Part of a long hymn of fourteen stanzas, prefaced by this passage from Psa. xlii, 7, 8:

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

It is evident that the author knew the discipline of severe physical suffering, sustained by a strong submissive faith in Christ. In one of the omitted stanzas she says:

"What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee?
*Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?"*

The effect of sorrow and affliction on the unregenerate heart is to make it hard and bitter; but it sweetens the Christian's spirit and ripens it for heaven. The hymn is composed of verses one, eleven, thirteen, and fourteen, *verbatim*. From *Hymns and Meditations*. London, 1850.

See No. 510.

677

7, 6, 7.

Fearless in the furnace of affliction.

GO of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked, unhurt, in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confessed
In all thy saving power!

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *The Three Children in the Fiery Furnace.* Five stanzas; these are the first and third. The last begins with "But" instead of "For;" otherwise they are not altered.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

678

The shadow of a great Rock.

7, 6, 8.

TO the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of man, I fly;
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast;
 A covert from the tempest be:
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry, barren place,
 O descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet, refreshing grace;
 O'er a parched and weary land,
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
 And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succor been;
 In my utter helplessness,
 Restraining me from sin:
 O how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The hymn has six stanzas in the original; these are the first three, unaltered. It is founded upon Isa. xxxii, 2:

"And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

679

The firm foundation.

11.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and canse thee to stand;
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH.

Title: *Exceeding great and precious promises.*

2 Pet. i, 4.

The second stanza of the original is omitted:

3 "In every condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be."

Slight verbal changes appear in five lines.

Verse one, line four:

"You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled."

Verse two, lines two and four:

"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;"
 "Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

Verse three, lines two and three:

"The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless."

This hymn first appeared in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, where it was marked K—. Some hymn editors have taken this to mean Kennedy; others, Kirkham; still others, Keith. Daniel Sedgwick, the great English hymnologist, assigned it to George Keith, a London publisher.

680 *Fearless in tribulation.* 7, 8, 7.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us:
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see the stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This was published without a title in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, second edition. London, 1745.

The second stanza is omitted:

2 "While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love Divine, which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever."

In the first line the author wrote "*Thy Church*," and "*Through Thee*," etc., in verse two, line seven.

681 *Passionate longing for heaven.* 8.

STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble, I mournfully cry;
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my Redeemer, and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear,
These passionate longings for home;
O when shall my spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of body and pain.

O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest!

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title. The fourth line of the first stanza begins:

"To see my Redeemer," etc.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

682 *Lead, kindly Light.* 10, 4, 10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it
still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Author's title: *The Pillar of the Cloud*.
Written on the Mediterranean Sea in 1833. The mingled gloom and faith, apparent throughout this hymn, doubtless correctly reveal the feelings of the author at the time of writing. It has not been altered.

From *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868.

For sketch of author, see No. 207.

683 *Come, ye disconsolate.* 11, 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;

Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever know-
ing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-
move.

THOMAS MOORE, ALT.

This hymn has been altered. In very nearly
this form it appears in *Spiritual Songs for Social
Worship*, 1832. The changes were probably made
by Thomas Hastings, one of the compilers of that
book.

The following is the original:

1 "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er *you* languish,
Come, at *God's altar* fervently kneel;" etc.

2 "Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, *when all others die*, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, *in God's name* saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 "Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

From *Poetical Works of Thomas Moore*, corrected
by himself. London, 1868.

For biography of the author, see No. 611.

684 *The mercy-seat.* L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

*A Selection of Psalms and Hymns Suited to the
Services of the Church of England*, by the Rev. H.
Stowell, M.A., Manchester, England, 1831, con-
tained this hymn and a few others by the same
writer.

Changes are found in four lines.

ORIGINAL.

Verse two, line four:

"It is the blood-stained mercy-seat."

Verse three, line one:

"There is a *spot* where spirits blend."

Verse five, lines two and four:

"And *time* and sense *seem all* no more;"
"And glory crowns the mercy-seat."

The last stanza is omitted:

6 "Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, stiff, and still;
My bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat."

The Rev. Hugh Stowell, an able and popular
minister of the Church of England, was born in
1799; was graduated at Oxford in 1822, and took
holy orders in the following year. He was the
author of many sermons and addresses; but this
hymn will outlive them all. He died in 1865.

685 *Dedication to the Lord.* L. M.

OR Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

JEAN F. OBERLIN.

TR. BY MRS. D. WILSON.

This hymn first appeared in its English form in *Memoirs of John Frederick Oberlin*. London, 1830, p. 239. The first and third stanzas have this refrain:

"To Thee, my God, to Thee."

The second:

"On Thee, my God, on Thee."

The fourth:

"In Thee, my God, in Thee."

Two lines have been changed. The original has, in the second line of the third stanza:

"*Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;*"

and in the second line of the last stanza:

"*Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing.*"

The book was published anonymously. Sir Roundell Palmer, (Lord Selborne,) in his *Book of Praise*, gives the name of the editor and translator. It was Mrs. Daniel Wilson, of Islington.

Oberlin was a Lutheran divine, born in Starburg in 1740; piously trained and liberally educated. At the age of twenty he wrote out and signed a solemn dedication of himself to God. About 1766 he accepted the pastorate of the village of Waldbach. The region was wild and desolate, and the people sunken in poverty and ignorance. Here he remained for sixty years; and by almost incredible devotion, labor, and perseverance raised the people to a high state of Christian civilization. He died, universally beloved, in 1826.

686 *The Spirit's guidance.* L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy Way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Watch in all things*. 2 Tim. iv, 5.
The original contains fifteen stanzas. No. 497 is a part of the same. These are the first four stanzas. Only one word has been changed. The last stanza of the author's text begins with "When" instead of "If."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

687 *The pure Light of souls.* L. M.

OTHOU pure Light of souls that love,
True Joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

BREVIARY.

Original title: *Salutis humanæ Sator*.
These are the first and last verses of a hymn of five stanzas.

The last line of the first verse has "Our Maker," instead of "Our Saviour."

The translator is the Rev. Edward Caswall. It is found in his *Hymns and Poems, Original and Translated*. London, second edition, 1873; and in *Lyrical Catholica*, 1848.

688 *Sweet hour of prayer.* L. M.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!
W. W. WALFORD.

Mr. Butterworth, in his *Story of the Hymns*, says: "This hymn was written by Rev. Mr. Walford, an English blind preacher; and was given to the public in 1849."

The second stanza has been omitted:

2 "Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return;
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer."

689 *Design of prayer.* L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language
lame:
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

JOSEPH HART.

Title: *Pray without ceasing*. 1 Thess. v. 17. . .
Two stanzas, the second and third, of the original
are omitted:

2 "The Christian's heart his prayer indites:
He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes:
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 "And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there."

Some changes have been made. In the first line
the author wrote:

"Prayer was appointed," etc.

In the last line of the first verse:

"For only while they pray they live."

The last line of the second stanza was:

"The remedy's before thee. Pray;"

and the last line of the hymn:

"Ask *what thou wilt*, it shall be done."

From the *Appendix to Hart's Hymns on Various
Subjects*, 1762.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 29.

690 *Blessings of prayer.* L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw:

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

WILLIAM COWPER.

Author's title: *Exhortation to Prayer*.

Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth, are omitted.
One of them illustrates the value of prayer, and the
other answers a common excuse:

4 "While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed."

See Exodus xvii, 11.

5 "Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care."

In the last verse, first line, the original has "*thus*"
instead of "that's," and the third line begins with
"*Your*" instead of "Our."
From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.
See No. 44.

691 *The joy of loving hearts.* L. M.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

TR. BY R. PALMER.

Title: *Delight in Christ.*This translation was contributed to the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858.It is a free rendering of selected stanzas from Bernard's *Jesu dulcis memoria*. The Rev. E. Caswall and others have translated the same. It is unaltered and entire.692 *God's praises crown eternity.* L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy
praise;

The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Praising God through the Whole of our Existence.*

"While I live will I praise the Lord: I will
sing praises unto my God while I have any being."
Psa. cxlvi, 2.

Only two words are changed. In the second line
of the third stanza the original has "*its*" instead
of "*my*;" and in the second line of the fourth,
"*flesh*" instead of "*earth*."

The first line of the third stanza is happily ex-
pressed. It recognizes man's natural immortality,
and regards death as an "*enemy*."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the
Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755.

For biography of author, see No. 78.

693 *His loving kindness better than life.* L. M.

O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me:
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Remembrance and Resolution.*

It is a paraphrase of Psa. lxiii.

Two stanzas, the second and third, of the original
are omitted:

2 "Oh! that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the foot-steps of Thy grace!

3 "Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God!
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod."

Unaltered. From the author's *Songs of Zion*.
London, 1822.
See No. 5.

694

L. M.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness.

LORD Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light,
My strength by day, my trust by night,
On earth I'm but a passing guest,
And sorely with my sins oppressed.

2 O let thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour,
Thy cross, the staff whereon I lean,
My couch, the grave where thou hast been.

3 Since thou hast died, the pure, the just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4 And when the last great day is come,
And thou, our Judge, shall speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon thy right.

5 Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like thyself, in glorious light.

6 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of thy grace,
Forever I behold thy face!

M. BEHEMB. TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

Title: *In Weakness and Distress of Mind*.

In *Lyra Germanica*, second series, 1858, the translation consists of eleven stanzas. These verses are the first, the first half of the fourth, the last half of the seventh, the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh, *verbatim*. It was first published in 1608.

The author's title was: *A prayer for the Dying*.

The Rev. Martin Behemb was born in Lusatia, North Germany, in 1557. He studied theology at the University of Strasburg, and afterward became pastor of the Lutheran church in his native town of Laubau, where he died in 1622.

695

The fairest of the fair.

L. M.

THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is he.

2 Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
Lovely art thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

GERHARD TERSTEGEN.

Title: *Entire Surrender*.

The translation appeared in *Original Hymns by Various Authors*, edited by the Rev. J. Leifeild, D.D. London, 1843. In this work it has eight stanzas. These are verses two, three, five, and seven, unaltered.

The name of the translator is not given.

For biographical sketch of Terstegen, see No. 47.

696

At home with God anywhere.

L. M.

MY Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!
Wher'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MAD. J. M. B. DE LA MOTTE GUYON.

TR. BY WM. COWPER.

Title: *The Soul that Loves God finds Him Everywhere*.

The translation in *Cowper's Poetical Works* consists of nine four-lined stanzas. It begins thus:

1 "O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

2 "All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Wher'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea."

It will be seen that the first stanza of the hymn

is made up of parts of the first two stanzas of the translation, somewhat altered.

Jeanne Marie Bouvieres de la Motte Guyon, the French Mystic, was born in 1648; was educated in a convent, and desired to take the veil, but her parents refused consent. Her married life was not happy, and she sought peace in religion. A Franciscan monk told her to "seek God in her heart." She dated her conversion, July 22, 1668, and says: "I was on a sudden so altered that I was hardly to be known, either by myself or by others . . . nothing was more easy to me now than to practice prayer." After the death of her husband, in 1676, she devoted her life to teaching religion and writing books. Madam Guyon was eminently spiritual, and professed entire sanctification, perfect faith, and perfect love. She was accused by the Roman Church of heresy, and at one time was banished, and at another imprisoned. But she says:

"Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude His quickening beams;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep
And dwell on heavenly themes."

Cowper translated a number of her hymns. John Wesley said: "The grand source of all her mistakes was this, the not being guided by the written word." That was the mistake of her age and Church. Her last years were spent in quietness, and she died in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church, in 1717.

697 *Thou dear Redeemer.* C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

JOHN CENNICK.

Title: *Thou art a Priest forever after the Order of Melchisedech.*

Five lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, lines three and four:

"No music like thy charming name
Is half so sweet to me."

Verse two, lines three and four:

"And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great Melchisedech."

Verse four, line two:

"With all his favored throng."

From *Sacred Hymns for the use of Religious Societies*, by John Cennick, part iii. London, 1744. For biographical notes, see No. 450.

698 *God my sufficient Portion.* C. M.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on the earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called thy stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *God My Only Happiness.*

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." Psa. lxxiii, 25.

Two stanzas, the third and fourth, of the original are omitted:

3 "In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 'tis night.

4 "And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll;
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul."

The only change is in the first line of the third stanza :

"To thee *we* owe *our* wealth and friends."

This is a perfect hymn, of its kind, and is specially adapted to private devotion. The last two stanzas are indeed grand.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

699 *Praise delightful.* C. M.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

Title: *Christ, our Strength and Righteousness.*

Founded on the last part of Psa. lxxi. Seven stanzas; these are the first three and last.

Three lines of the second stanza have been altered. Watts wrote it:

2 "Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore,
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more."

The last line of the third verse was:

"To see my Father God;"

and the third line of the last stanza:

"I'll entertain," etc.

From the author's *Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719.

FIRST PART.

700 *The sweetest name.* C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

TR. BY E. CASWALL.

Title: *Jesu dulcis memoria.*

The original, in *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, contains forty-eight quatrains.

This translation was contributed to *Lyra Catholica*, 1848. It is also found in *Hymns and Poems, Original and Translated*, by Edward Caswall, second edition. London, 1873.

A number of lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse two, lines one, three, and four:

"Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,"
"A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind."

Verse three, line three:

"To those who *fall*, how kind thou art!"

Verse four, line four:

"None but his *lovers* know."

Verse five, line three:

"Jesus, be *Thou* our glory now."

SECOND PART.

701 *The Conqueror renowned.* C. M.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!
- 4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

- 5 Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

TR. BY E. CASWALL.

Title: *Jesu Rex admirabilis.*

The translator wrote verse four, lines one, two, and three:

"May every heart confess thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee *itself* inflame."

Verse five, line one:

"Thee may our tongues forever bless."

THIRD PART.

702 *The King in his beauty.* C. M.

O JESUS, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

- 2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.

3 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

- 4 Jesus, our love and joy! to thee,
The Virgin's holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory be,
While endless ages run!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

TR. BY E. CASWALL.

Title: *Jesu decus angelicum.*

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line four:

"Enchanting it with love.

2. "O my sweet Jesus hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries
My being's hope and end.

- 3 "Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illumine the souls abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

- 4 "O Jesus! spotless Virgin flower!
Our life and joy, to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power
Through all eternity."

703 *The rapture of love.* C. M.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

- 4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

- 5 Sink down, ye separating hills!
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *Ascending to Him in Heaven.*
Several lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line one:

"'Tis pure Delight without Alloy."

Verse two, line two:

"While Love inspires my Breast."

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

"When Faith and Fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful String,
Thro' the sweet Groves of Bliss."

Verse five, line two:

"Let Guilt and Death remove."

One stanza, the fourth, of the original is omitted:

- 4 "Let Life immortal seize my Clay,
Yet Love refine my Blood.
Her Flames can bear my Soul away,
Can bring me near my God."

There is a holy rapture in the last two stanzas
of this hymn. From *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709.

704 *Triumphant joy.* C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.
ISAAC WATTS. ALT.

Title: *God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, lines one, three, and four:

"In darkest shades if he appear,"
"He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun."

Verse three, line three:

"While Jesus shows his heart is mine."

Verse four, line four:

"Thy embrace my dearest Lord."

Verse five, line four:

"Should bear me conqueror through."

These changes were made by John Wesley, who edited this hymn for his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1738.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

705 *Perpetual praise.* C. M.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. ALT.

Title: *Praise to God in Life and Death.*
The first stanza the author wrote:

"My soul shall praise Thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days," etc.

Two stanzas, the second and third, are omitted:

"In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ!
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

"When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak Thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest."

The third stanza of the hymn is altered considerably:

3 "And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise."

The author wrote the first line of the fourth stanza:

"Then shall my powers in endless strains,"

The thought of the last two lines of the hymn is very grand. Verified by *Lyra Britannica*, Rogers. London, (second edition,) 1868.

For biographical sketch, see No. 294.

706 *Prayer.* C. M.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

The author's title was: *Importance of Prayer*.
The hymn is not altered.
One stanza, the second, is omitted:

- 2 "The Christian life, with it concludes,
And with it doth begin;
'Tis this invigorates the soul,
And is the death of sin.

God's love for true penitence is poetically expressed in the last part of the third stanza.

From *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1818.

For biographical sketch, see No. 235.

707 *Prayer moves Omnipotence.* C. M.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

- 2 There is an arm that nevers tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

- 4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN A. WALLACE.

It is said that this hymn first appeared in the *Scottish Christian Herald*, 1839.

It has been altered. How much I cannot tell, as I have never seen the original.

The Rev. John Aikman Wallace was a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, 1800-1870.

708 *The two worlds.* C. M.

UNVEIL, O Lord, and on us shine
In glory and in grace;
The gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of thy face.

- 2 Till thou art seen, it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
And flowers and fruits abound.

- 3 But when thy keener, purer beam
Is poured upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.

- 4 Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made thy blood to flow;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circled round thy brow.

- 5 And thus, when we renounce for thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,—

- 6 Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Original title: *The Two Worlds*.

This hymn was written in 1862. Only one word has been changed. The author wrote:

"*This gaudy world*," etc.,

in the the third line of the first stanza.

From *Verses on Various Occasions*, by J. H. Newman, 1868.

For biographical sketch, see No. 207.

709 *Evening—solitude.* C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN.

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown was a humble Christian woman, who lived from 1783 to 1861. This poem was written in Ellington, Conn., in 1818. The author lived in a small house, and having no retired room in which to pray, was accustomed to stroll along under the elms by the quiet country road-side, and commune with God. One day she met a rich neighbor at the house of her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hyde. This lady had observed the twilight walks of Mrs. Brown, and, misapprehending her object, grieved her sensitive soul. "Why," said she, "do you walk back and forth between your house and mine? If there is any thing you want, come in and get it." That evening Mrs. Brown wrote the verses, which she headed, *An Apology for my Twilight Rambles, Addressed to a Lady*.

The original contained nine stanzas. It is given by the Rev. F. M. Bird in the *Independent* of Jan. 6, 1881. This hymn is composed of verses two, four, five, seven, and nine; edited, probably, by Dr. Nettleton, for his *Village Hymns*, 1824.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, lines two and four:

"From *little ones* and care,"
 "In *gratitude* and prayer."

Verse two, lines three and four:

"And all *God's* promises to plead,
 Where none *can see or hear*."

Verse three, line two:

"And future *ones* implore."

Verse four, lines two, three, and four:

"Of *blissful* scenes in heaven,
 The *sight doth all* my strength renew
 While here by *storms* I'm driven."

Some readers will be glad to see the omitted stanzas:

1 "Yes, when the toilsome day is done,
 And night, with banners gray,
 Steals silently the glade alone,
 In twilight's soft array—

3 "I love to feast on Nature's scenes,
 When falls the evening dew;
 And dwell upon her silent themes
 Forever rich and new."

6 "I love to meditate on death:
 When shall his message come
 With friendly smiles, to steal my breath,
 And take an exile home."

8 "I love this silent twilight hour,
 Far better than the rest;
 It is, of all the twenty-four,
 The happiest and the best."

It is not at all wonderful that such a praying mother gave to the Church a Christian missionary, the Rev. Samuel R. Brown, D.D.

710 *What is prayer?* C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice
 And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author's title was: *What is Prayer?*
 This fine hymn was written in 1818, at the request of the Rev. E. Bickersteth, for his *Treatise on Prayer*.

Two stanzas, the sixth and seventh, have been omitted:

6 "The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word, in deed, and mind;
 While with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

7 "Nor prayer is made by man alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne
 For sinners intercedes."

Montgomery gave an autograph copy of this favorite hymn to George John Stevenson, the well-known English hymnologist, who still has it in his possession. It was published in the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

See No. 5.

711 *Communion with God.* C. M.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer grows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend
And answer, silent prayer.

UNKNOWN.

This beautiful little hymn has been traced to *Selections of Hymns for Christian Worship*. Manchester, (Eng.,) 1829. It was then anonymous, and still remains so; although the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of *My Country, 'tis of Thee*, and other hymns, writes me: "I think this hymn is one of my own, though I am not entirely sure."

In the earlier books the last two lines are:

"But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer."

712 *Talking with God.* C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face,—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *On a Journey*.
The first stanza is omitted:

1 "Saviour, who ready art to hear,
(Reader than I to pray,)
Answer my scarcely uttered prayer,
And meet me on the way."

Verses one and two were written in the singular number.

"Talk with me," etc.

In the second stanza the author, perhaps unconsciously, quoted Milton:

"With thee conversing, I forget all time,"

is what Eve says to Adam, in *Paradise Lost*, book iv, line 639.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

713 *Retirement and meditation* C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine!

5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *Retirement*.

This hymn was written by Cowper soon after his conversion.

Verses three, line four, the author wrote:

"She communes with her God."

One stanza, the fourth—a very poetic one—is omitted:

4 "There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.
See No. 44.

714

C. M.

Whom having not seen, ye love. 1 Pet. i, 8.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

RAY PALMER.

The author's title is: *Unseen—not Unknown.*

"Whom having not seen, ye love." 1 Pet. i, 8.

This hymn was contributed to *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858. It was also published in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*. New York, 1865. It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., a Congregationalist clergyman, was born in Rhode Island in 1808; was graduated at Yale College in 1830; and his first and most famous hymn was written in the same year. (See No. 762.) He is the author of several volumes of poetry which contain valuable contributions to hymnology—both original hymns and translations.

715

Pray without ceasing.

C. M.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go;

4 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Desiring to Pray.*

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 "The Spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name."

In this, as in the two following stanzas, there is a plain reference to the wrestling of Jacob. See Gen. xxxii.

Unaltered. From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

716

The Lord's Prayer.

C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory ever be.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

This hymn, a metrical version of the Lord's Prayer, is a remarkable piece of work. A comparison with the form given in Matthew vi will show how little change has been made. This version contains sixty-eight words—only two more than the text in Matthew, and four less than the original Greek. The author dated it, "Prison, Ava, March, 1825." He was released, after having been incarcerated nineteen months.

The Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D., the famous missionary, was born in Massachusetts in 1788, and was educated at Brown University and Andover Divinity School. It was while a student at Andover that Judson and a few other young men became deeply interested in foreign missionary work. Soon afterward, "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" was organized; and in 1812, Judson sailed for India as their first missionary. On the voyage he changed his views concerning baptism, and was immersed by Dr. Carey, a Baptist missionary at Serampore. The

East India Company were so opposed to missionary work at that time, that they ordered him to leave the country. Dr. Judson at length accepted Burmah as his mission field. He became familiar with the language, and the great work of his life was the translation of the whole Bible into the Burmese language. In 1845 Dr. Judson returned to America; but the next year he sailed again for India. He died on a voyage for his health in 1850, and was buried at sea.

717 *God every-where.* 7.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every-where.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every-where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every-where.

OLIVER HOLDEN, ALT.

Title: *Secret Prayer.*

This hymn has been altered from a long meter of six stanzas, beginning:

"All those who seek a throne of grace."

In an old book, this and several other hymns are marked H. In a later book some of the same hymns are attributed to Holden. It is supposed that they were written by Oliver Holden, an editor and composer of music. He wrote *Concord, Coronation*, and other valuable tunes, and published them in *The Union Harmony*. Boston, 1793.

718 *Encouragements to pray.* 7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee to rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *Ask what I shall give thee.* 1 Kings iii, 5.
The second, third, and fifth stanzas are omitted:

2 "Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 "With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt."

5 "As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there."

The last couplet of the first stanza has been changed. Newton wrote:

"He himself has bid you pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.
See No. 23.

719 *Partnership of the saints in light.* 7.

JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Receiving a Christian Friend.*

The first two stanzas have been omitted. They are necessary, as well as the original title, to fully appreciate the thought of the author:

- 1 "Welcome friend, in that great name,
Whence our every blessing flows,
Enter, and increase the flame
Which in all our bosoms glows.
- 2 "Sent of God we thee receive :
Hail the providential guest !
If in Jesus we believe
Let us on his mercies feast."

The last line of the third stanza the author wrote :

"Till we *join the host* above."

It was changed for the *Collection* of 1780.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

720 *The pilgrims' song.* 7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee,

JOHN CENNICK.

Published without title in *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God, in the Days of their Pilgrimage*, by J. C. London, 1742.

The original has twelve stanzas. These are verses one, two, four, six, seven, and eight.

Slight changes have been made in a few lines.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, lines two and three :

"As *ye* journey *sweetly* sing,
Sing *your* Saviour's worthy praise."

Verse two, line two :

"In the way *the* fathers trod."

Verse five, lines two, three, and four :

"On the borders of *your* land,
Jesus Christ, *your* Father's Son,
Bids *you* undismayed go on."

For sketch of author, see No. 450.

721 *Christ, the source of every blessing.* 7.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll,
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, O thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "Gain to die."

RALPH WARDLAW.

From *A Selection of Hymns for Public Worship*, by Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., (tenth edition, 1841.)
The Scripture basis of this hymn is Phil. i, 21 :

"To live is Christ, and to die is gain."

This is part of a hymn of thirteen stanzas : these are verses one, six, nine, ten, and eleven, *verbatim*.

The Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., a Scotch Congregational divine and author, was born in 1779; in 1803 was ordained and installed pastor of a church in Glasgow; and in 1811 appointed Professor of Theology in the Seminary of the Congregational Church of Scotland, which position he held until his death, in 1853.

722 *For humility and protection.* 7.

GOD of love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

4 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

5 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This hymn was published without title. The original contains six eight-lined stanzas; these are the first, the last half of the fourth, and the fifth.

Only two lines have been changed.

Wesley wrote:

"God of love *that* hearest prayer."

Changed for the edition of 1849.

In the third verse:

"*Till they* to Thy yoke submit."

Changed for the *Wesleyan Collection*, 1780.

The author claims that there is no higher honor than to be a Christian. The hymn closes with these vigorous lines:

"Far above created things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happy all in Thee."

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

723 *The Litany.* 7.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from the throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

The author's title was: *Litany*.

The hymn was copied *verbatim* from *Sacred Poems*, published by the brother of the author, Lord Glenelg, in 1839. It first appeared in the *Christian Observer*, 1815.

No. 417, in the *Hymnal*, was manufactured by some hymn editor out of this hymn.

For biographical sketch, see No. 140.

724 *Nearer, my God, to thee.* 6, 4, 6.

NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Title: *Nearer to God.*

This favorite hymn was written in 1841, and contributed to *Hymns and Anthems*, edited by the Rev. William Johnson Fox. It was the fruitage of a gifted mind and a pious heart. It is founded upon the story of Jacob's journey, as given in Gen. xxviii, 10-19:

"And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el."

One word only has been changed.

The author wrote, in the fifth line of the first stanza:

"Still all my song *would* be."

Mrs Sarah Flower Adams was the daughter of Benjamin Flower, an English editor and author, and was born at Cambridge in 1805. She was the author of several other hymns, but none so famous as this. She died in 1848 or 1849; authorities differ

as to the date. Mrs. Adams was connected with the Unitarian church of which the Rev. W. J. Fox was pastor.

725 *More love to Thee.* 6, 4, 6.

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

One stanza of this sweet hymn, the third, has been omitted:

3 "Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief or pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me;
More love, O Christ to thee,
More love to thee."

It has not been altered.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, the daughter of the Rev. Edward Payson, of sainted memory, was born in Portland, Me., in 1818, and lived until 1878. Mrs. Prentiss was the author of *Stepping Heavenward*, and other prose works; also of *Golden Hours*; or, *Hymns and Songs of the Christian Life*. New York, 1874. The above hymn was taken from this volume. It is, without doubt, a heart song, and sounds the key-note of the Christian life of the author. Her *Hymns and Songs* are full of Christ.

726 8, 7.
Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii, 12.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

Title: *Desiring to Praise Worthily.*

This old hymn has been a fount of blessing to multitudes, and was published in *A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship*, by George Whitefield, late of Pembroke College, Oxford; and Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon. A copy of the thirty-third edition is the only one I have ever seen. London, 1790.

Six lines have been slightly altered.

Verse one, lines seven and eight:

"Praise the mount—*Oh fix me on it,*
Mount of God's unchanging love."

Verse two, lines one, two, and eight:

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by *thine* Help I'm come,"
"Interposed *with* precious Blood."

Verse three, line three:

"Let *that Grace*, now like a Fetter."

At one time in Robinson's life he was skeptical, and, of course, miserable. It is said that a lady once sang this hymn in his presence, and spoke of the spiritual benefit she had derived from the use of it. Robinson was deeply moved, for he was a man of quick sensibilities, and with much emotion said: "Madam, I am the poor unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I had then."

This hymn is found in the first edition of *Lady Huntingdon's Hymn Book*, and some hymnologists attribute the authorship to her.

For biographical sketch of Robinson, see No. 148.

727 *The harmonious chorus.* 8, 7.

HERE on earth, where foes surround us,
While our trembling souls within
Feel the fetters which have bound us,
Feel the burden of our sin;

Lord, on thee alone relying,
Strength we crave to burst our chain,
Ever pleading, ever crying,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

2 In those high and holy regions
Where the blest thy praise prolong,
Cherubs and seraphic legions
Know no theme of nobler song;
White-robed saints, who there adore thee
Throned above the grassy main,
Sing, and cast their crowns before thee,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

3 Thus thy Church, whate'er her dwelling,
Heaven above or earth below,
One harmonious chorus swelling,
Loves her Saviour's praise to show:
Here in trial, there in glory,
Changeless rings the immortal strain,
Changeless sounds the wondrous story,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

UNKNOWN.

All that I have been able to learn concerning this hymn is that it appeared in the *British Magazine*, September, 1832, marked B. T. W.

728 *What a Friend we have in Jesus.* 8, 7.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

UNKNOWN.

This hymn has been a favorite in gospel meetings. It has been attributed for years to Horatius Bonar; but, in answer to a letter of inquiry, Dr. Bonar wrote: "The hymn, 'What a Friend,' etc., is not mine. . . . I know not who wrote it."

The most diligent search has failed, thus far, to discover the authorship.

729 *Praise to the Deity.* 8, 7.

O MY God, how thy salvation
Fills my soul with peace and joy,
Patience gives, and consolation
Which the world cannot destroy!
Praise to God, the glorious giver,
Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter forever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 For that love whose tender mercies
Purest joys do daily bring,
I will in my life confess thee,
With my mouth thy praises sing:
Praise to God, the glorious giver,
Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter forever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together," *Psa. xxxiv, 8.*

These are the last two verses of a hymn of five stanzas.

From *Hymns of Love and Praise for the Christian Year*, 1863. In his preface the author says of his hymns: "Their name tells what they desire to express, love to and praise of God; and if they tend in any degree to make that love in others more fervent and real, that praise more joyous and bright, they have not been written in vain."

See No. 232.

730 *Before His cross.* 8, 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.

JAMES ALLEN.

ALT. BY WALTER SHIRLEY.

The original of this familiar hymn appeared in *A Collection of Hymns for the Use of Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. Kendal, 1757.

It was edited by James Allen and Christopher Batty. The hymn contained six eight-lined stanzas, and began:

"While my Jesus I'm possessing."

It was a strange and crude production, yet full of love for Christ, and of faith in his saving power. It was rewritten for the *Collection of Hymns for the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels*; it is supposed to have been altered by Walter Shirley, the editor of that collection. Neither Allen nor Shirley wrote the last verse as given in the *Hymnal*. Who did write it is unknown.

The original of the first four stanzas is here given:

1 "Oh! how happy are the moments,
Which I here in transport spend;
Life deriving from His torments
Who remains the sinner's Friend:

2 "Really blessed is the portion
Destin'd me by sovereign grace;
Still to view divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruised face.

3 "Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon my Lamb I gaze;
Love I much, I've more forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace:

4 "Fill'd with sinner-like contrition,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Happy in the sweet fruition
Of my Saviour's painful death."

James Allen was born in Yorkshire, Eng., in 1731, and was awakened under the preaching of Mr. Ingham. In 1752 he joined the *Inghamites*, and was a popular preacher among them for several years. Afterward he built a chapel for himself, in which he officiated to the end of his days. He died in 1804.

731 *Lo, I am with you alway.* 8, 7.

ALWAYS with us, always with us;—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillings every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

Written about 1856. The original contains seven four-lined stanzas, and is found in *Lyra Sacra Americana*, edited by Charles Dexter Cleveland, 1868.

This hymn is made up of verses one, five, four, and six, slightly altered. The author wrote, "Always with me," and so throughout, in the first person. Instead of the last line, the author wrote:

"Like the ancient prophet's dream."

The Rev. Edwin H. Nevins was born in Pennsylvania, in 1814; was graduated at Jefferson College, and studied theology at Princeton. He was a pastor in the Presbyterian church for some years. Failing health compelled him to resign his pastoral labors.

732 *Life of life.* 8, 7.

LABORING and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of Life!" on thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in thee we live.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

Title: *Christ our life*. Col. iii, 4.
The original has eight stanzas. These are verses one, two, four, and eight, unaltered.
From the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*. London. (Second edition, 1866.)
For biographical sketch of author, see No. 232.

733 *Hallelujah.* 8, 7, 4.

OTHOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

THOMAS OLIVERS.

The original title was: *An Hymn of Praise to Christ*. There are two additional stanzas:

5 "Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder,
Dying love's mysterious cause;
But the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.

6 "This has set me all on fire,
Strongly glows the flame of love;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher
Struggles for its swift remove,
Then I'll praise thee,
In a nobler strain above."

This hymn is attributed to Thomas Olivers, but only on internal and circumstantial evidence. It first appeared, appended to a short account of the death of Mary Langson, of Taxall, in Cheshire; who died January 29, 1769, when Olivers was stationed on that circuit.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 1075.

734 *King of heaven, God of grace.* 8, 7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY F. LYTE, ALT.

Title: *Psalm ciii.*
From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, (third edition,
1864.)

The original has "Praise Him" in place of "Hallelujah" in each stanza. Two other lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line four:

"Who like me His praise should sing."

Verse three, line six:

"Widely as His mercy flows."

There are two additional stanzas in the original.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 27.

735 *The power of prayer.* L. M. 6 l.

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty
grace?

God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747.

These are verses one, two, four, and eight, *verbatim*. The original has eight stanzas.

736 *Jesus all, and in all.* L. M 6 l.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Hymns for Believers. For the Morning.*

Wesley wrote the last line:

"My life in death, my heaven in hell;"

and so it remains in the *Collection for the use of the people called Methodists* to this day. It was changed for the *Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book*, 1808.

The change makes the line read more smoothly,

but it deranges the author's climax, and makes him end as he began in the first line of the third stanza.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

FIRST PART.

737 *Wrestling Jacob—the struggle.* L. M. 61.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Wrestling Jacob*.

Fourteen stanzas; two, the fifth and seventh, are omitted:

5 "'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know."

7 "My strength is gone, my nature dies:
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise:
I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know."

SECOND PART.

738

The name revealed.

L. M. 61.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the
grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THIRD PART.

739

Victorious capture.

L. M. 6

THE Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is, doubtless, the most celebrated lyric poem that Charles Wesley ever wrote. It is founded upon Gen. xxxii, 24-26:

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him, until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh: and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh: and he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

The climax of the hymn is reached in the second stanza of the second part—a stanza that is sublime indeed, and *something more*.

Charles Wesley's brief obituary—*Minutes of the Methodist Conferences*, 1788—probably written by his brother John, closes as follows:

"His least praise was his talent for poetry; although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that 'that single poem, 'Wrestling Jacob,' was worth all the verses he himself had written.'"

Dr. Watts, however, must be understood "poetically." He simply meant that he greatly admired the production.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

740 *Everlasting praises.* L. P.M.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow of the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ISAAC WATTS.

The author's title was: *Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth*.

A metrical version of Ps. cxlvi.

The original contained six stanzas; the second and fifth have been omitted.

Watts wrote the first line:

"I'll praise my Maker *with my breath*,"

and the first line of the third stanza:

"The Lord *hath eyes to give* the blind,"

which is awkward enough. These changes were made by John Wesley, who edited the psalm for his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. In the second change he consciously or unconsciously borrowed from Pope's *Messiah*:

"He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the *sightless eye-ball* pour the day."

This is the hymn that seemed to dwell in the mind of John Wesley during the last two days of his earthly life. Again and again, in his extreme feebleness, he attempted to sing:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

First published in 1719.

741 *Jesus is mine.* 6, 4, 6.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR, ALT.

The Rev J. H. Wilson, M.A., editor of *The Service of Praise*, London, 1867, accredits this hymn to Mrs. H. Bonar, and claims that it was "inserted by special permission." The version he gives differs from this hymn in the following lines:

Verse one, lines one, three, and six:

"Pass away, earthly joy,"
"Break every mortal tie,"
"Distant the resting-place."

Verse three, lines one and three:

"Fare ye well, dreams of night."
"Mine is a dawning bright."

Verse four, lines five, six, and seven:

"Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome, a Saviour's breast."

Mrs. Jane Catherine Bonar is the wife of the Rev. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

742 *I give myself to Thee.* 6, 6, 4.

SAVIOUR, who died for me,
I give myself to thee;
Thy love, so full, so free,
Claims all my powers.
Be this my purpose high,
To serve thee till I die,
Whether my path shall lie
Mid thorns or flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
O bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only thee;
Thy faithful servant be,
Thine to the end.

For thee, I'll do and dare,
For thee, the cross I'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer,
On thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side;
Support, defend, and guide;
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally.

MISS MARIE J. MASON.

Written in 1871, and published by Biglow & Main, New York. The author does not wish to be known to the public, and her wish must be respected. The hymn is full of Christian submission.

743 *Make His praise glorious.* C. P. M.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

"Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious." Psa. lxxvi, 2.

The original contains eight stanzas. These are verses two, five, six, and eight, *verbatim*.

This is the first piece in the author's book, the full title of which is: *Hymns. The Public Worship and Private Devotions of True Christians Assisted, in Some Thoughts in Verse, Principally Drawn from Select Passages of the Word of God.* By Samuel Medley. See No. 193.

744 *Always rejoicing.* C. P. M.

HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee!
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, the summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,

Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,—
A bright, harmonious throng!
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new, eternal song.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of eleven hymns published in a pamphlet, in 1744, entitled *Hymns for the Watch-night*. In verse two, line two, the author wrote "period" instead of "moment."

It is said that *watch-night* services originated among the colliers of Kingswood. Before they were converted, they had been in the habit of spending every Saturday night at the ale-house in drinking and revelry. Now they resolved to devote that night to prayer and spiritual songs. The practice, at length, grew quite general. At first watch-night meetings were held once a month, then once a quarter, and at length only once a year, on New Year's-eve.

745 FIRST PART 7, 6, 7.

My help cometh from the Lord. Psa. cxxi. 2.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,

My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thv quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defense;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

746 SECOND PART. 7, 6, 7.

The Lord is thy Keeper. Psa. cxxi. 5.

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear:
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

2 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth and evermore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is a paraphrase of Psalm cxxi. It is interesting to compare the hymn with the psalm:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted:

5 "Thee, in evil's scorching day,
The sun shall never smite;
Thee, the moon's malignest ray,
Shall never blast by night.
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,
Shall keep thee safe from all.

Verse one, line eight, of the first part begins in the original: "*That made,*" etc. The paraphrase is otherwise unaltered.

From *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1743.

747 Preciousness of Jesus. 8.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

"None upon earth I desire besides thee." Psa.
lxxiii, 25.

The only changes are in the last stanza. Newton wrote:

"Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine ;"
and,

"Or take me unto thee on high."

This joyous hymn has been in every edition of our hymn book from the first. It truly represents the fact that communion with Christ makes a heaven on earth.

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

See No. 23.

748 *Longing for closer communion.* 8.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

It is founded on the Song of Solomon i, 7:

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

The second verse is omitted, for which the reason is evident:

2 "Ah show me that happiest place,
That place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer, and triumph with Thee."

749 *The tender mercy of the Lord.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

THOMAS COTTERILL.

This is a fine metrical version of the first part of Psa. ciii:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Eight lines are omitted between verses one and two:

"O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
The Lord to thee is kind.

"He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins," etc.

Some books erroneously ascribe this hymn to Montgomery, and some to Watts. It appeared in Dr. Cotterill's *Sheffield Collection*, 1819 edition, perhaps earlier, and was probably versified by him.

750 *Pray evermore.* S. M.

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O it is sweet to say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, ALT.

Title: *Daily Prayer*.

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Luke xviii, 1.

At least half the lines of this hymn have been considerably altered in spite of the author's protest. In the preface to his *Original Hymns* he reminds the "borrowers" that if they "cannot conscientiously adopt his diction and doctrine, it is a little questionable in them to impose upon him *theirs*, which he may as honestly hesitate to receive."

It is just for this reason, because it is neither fair nor honest, that we claim that whenever a hymn has been essentially changed from its authorized form, it should be plainly marked *altered*. It is *simply outrageous*, after men are dead and can no longer defend themselves, to make them *responsible* for what they never said.

The authorized text of this hymn can be found in Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853.

We must add, in simple justice, that this author is not entitled to as much sympathy as some others, because he was a notorious hymn-mender himself.

751 *Heaven upon earth* S. M.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *God all and in all*.

Text: "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" Psa. lxxiii, 25.

Eight stanzas; the fourth, sixth, and last are omitted:

4 "To thee and thee alone
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne
And dwell where Jesus is."

6 "Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord."

8 "To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher."

The stanzas given are unaltered.

The common thought, that the essential part of heaven is God's presence and favor, is beautifully expressed in the third and fourth stanzas of this hymn.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

752 *The hour of prayer.* 8, 8, 8, 4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Author's title: *The Hour of Prayer*.
One verse, the third, has been omitted:

- 3 "For then a Day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know."

From *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*,
by Charlotte Elliott. No date given. This hymn
is found in print as early as 1829.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 363.

753 *The spirit of prayer.* S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *For Believers, In an
Hurry of Business*.

The first stanza is omitted:

- "Help, Lord, the busy foe
Is as a flood come in!
Lift up a standard, and o'erthrow
This soul-distracting sin:
This sudden tide of care
Stem by that bloody tree,
Nor let the rising torrent bear
My soul away from Thee."

In the fourth line of the hymn the author wrote:

- "Call off my *anxious* heart."

The change was made for the *Collection* of 1780,
I like the original better. The heart is "anxious"
and troubled, and therefore prays for victory and
peace.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

754 *I lay my sins on Jesus.* 7, 6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR.

The author's title was: *The Substitute*.
It dates back to the *Bible Hymn Book*, 1844.
Only one word has been changed, and that is for
the better. The last line the author wrote:

"To learn the angels' song."

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*. First series,
1857.

For biographical sketch, see No. 426.

755 *Never separated from Christ.* 7, 6.

I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

CARL J. P. SPITTA.

TR. BY R. MASSIE.

This translation from the German is found in
Lyra Domestica. London. (Fourth edition, 1863.)

Title: *Life and Contentment in Jesus*.

Eight stanzas; these are verses four, five, and
six, *verbatim*.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, a German theologian
and poet, was born in 1801. His early years were
without special promise, and he was apprenticed to
a watchmaker. While learning this trade he began
the study of languages, and in 1821 entered the
University of Göttingen to study theology. After
graduating, he was engaged as tutor in a private
family for some time; but from 1828 till 1859, the
date of his death, he was a popular and successful
pastor of several Lutheran churches. His reputa-
tion rests principally upon his hymns, which are
deeply spiritual and very popular in his native
land. His *Psalter und Harfe*: Leipzig, (first
edition, 1833,) was translated by Richard Massie in
1860.

756 *I love to tell the story.* 7, 6.

I LOVE to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

The author has prefaced this favorite hymn with
a selection from Psa. xvi, 2:

"Shew forth his salvation from day to day."

One word only has been altered. The author
wrote, verse one, line eight:

"As nothing else *would* do."

The chorus has been added by another writer.
From a small volume, entitled *Heart to Heart*,
Hymns, by the author of *The Old, Old Story*, 1876.

The poem,

"Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,"

by the same author, contains fifty-five four-lined stanzas, and closes as follows :

"Soon, soon, our eyes shall see Him!
And, in our Home above,
We'll sing "the old, old Story
Of Jesus and His Love."

Miss Hankey was an English author. Hymn 756 was written about 1865.

757 *The foretaste of endless bliss.* 11, 12

MY God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of a number of *Hymns for Believers*. From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, in two volumes, 1749.

The last line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"My heart *it doth dance* at the sound of *Thy name*,"

and so it remains in the *Wesleyan Collection*. But, in this country, Methodists have not even allowed their hearts to "*dance*." They are permitted to "*rejoice*."

This change was made for the first official hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, entitled *A Pocket Hymn Book Designed as a Constant Companion for the Pious*.

758 *Worldly vanity renounced.* 10, 11.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay; he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why:

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

JOHN GAMBOLD.

This hymn is found in the *Works* of the Rev. John Gambold, A.M., late one of the Bishops of the United Brethren. Glasgow, 1823.

The author wrote verse three, line three:

"Lo, onward I move, *And but Christ* above;"

and verse five, line three:

"Lo, this is the race," etc.

The original is arranged in fourteen three-lined stanzas; the eighth and ninth are omitted:

8 "Perhaps for his name,
Poor dust that I am
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

9 "I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear breast
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest."

The Rev. John Gambold was born in South Wales in 1711; was educated at Christ Church,

Oxford, and entered the ministry in the Established Church. In 1742 he joined the Moravians, and in 1754 was consecrated Bishop. He was the author of several prose works, and the editor of a volume of hymns, 1748. He died in 1771.

Bishop Gambold wrote the following epitaph on himself:

"Ask not, who ended here his span?
His name, reproach, and praise, was man.
Did no great deeds adorn his course?
No Deed of his, but show'd him worse:
One thing was great, which God supplied,
He suffered human life—and died.
What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life was sacred all,—and vain:
Sacred how high, and vain how low
He knew not here, but died to know."

759 *My Beloved.* 11, 8.

THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the
night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort
with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I
weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from
thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he has gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels
rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow
thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

Title: *A Description of Christ by His Grace and Power*; from *Solomon's Song*.

The original, containing nine eight-lined stanzas, is found in the author's *Experimental Essays on Divine Subjects in Verse*. London, 1791. Some verbal changes have been made, and the last verse has been added by another pen.

The Rev. Joseph Swain, a successful English Baptist minister, was born in 1761. By trade he was an engraver. After his conversion he held meetings, and in 1792 was ordained pastor of a church in Walworth, where he remained till his early and lamented death, in 1796. He was the author of *Walworth Hymns*. London, 1792.

760 *I need Thee every hour.* 6, 4, 7.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee!

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

In a letter to the author the Rev Robert Lowry, D.D., writes:

"'I Need Thee Every Hour' was written by Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, in 1872, in Brooklyn, N. Y. I believe it was the expression of her own experience. It came to me in the form of five simple stanzas, to which I added the chorus to make it more serviceable. It inspired me at its first reading. It first appeared in a small collection of original songs prepared for the National Baptist Sunday-school Association, held in Cincinnati, in November, 1872, and was sung on that occasion."

Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks was born in New York State, in 1835. This was probably her "swan song," for she died in 1872.

761 *Exultant trust.* 6, 8, 4.

MY Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove:
Led onward by my guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore;
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illumine
With living ray:

My failing flesh his rod
Shall thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me;
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

THOMAS ROBERTS.

It is very evident that this hymn is founded upon Psa. xxiii. It came into our hymn book in 1849. I have not been able to learn any thing more concerning it, or its author.

762 *Before the cross.* 6, 4

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

The original title of this valuable and favorite hymn was *Self-Consecration*. The author says he wrote it "with a deep consciousness of his own needs," and without the "slightest thought of writing for another eye; least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship." It was written in New York city in 1830, and copied into a pocket note-book. It was first published in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*, compiled by Thomas Hastings, of Utica, N. Y., and Lowell Mason, of Boston, 1832. One word only is here different from the original. When first published the fifth line of the last stanza read:

"Fear and distress remove."

This, however, may have been a typographical error.

See No. 714.

763 *The Church immovable.* C. M.

OWHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. CLEVELAND COXE. ALT.

From the author's *Christian Ballads*. They were contributed to the *Churchman* in 1839, and collected in a volume in 1840. This hymn is taken from a ballad of ten eight-lined stanzas, entitled *Chelsea*; and is composed of the first half of the sixth stanza, the last half of the eighth, and the whole of the seventh. It has been altered in several lines.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, lines one, two, and three:

"And where are kings and empires now,
Since then that went and came?
But holy Church is praying yet."

Verse two lines one, three, and four.

"Oh mark her holy battlements,"
"And hear, within, her ceaseless voice,
And her unending song!"

Verse three lines two, three, and four.

"The holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks be rocking it,
And tempest is abroad;"

Verse four lines two and four.

"Unmovable it stands"
"A fane unbuilt by hands."

For sketch of author, see No. 202.

764 *Founded on a Rock.* C. M.
WITH stately towers and bulwarks
strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defense;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

HARRIET AUBER.

Psa. xlviii, 1, 2:

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion."

The last stanza was originally written:

"In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defense:
How weak, how powerless each arm,
Against Omnipotence."

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*. London, 1829.
See No. 33.

765 *The kingdoms one.* C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

In the first stanza the original is:

"Walking in all Thy ways we find
Our heaven on earth begun;"

and in the last stanza:

"From hence our spirits rise
And he that in Thy statutes treads."

The first change was made for the collection of 1780; the last is much later.

766 *The sure Foundation.* C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Christ the Foundation of his Church.*

The hymn was written on Ps. cxviii, 22, 23 :

"The stone which the builders refused is become
the head stone of the corner. This is the Lord's
doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

The last three lines of the second stanza have
been changed. Watts wrote :

"And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame."

This was the first hymn in the supplement to
the hymn book, edited by Dr. Nathan Bangs in
1836. He may have made these changes.

767 *Good news for Zion.* 8, 7, 4.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of
Scripture.*

The passage on which this is based is Isa. lii, 7 :

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
of him that bringeth good tidings."

This hymn appeared in the first edition of the
author's hymns. Dublin, 1804. Some changes
were made by him for later editions. As here
given it corresponds with the author's text, last
edition, with these exceptions :

In the last line of the third verse :

"Zion's King vouchsafes to send ;"

and in the first part of the last verse :

"Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double
In thy Maker's favor blessed.

All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest."

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 54.

768 *Jehovah, the defense of Zion.* 8, 7, 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light,

THOMAS KELLY.

Title: *As the mountains are round about Jeru-
salem, so the Lord is round about his people from
henceforth even forever.* Ps. cxxv, 2.

Two stanzas, the third and fourth, are omitted :

3 "Zion's friend in nothing alters,
Though all others may and do:
His is love that never filters,
Always to its object true.
Happy Zion!
Crowned with mercies ever new.

4 "If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy:
If he punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy."

Unaltered. From *Hymns on Various Passages of
Scripture*, 1804.
See No. 54.

769

The truly blest.

C. M.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts that reign'st on high!
They are the truly blest
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to
strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion's courts appear.

JOHN MILTON, ALT.

This is a part of the author's version of Psa. lxxxiv. These four stanzas are written on verses one, twelve, six, and seven of the psalm, and of Milton's paraphrase. They have been considerably altered.

ORIGINAL.

1 "How lovely are thy dwellings fair,
*O Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near.*

2 "Lord God of hosts that reign'st on high!
*That man is truly blest
Who only on thee doth rely
And in thee only rest.*

3 "They pass *through Baca's* thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground," etc.

Verse four, line four:

"In *Sion* do appear."

For biography, see No. 145.

770

Love for Zion.

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The author's title was: *Love to the Church.*
It was written on Psa. cxxxvii, 5, 6:

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Three stanzas, the third, fourth, and seventh, are omitted. Some will be glad to see the whole of this precious and valuable hymn:

3 "If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice, or hands, deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 "If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

7 "Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring."

Contributed to an edition of Dr. Watts's *Psalms*,
edited by Dr. Dwight in 1800.

771

For a revival.

S. M.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

PHOEBE H. BROWN.

This hymn is founded upon the prayer of Habbakkuk iii, 2:

"O Lord, revive thy work."

The text is the same here as in its first printed form in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*, 1833 edition; but it differs considerably from the copy furnished by the author to the Rev. Elias Nason for *The Congregational Hymn Book*, 1857. It was probably edited by Thomas Hastings.

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown was the daughter of George Hinsdale, and was born in Canaan, N. Y., in 1783.

See No. 709.

772

S. M.

The Church's confidence and security.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of a paraphrase of Ps. cxxv.

Six stanzas; these are the first two, unaltered, and are founded on the first two verses of the psalm:

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."

It was first published in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1743.

773 *The forty-sixth Psalm.*

L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.*

The hymn is based on the first five verses of Ps. xlvii.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."

The second line of the fifth stanza Watts wrote:

"That all our raging fear controls."

This was one of Dr. Dwight's improvements.
Published in 1719.

774

The river of life.

L. M.

GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

4 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory
crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *The Waters of the Sanctuary Healing the Dead Sea*. Ezek. xlvii, 1-12.

This is a beautiful hymn founded on a beautiful parable. Two stanzas, the third and fifth, have been omitted:

3 "The limpid Stream with sudden Force
Swells to a River in its Course;
Thro' desert Realms its Windings play,
And scatter Blessings all the Way.

5 To the dead Sea the Waters flow,
And carry Healing as they go;
Its poys'nous Dregs their Pow'r confess,
And all its Shores the Fountain bless.

In verse one, line three, the author wrote "we mortals."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755.

See No. 78.

775 *Awake, Jerusalem, awake!* L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls, "Arise!"

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From a long hymn of three parts, thirty-two stanzas in all. These are verses one, three, and four of part one, and verse two of part three, *verbatim*. The whole is founded on Isa. lii.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

776 *God in the midst of her.* 8, 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *Zion; or, the City of God*.

The hymn is written upon Isa. xxxiii, 20, 21, and contains references to various other Scripture passages.

The last four lines have been altered. The author wrote:

"Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray."

There are two additional stanzas:

4 "Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 "Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

See No. 23.

777 *God her everlasting light.* 8, 7.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Title: *The Future Peace and Glory of the Church.*
It is founded upon Isa. lx, 18-20:

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but
thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates
Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by
day; neither for brightness shall the moon give
light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an
everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun
shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon
withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine ever-
lasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall
be ended."

Instead of "Scenes," verse one, line five, some
editions have "Themes," and some "Thorns."
From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

For biographical sketch, see No. 44.

778 *Daughter of Zion.* 11.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy
sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that
subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge
that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath
saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free!

UNKNOWN.

This fine hymn evidently drew its inspiration
from the prophecies of Isaiah. So far as is known,
it first appeared in 1830.

779 *For the extension of the Church.* 7, 61.

ON thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

HARRIET AUBER.

This hymn is written on verses one, two, six, and
seven of *Psa. lxxvii*:

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and
cause his face to shine upon us; that thy way
may be known upon earth, thy saving health among
all nations. Then shall the earth yield her increase;
and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God
shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall
fear him."

Verbatim and entire from *The Spirit of the
Psalms*, 1829.
See No. 33.

780 *The golden chain.* C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

Title: *The Grace of Christian Love.*

Some slight verbal changes have been made in this fine hymn. The original has "*that*" instead of "*who*" in the second line of the first stanza.

The fourth verse was written:

"When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows:
When union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glows."

From the author's *Walworth Hymns*. London, 1792.

For biography, see No. 759.

781 *Come with us.* C. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Reception into Church Fellowship.*

Two stanzas, the third and fourth, are omitted:

3 "The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break;
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness
Freely with us partake.

4 "In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burthen share,
They lend their mutual powers."

Unaltered. From the author's *Original Hymns*, 1853.

For biography, see No. 5.

782 *United—though separate.* C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Original title: *At Parting.*

Some slight changes were made for the *Collection* of 1780.

Verse one, line four:

"We still are *joined* in heart."

Verse two, line four:

"And *do* His *work* below."

Verse three, line one:

"O *let us* ever walk in Him."

The fifth and sixth stanzas have been left out :

5 "While thus we walk with Christ in light,
Who shall our souls disjoin?
Souls which Himself vouchsafes to unite
In fellowship Divine.

6 "We all are one who Him receive,
And each with each agree;
In Him, the One, the Truth, we live,
Blest point of unity."

These two stanzas, we admit, are comparatively valueless; but they complete the original hymn. The last stanza began :

"But let us hasten, etc."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

783 *Love, the test of discipleship.* C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

THOMAS COTTERILL, ALT.

Title: *For Christian Love.*

It has been altered considerably.

-ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse two, lines one, three, and four :

"O may we love each other, Lord,"
"For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity."

Verse three, lines three and four :

"The cords of love our hearts should bind
The law of love inflame."

Verse four :

"So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
See how these Christians love."

This hymn is none the less valuable for being partly didactic and partly devotional.

From the author's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*.
See No. 281.

784 *The law of Christ.* C. M.

TRY us, O God and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship. A hymn of four parts; this is part one, entire.

One word was changed for the *Collection* of 1780. The last line of the fifth stanza read "*sinless*" instead of "*spotless*."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

785 *The loadstone of His love.* C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of the same hymn as the last, (see title.) These are the first four stanzas of part four, *verbatim*. These hymns are full of the spirit of the Gospel, and they are well adapted to congregational singing.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

786 *Rejoicing in hope.* C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our friend!

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Hymns for Christian Friends*. Twelve stanzas; these are verses one, two, four, five, eleven, and twelve.

The third stanza in the original began:

“Who for his sake, etc.”

Otherwise it has not been altered.

From the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

787 C. M.

Ye are come unto Mount Zion. Heb. xii, 22.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven!

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Sinai and Zion*.

Written on Heb. xii, 18, 19, 22-24:

“For ye are not come into the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more: but ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.”

The author wrote “spread” instead of “speak” in verse two, line four.

From Watts's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

788 *The bond of love.* C. M.

THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

3 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statues are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

4 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart;
Its life from thee, the soul.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.*

The second and third stanzas of the original have been omitted. They are a little peculiar:

2 "The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 "God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might,
While all His works and all His ways
Harmoniously unite."

Unaltered. From the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

See No. 5.

789 *Harmony and joy unspeakable.* C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seeks his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At Meeting of Friends.*

The only change in this hymn is a transposition of words in the first line of the fourth stanza.

Charles Wesley wrote:

"E'en now we *speak* and *think* the same."

John Wesley arranged the line for his *Collection*, 1780, as given in the hymn. This little change well illustrates the mental characteristics of the two brothers. Charles Wesley gave the line a *poetical* arrangement. We not only *speak* but *think* the same. John Wesley, who was evidently of the opinion that Christians ought to think before they speak, changed the order and gave the line a *logical* arrangement.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

790 *Safety in union.* C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Hymns for Believers*. The original has one additional stanza:

7 "Keep us till then in perfect peace,
And call us each to prove
An endless age of heavenly bliss,
An endless age of love."

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

791 *Welcome to Church fellowship.* L. M.

BRETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Jesus, attend; thyself reveal;
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel;
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

4 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

5 Though but in part we know thee here,
We wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And be forever lost in love.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

Title: *On the Admission of any Person into the Society.*

Eight stanzas: these are verses one, three, five, seven, and eight. There are verbal changes in ten lines of this hymn, which first appeared in this form in the *Supplement to the Wesleyan Collection*, edited by Richard Watson and Thomas Jackson, at the request of the Conference.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

792 FIRST PART. L. M.

Striving together for the faith of the gospel.

UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,—
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SECOND PART.

793 *One fold and one Shepherd.* L. M.

GIVER of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

2 We all shall speak and think the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

3 O let us take a softer mold,
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

4 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

5 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

These are parts of a long hymn of thirty-four stanzas, written on Isa. xxviii, 16:

"He that believeth shall not make haste."

The author published the hymn in four parts. Nos. 792 and 793 are composed of part three, *verbatim*.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

794 *The heavenly Guest invited.* L. M.

SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest;
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers;
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit;
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This was taken from a long hymn of thirty-six stanzas, entitled *Unto the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans*. This hymn is divided into three parts. These are the first four verses of part three, unaltered. The basis of the hymn is Rev. iii, 20:

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

795 *Glorious and spotless.* L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *Primitive Christianity*.

The original contains thirty stanzas, divided into two parts. These are verses one, two, six, and eight of part second, unaltered. The hymn was first published by John Wesley, in 1743, at the end of *An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*. It was a great favorite with Wesley, and with Fletcher of Madeley as well. Two of the omitted stanzas show the "manner of spirit" of these men:

12 "O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesus' witnesses;
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples feet."

14 "After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon Thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given
And serve the royal heirs of heaven."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

796 *One now, one forever.* L. M.

STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love;

2 Yet must we part, and parting weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
Our farewell words, how sad and sore!

3 Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy:

4 Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

5 There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Author's title: *Quis Separabit*.

The first and last stanzas have been omitted:

1 "'Tis thus they press the hand and part,
Thus have they bid farewell again;
Yet still they commune, heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain."

7 "Then let them press the hand and part,
The dearly loved, the fondly loving,
Still, still in spirit and in heart,
The undivided, unremoving."

In this hymn the first person has been substituted for the third, and a number of words have necessarily been changed.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 426.

797 *Sympathy and mutual love.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Author's title: *Brotherly Love*.

This hymn is unaltered and entire.

In 1772 Dr. Fawcett received a call to a prosperous church in London, and decided to go. After his goods were loaded, his people at Wainsgate met to bid him farewell; but they felt that they could not give up their beloved pastor, and with tears entreated him to remain. Their love prevailed; he was convinced that it was his duty to remain, and he did remain with them until his death, in 1817. It is said that Dr. Fawcett wrote this hymn at the time, (1772,) and that it was inspired by the love that bound him to his humble people.

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782.
See No. 31.

798 Meeting, after absence. S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more;
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Hymns for Christian Friends*.
A few words were changed for the *Collection* of
1780 by John Wesley.

The author wrote in the first stanza:

"For His *almighty* grace;"

and in the second:

"What *mighty* conflict passed;"

and:

"Yet out of all the Lord."

One stanza, the last, is omitted:

"Jesus to Thee we bow,
And for Thy coming wait,
Give us for good some token now
In our imperfect state;
Apply the hallowing word,
Tell each who looks for Thee,
Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,
Thou shalt be all like Me."

This hymn is frequently sung at the opening session of an Annual Conference, and it is especially appropriate for such an occasion.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

799 Blest communion. S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family*.

This hymn is written on Psa. cxxxiii. It has not been altered.

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 "Thus when on Aaron's head,
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room."

Published in 1719.

800 S. M.
One Lord, one faith, one baptism. Eph. iv, 5.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone:
 Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
 Unite thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,
 His tenderest and his last,
 His constant, latest care
 Ere to his throne be passed,
 No longer unfulfilled remain,
 The world's offense, his people's stain!

4 Head of thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew:
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.
 GEORGE ROBINSON.

Title: *Christian Fellowship.*

Written in 1842, and first published in *Original Hymns Adapted to General Worship and Special Occasions*, by various authors. Edited by Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D. London, 1843.

Three lines have been altered. The author wrote, verse one, line three:

"Zion, one faith is thine."

Verse two, lines five and six:

"And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
 Our chief, our choicest offering."

These last lines were altered by Prof. F. M. Bird, of Lehigh University, in 1865.

The third stanza has been omitted:

3 "Oh why should they who love
 One gospel to unfold,
 Who seek one home above,
 On earth be strange and cold?
 Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
 In strife abide, and bitterness?"

The personal history of the author I have not been able to obtain.

801

H. M.

Bear ye one another's burdens.

THOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice to approve,
 Thy providence to obey;
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face;
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain;
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain;
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear;
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join, with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day,
 With all thy fullness fill,
 And then transport away,—
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast!

CHARLES WESLEY.

One of the *Hymns for Christian Friends.*

Charles Wesley was betrothed to Miss Sarah Gwynne, in December, 1748. They were married the next April. From internal evidence we judge that most of these hymns were written for "A Christian Friend," and that friend was the lady who became his wife. They must have been written during his engagement, or soon after, for they were published in the year of his marriage—1749. This hymn has been edited twice, and its original design somewhat obscured, but not obliterated. There is an additional stanza:

7 "There, only there, we shall
 Fulfil Thy great design,
 And in Thy praise with all
 Our elder brethren join;
 And hymn, in songs which never end,
 Our heavenly, everlasting Friend."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

802

Sweet counsel.

7.

GLORY be to God above,
 God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Make we mention of his love,
 Publish we his praise below:

2 Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

3 Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

4 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possessed.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At the Meeting of Christian Friends.*
Six eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is composed of the first, the last half of the second, and the first half of the third.

The last part of the third stanza of this hymn, Wesley wrote:

"*Lasting comfort, steadfast hope,
Solid joy, and settled peace;*"

and the second line of the last stanza:

"*Never, never may we rest.*"

The changes were made for the *Collection for the use of the people called Methodists*, 1780.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

803 *Love, the bond of union.* 7.

WHILE we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see,
Make, O make us meet for thee;
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart;
Stamp it now on every heart:
Only love to us be given:
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *The Love-Feast.*

Taken from a long hymn of twenty-two stanzas, in five parts. This is *part four*, with the first verse omitted:

1 "Partners of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives His praise,
Walk in Him we have received,
Show we not in vain believed."

"*Thy*" has been changed to "*thine*" in the fifth line of the last stanza.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

804 *Of one heart and mind.* 7.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believes live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *For a Family.*

This is one of the *Hymns for Believers*.

The author wrote the first couplet of the fourth stanza thus:

"Let us *each* for other care,
Each *his* brother's burden bear."

It was changed for the *Collection* of 1780. For a hundred years it has been used in various editions of our hymn book without a word of change. The *editors* evidently agree that it is all right. It certainly adds to the value of this excellent hymn to know that it was written "for a family."

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

805 *Witnesses for Jesus.* 7.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *The Love-Feast.*

These are the first three stanzas of a long hymn of five parts, twenty-two stanzas.

These stanzas have not been altered.

No. 803 is a part of the same.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.806 *Many, but one.* 7.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill;
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author wrote a hymn of thirty-nine stanzas, divided into six parts, entitled *The Communion of Saints*.

Part four has five stanzas, each of which contributes to make up this hymn. We give the last two entire:

4 "Sweetly now we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy,
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feels its share:
*Wounded by the grief of one,
All the suffering members groan:
Honored if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.*

5 "Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
*There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void:*
Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.807 *When shall we meet again?* 6, 5.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

ALARIC A. WATTS AND S. F. SMITH.

Alaric Alexander Watts, editor, literator, and poet, was born in London in 1797, and lived until 1864.

Watts wrote only the first stanza of this hymn. It was part of a piece published in his *Poetical Sketches*, 1822. The remaining stanzas were irregular in meter, and not singable. The Rev. S. F. Smith wrote the rest of the hymn at the request of Lowell Mason, who gave him the first stanza, and asked him to write three more in the same measure.

See No. 92.

808 *Ministers' prayer.* 7, 6.

LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in thy vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee;
We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Beside thy sacred altar
Be with us, where we stand,
To sanctify thy people
Through all this happy land.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

Title: *An Ordination Hymn.*

The first stanza was written upon John iv, 35:

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

The second stanza was founded on Matt. ix, 38:

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

The hymn closes with this doxology:

"Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
O Blessed Three in One.
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore;
And fill us with Thy fullness
Now and for evermore."

From *Hymns of Love and Praise for the Christian Year*, 1863.

See No. 232.

809 *Entire dependence on Christ.* C. P. M.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

4 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest luster shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For a Family of Believers.*

Two stanzas, the third and fourth, of the original are omitted:

3 "In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways,
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 "Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind."

These two omitted stanzas reveal the real missionary spirit of the Wesley family. A few slight changes have been made.

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767.

810 *Heralds of the cross.* L. M.

GO forth, ye heralds, in My name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart.
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
Ye are commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

UNKNOWN.

In many editions of the *Hymnal* this is attributed to John Logan. Reliable hymnologists, however, say that there is no warrant for this. So far as is known, it first appeared in the *Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book Collection*, 1789.

811 *He giveth the increase.* L. M.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

AUGUSTUS G. SPANGENBERG.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

Title: *God's Husbandry.*

This hymn is a part of a poem of thirteen double stanzas, which the author presented to Count Zinzendorf on his birthday, in 1784. John Wesley published his translation of the whole hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

This hymn is made up of the first, third, and the first half of the eighth stanzas.

Wesley wrote the first line of the third verse:

"See where the servants of *their God*."

This hymn came into the Methodist Episcopal hymn book in one of the editions of the *Pocket Hymn Book*, between the ninth edition (1788) and the eighteenth edition, (1793.)

Augustus Gottlieb Spangenberg lived from 1704 to 1792. In 1722 he entered the University of Jena as a law student, but soon gave up the law for theology. After graduating at Jena, he made the acquaintance of Count Zinzendorf, and in 1735 began his ministry at Herrnhut. Subsequently he did useful work in visiting the churches of the Brethren in England and America. In 1744 he was ordained Bishop in the Moravian Church, at Herrnhut. Spangenberg wrote some theological works, and a few very fine hymns.

812 *The ministry instituted.* L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live;
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, ALT.

Title: *The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.*

Scripture basis, Eph. iv, 11, 12:

"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

It was written for the ordination of the Rev. Abraham Tozer, June 20, 1745, and contained seven stanzas.

The first stanza of the original is omitted, and also part of two others. There are verbal changes in nine of the lines. It should be marked *altered*.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

See No. 78.

FIRST PART.

813 *Boldness in the gospel.* L. M.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

JOHANN J. WINKLER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

SECOND PART.

814 *Christ's constraining love.* L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power:
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

JOHANN J. WINKLER.

TR. BY J. WESLEY.

From the German. The translation is entitled *Boldness in the Gospel*.

Something of the dignity and responsibility of an ambassador of Christ is shown in this hymn. The translation is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

The Rev. Johann Joseph Winkler lived from 1670 to 1722. He was a German Pietist; an excellent and cultured man; the pastor of a church in Magdeburg, and for a time chaplain to the Protestant forces in the early part of the Thirty Years' War.

815 *The angels of the Churches.* L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy luster glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word:
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord;
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *A Prayer for the Bishops*. It must be remembered that Charles Wesley did not share with his brother John in the opinion "that Bishops and Presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." Charles Wesley held certain High-Church notions all his life. A Bishop, with him, was one in the "regular apostolic succession." For such "Bishops" this "prayer" was written. Witness the

fourth and fifth stanzas, which have been omitted:

4 "The worthy successors of those
Who first adorned the sacred line,
Bold let them stand before their foes,
And dare assert their right divine."

5 "Their hearts from things of earth remove;
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear!
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasure there."

The third line of the first verse was, originally:

"Still in Thy *falling* church appear,"

and the last line of the hymn was:

"*And let all knees to Jesus bow.*"

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

816 *Laborers in the vineyard.* S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

6 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet:

7 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The author's title was: *At Parting*.

One of the *Hymns for Christian Friends*. The original is in two parts and comprises ten eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is from part one. Several lines were changed for the *Collection* of 1780—probably by John Wesley.

The original hymn is found in Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

817 *Success certain.* S. M.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This valuable hymn was written upon Acts xi, 21:

"And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."

It was left by the author in manuscript, and was first published in *A Supplement to the Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists*, 1830. It has not been altered.

818 *The laborers are few.* S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *A Prayer for Laborers.*

Two stanzas, the fourth and sixth, are omitted:

4 "Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
Saviour of human race."

6 "On all mankind forgiven
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That Thou hast died for all."

The last part of this stanza reveals the theology of the author.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

819 *For the success of ministers.* L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, ALT.

Author's title: *Prayer for Ministers.*
Five lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, lines one and two:

"Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine."

Verse three, line one:

"Teach them *aright* to sow the seed."

Verse four, lines three and four:

"In humble strains thy grace *adore*
And feel thy *new-creating* power."

Two stanzas, of little value, are omitted.
It first appeared in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787.
For bibliographical sketch, see No. 285.

820 *The commission.* L. M.

"GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole world my grace
receive;

He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Apostle's Commission*; or, *The Gospel attended by Miracles.*

The first two stanzas are founded upon Mark xvi, 15, 16:

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

The last stanza was written upon Matt. xxviii, 19, 20:

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The original has "*that*" instead of "*who*" in the third and fourth lines of the first verse.

Two stanzas, the third and fifth, are omitted:

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name,
Nor let my prophets be afraid
Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme."

5 "He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, 1707.

821 *The joyful sound.* S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, The Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles.*

The first two and the last two stanzas of this favorite hymn were written upon Isa. lii, 7-10:

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bear his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

The third and fourth stanzas were founded upon Matt. xiii, 16, 17:

"But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

Unaltered and entire from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

822 *The minister's only business.* C. M.

JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After Preaching in a Church.*

This is part of a long hymn of twenty-two stanzas, and consists of verses nine, ten, twelve, thirteen, eighteen, and twenty-two of the original.

Only one word has been changed. Wesley wrote in the fourth stanza:

"The arms of love *which* compass me."

This has always been a very popular hymn with the Methodists. The author shows how much he appreciated the Gospel, and how he loved to proclaim it.

One of the omitted stanzas, the fourteenth, is as follows:

14 "O that my Jesus' heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, vol. ii, 1749.

823 *The pastoral office.* C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.

- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Author's title: *Watching for Souls in the View of the Great Account.*

Scripture basis, Heb. xiii, 17:

"Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief."

This valuable hymn was written for the ordination of a minister, and has not been altered.

One stanza, the fourth, has been omitted:

- 4 "All to the great Tribunal haste,
Th' Account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our Faults,
Lord, how should we appear?"

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755.

See No. 78.

824 *Clothed with salvation.* C. M.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase
Unto the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*.

The first stanza is written on 2 Chron. vi, 41:

"Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation."

The rest of the hymn is founded on Judges v, 31:

"Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Wesley wrote the first line of the second verse:

"Jesus, let all thy *lovers* shine."

This was changed to "servants" in 1808, when the hymn was published in the *Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book*.

The first line of the last verse the author wrote:

"As the great Sun of Righteousness."

"Great" was changed to "bright" by John Wesley for his *Collection* of 1780.

825 *Training the soldiers of Christ.* L. M. 61.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world, and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim the word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

CHARLES WESLEY.

By mistake this hymn was credited, in the first editions of the *Hymnal*, to Henry John Gauntlett. It was written by Charles Wesley, and published in *Hymns for Children*. Bristol, 1763.

The last line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"And then transplant *them* to the skies."

The last line of the hymn was:

"And preach the death by which *they* live."

One stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 "Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,
And serve and love Thee all their days;
Infuse the principle Divine
In all who here expect Thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestowed,
Rise every child a man of God."

826 *Baptismal hymn.* L. M. 61.

I AM baptized into thy name,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Among thy seed a place I claim,
Among thy consecrated host;
Buried with Christ and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall live within.

- 2 My loving Father, here dost thou
Proclaim me as thy child and heir;
Thou, faithful Saviour, bidd'st me now
The fruit of all thy sorrows share;
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
When darkest clouds around I see.
- 3 Hence, Prince of darkness! hence, my foe!
Another Lord hath purchased me;
My conscience tells of sin, yet know,
Baptized in Christ, I fear not thee:
Away, vain world! sin, leave me now!
I turn from you; God hears my vow.
- 4 And never let me waver more,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Till at thy will this life is o'er,
Still keep me in thy faithful host,
So unto thee I live and die,
And praise thee evermore on high.

J. J. RAMBACH.

TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH.

Title: *Renewal of the Vow.*The original contains seven stanzas. These are the first two and the last two, *verbatim*.The date given in *Lyra Germanica*, second series, is 1720.

The Rev. Johann Jakob Rambach was born at Halle in 1693, was a professor of theology, and the author of some valuable theological works. He died at Giessen in 1735.

827

C. M.

Suffer the little ones to come unto Me.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Christ's Condescending Regard to Little Children.*

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark x, 14.

There are two additional stanzas:

4 "Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear;
Ye Children, seek his Face;
And fly with Transport to receive
The Blessings of his Grace.

21

- 5 "If, Orphans, they are left behind,
Thy guardian Care we trust,
That Care shall heal our bleeding Hearts,
While weeping o'er their Dust."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures.*

Published from the author's manuscript, by Job Orton, 1755.

See No. 78.

828

Children in the arms of Jesus. C. M.

BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To little children he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Our infants in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

JOHN PEACOCK, WATTS, AND OTHERS.

A Cento, compiled from several popular authors. The first and third stanzas were written by John Peacock; from *Songs of Praise*. London, 1776.

The second stanza was written by Isaac Watts; from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i, hymn 113. The last stanza is evidently altered from Philip Doddridge.

Compare it with the last stanza of the preceding hymn.

The Rev. A. M. Toplady compiled the hymn for his *Psalms and Hymns*. London, 1776. We find it composed of one stanza of Peacock's hymn, one of Watts's, two of Doddridge's, and two others—probably by Toplady himself.

Several lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line three:

"To Babes and Sucklings He extends."

Verse two, lines one, two, and three:

"Jesus, the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms," etc.

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

"Nor dare their Claim resist;
Let none the Infant Race despise,
For Heav'n of such consists."

The Rev. John Peacock was born in 1731; was awakened and converted under the preaching of George Whitefield; became an itinerant Wesleyan preacher in 1767; and continued in the work till 1796, when he was obliged to retire on account of ill-health. He died in 1803. An account of his life and triumphant death is given in the *Methodist (Wesleyan) Magazine*.

829 *Significance of baptism.* C. M.

O LORD, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.
- 4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in thine, we own thy claim
As ransomed by thy blood.
- 5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep his temple pure,
And make thy grace our only boast,
And by thy strength endure

MARY BOWLY.

This baptismal hymn is said to have been written by Mrs. Mary Bowly Peters, the wife of the Rev. M^r. Williams Peters, an English clergyman. In 1846 she published *Hymns Intended to Help the Communion of Saints*, containing fifty-eight pieces. Mrs. Peters died in 1856.

830 *Rites inefficacious.* S. M.

RITES cannot change the heart,
Undo the evil done,
Or with the uttered name impart
The nature of thy Son.

- 2 To meet our desperate want,
There gushed a crimson flood:
O from his heart's o'erflowing font
Baptize this soul with blood!
- 3 Be grace from Christ our Lord,
And love from God supreme,
By the communing Spirit poured
In a perpetual stream!

WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

Original title: *A Parental Prayer at the Baptism of an Infant.*

This is part of a hymn of six stanzas, found in *The New Supplement to the Wesleyan Collection*, 1875. These are verses three, four, and five, *verbatim*.

The Rev. William Maclardie Bunting was the oldest son of Dr. Jabez Bunting, of the Wesleyan Conference. He lived from 1805 to 1866, and was a gifted and educated gentleman, an able preacher, and an elegant writer, both in prose and verse. This hymn, with several others, was contributed to *Original Hymns*. Edited by the Rev. J. Leif-child, D.D. London, 1843.

831 *The sacramental seal.* L. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

- 2 We now thy promised blessing claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

- 5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At the Baptism of Adults.*

Wesley wrote the second line of the first verse:

"Honor the Means Injoin'd by Thee."

It was changed for the *Collection* of 1780. The second line of the fourth verse was:

"Effectuate now the Sacred Sign."

This awkward expression was changed by the editors of the hymn book in 1849.

The hymn has an additional stanza:

6 "Oh! that the Souls baptiz'd herein
May now thy Truth and Mercy feel,
May rise and wash away their Sin—
Come, Holy Ghost, their Pardon seal."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

832 *At a child's baptism.* L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful
heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

TR. BY S. GILMAN.

Hymn for Baptism. A translation from the German. The Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, in *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, is the authority for authorship and text.

The Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., was an able Unitarian minister, and was born in Massachusetts in 1791. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1811. In 1819 he was installed pastor of a church in Charleston, S. C., where he remained till his death, in 1858.

833 *The Lord's Supper instituted.* L. M. 6 l.

IN that sad, memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite:

He took, and blest, and brake the
bread;

And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent expressed:

2 "Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven:

Do this, my dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me."

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, looked up,
And gave to them what he had blest;
And, "Drink ye all of this," he said,
"In solemn memory of the dead.

4 "This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal covenant of my grace;
My blood, so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race;
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven."

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, by John and Charles Wesley, Presbyters of the Church of England. Bristol, 1745. The real subject is *The Institution of the Lord's Supper*. It is based on Matt. xxvi, 26-28:

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

The original has one additional stanza:

5 "The grace which I to all bequeath
In this Divine memorial take,
And, mindful of your Saviour's death,
Do this, My followers, for My sake,
Whose dying love hath left behind
Eternal life for all mankind."

It has not been altered.

834 *The invitation.* C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Room at the Gospel-Feast*. Luke xiv, 22. One word has been changed. The author wrote "*dainties*" instead of "blessings" in the second line.

Two stanzas, the third and fifth, of the original have been omitted:

3 "Ye hungry Poor, that long have stray'd
In Sin's dark Mazes, come:
Come from the Hedges and Highways,
And Grace shall find you Room."

5 "Yet is his House and Heart so large,
That Millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembling World
O'erfill the spacious Room."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

See No. 78.

835 *Approaching the table.* C. M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

3 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, without title.

The hymn has in all eight stanzas; these are the first, fourth, fifth, and seventh, *verbatim*. This book was published at Bristol, in 1745, and contained 166 pieces, which were arranged under six general topics:

I. "As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ," 27 hymns.

II. "As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace," 65 hymns.

III. "The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven," 23 hymns.

IV. "The Holy Eucharist as it Implies a Sacrifice," 12 hymns.

V. "Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons," 30 hymns.

VI. "After the Sacrament," 9 hymns.

836 *Grateful remembrance.* C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee!

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Written upon Lake xxii, 19:

"This do in remembrance of me."

No Christian can carefully read this excellent hymn without profit. It is well calculated to stir the heart of the believer. It has not been altered.

From *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

For biography, see No. 5.

837 *Rich gifts of gospel grace.* C. M.

O LOVE divine! O matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays
Of purest living light.

2 O wondrous death! O precious blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

3 O covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed!
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.

4 Jesus, we bow our souls to thee,
Our life, our hope, our all,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
Thy dying love recall.

5 O may thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds;
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines.

EDMUND TURNEY.

Author's title: *In Remembrance of Me.*

"This cup is the new testament in my blood,
which is shed for you." Luke xxii, 20.

The author wrote, verse one, line four:

"Of pure and living light."

Verse five, line one:

"Oh! may Thy pure and perfect laws."

It first appeared in *Memorial Hymns; or, Songs in the House of My Pilgrimage*, by Edmund Turney, late Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation in the Fairmount Theological Seminary. New York, 1864.

The Rev. Edmund Turney (1817-1872) was a Baptist clergyman. *Memorial Hymns* contained forty pieces. He was also the author of a volume entitled *Memorial Poems*.

838 *The sacred feast.* C. M.

IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
The cup, in token of his blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

THOMAS COTTERILL, ALT.

The New Wesleyan Collection attributes this hymn, which in our *Hymnal* has been marked "UNKNOWN," to Thomas Cotterill. It has been altered in almost every line. For sketch of author, see No. 281.

839 *Gratitude and love.* C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

GERARD T. NOEL.

Title: *This Do in Remembrance of Me.*
Four lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, line four:

"Our more than orphan's woe."

Verse three, line one:

"While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd."

Verse four, lines two and four:

"Our sinful hearts to share."

"But His recorded there."

From *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, by Baptist W. Noel, 1838.

The Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel was born in England in 1782; was a brother of the Rev. Baptist W. Noel; was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge, and labored as a clergyman in the Established Church until his death, in 1851.

This hymn first appeared in *Avondel; or, Sketches in Italy and Switzerland*. (Second edition, 1813.)

840 *He died for me.* C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me he died, for me!"

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!"

JOSEPH HART.

This sacramental hymn was published without title in the *Supplement of Hart's Hymns*, 1762.

The author wrote the third line of the first stanza :

"Did almost with his *latest* breath,"

and the first line of the second stanza :

"To keep *Thy* feast, Lord, *are we* met."

For biographical sketch, see No. 29.

841 *Universal gladness.* S. M.

GLORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood;
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

JOSEPH HART.

The last line of the first verse the author wrote :

"That *sin* might be forgiven,"

and of the third verse :

"And *that* in drinking wine."

There are two additional stanzas :

5 "Sinners, the gift receive,
And each say, 'I am chief;
Thou knowest, O Lord, I would believe
Oh! help my unbelief.'"

6 "Lord, help us from above,
The power is all thy own;
Faith is thy gift, and hope, and love;
For of ourselves we've none."

This is found in the supplement of the author's book, entitled *Hymns, Composed on Various Subjects*, preface, date 1759.

842 *A foretaste of glory.* S. M.

WHAT delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *After the Sacrament.*

Part of a hymn of four eight-line stanzas, of which the first and third verses are as follows :

1 "All praise to God above,
In whom we have believed,
The tokens of whose dying love
We have even now received,
Have with His flesh been fed,
And drank His precious blood;
His precious blood is drink indeed,
His flesh, immortal food.

3 "He bids us taste His grace,
The joys of angels prove;
The stammerers' tongues are loosed to praise
Our dear Redeemer's love.
Salvation to our God
That sits upon the throne;
Salvation be alike bestowed
On His triumphant Son."

Wesley wrote the first line of the hymn :

"O what a *taste* is this."

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

843 *His the pain—ours the joy.* S. M.

NO gospel like this feast
Spread for Thy Church by thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost;
All it cost thee, the Son.

3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift, given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven,

4 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

5 From that dark depth of woes
 Thy love for us has trod,
 Up to the heights of blest repose
 Thy love prepares with God;

6 Till from self's chains released,
 One sight alone we see,
 Still at the cross, as at the feast,
 Behold thee, only thee.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Title: *The Gospel in the Lord's Supper.*

In the *Hymnal* this hymn was incorrectly accredited to the Rev. John Charles Ryle, an English clergyman. It was found in a collection edited by him, entitled *Hymns for the Church on Earth*.

The author was Mrs. Elizabeth Charles. The whole hymn is found in her book, entitled *The Three Wakings, with Hymns and Songs*. London, 1859.

Ten stanzas. This hymn is composed of the first, third, fourth, eighth, ninth, and tenth verses. Unaltered.

See No. 205.

844

7, 61.

The memorial feast maintained.

MANY centuries have fled
 Since our Saviour broke the bread,
 And this sacred feast ordained,
 Ever by his Church retained:
 Those his body who discern,
 Thus shall meet till his return.

2 Through the Church's long eclipse,
 When, from priest or pastor's lips,
 Truth divine was never heard,—
 'Mid the famine of the word,
 Still these symbols witness gave
 To his love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
 Here their common faith proclaim;
 Though diverse in tongue or rite,
 Here, one body, we unite;
 Breaking thus one mystic bread,
 Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
 Which the Saviour's death declare;
 Come, on truth immortal feed;
 For his flesh is meat indeed:
 Saviour, witness with the sign,
 That our ransomed souls are thine.

JOSIAH CONDER.

Title: *Ye do show the Lord's death till he come.*

1 Cor. xi, 26.

It is unaltered, except the first line, which the author wrote:

"Eighteen centuries have fled."

From *The Congregational Hymn Book. A Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*, compiled by Josiah Conder. London, (about 1834.)

Josiah Conder, the author of two of the hymns in the *Hymnal*, (see No. 134,) was born in London in 1798. He passed a busy life as book-seller, editor, and author. His poetical works are *The Star in the East*, 1824; *The Choir and the Oratory*, 1837; and *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*, 1856. This work was not published until after the death of the author, in 1855.

845

Till He come.

7, 61.

"TILL He come:" O let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords;
 Let the little while between
 In their golden light be seen;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;
 It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine, and break the bread;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round his heavenly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only—"Till he come."

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

Title: *Ye do show the Lord's death till he come.*
 1 Cor. xi, 26.

It has not been altered. One stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 "Clouds and conflicts round us press:
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Only whisper—"Till he come."

From the author's *Hymnal, Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, 1870.

It was written in 1861.

The Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, an English clergyman, was born in London in 1825, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1847. He is the author of valuable works in prose and poetry. Among the last is *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, which is well known.

846 *Our Paschal Lamb.* S. M.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.
The original has four eight-lined stanzas. These
are the first half of verses one, two, and three, and
the last half of the fourth stanza, *verbatim*.

847 *Praise to our victorious King.* 7.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side;

2 Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

3 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

5 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:

6 Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

ROMAN BREVIARY. TR. BY R. CAMPBELL.

Title: *Evensong.*

The original has four eight-lined stanza: these
are the first three, somewhat altered. The last is
as follows:

"Paschal triumph, Paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free,
Souls reborn, dear Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee
Ever with the spirit be."

From *Hymns and Anthems For Use in The Holy
Services of the Church*. Edinburgh, 1850.
For biography of author, see No. 167.

848 *Discerning the Lord's body.* 7.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed.
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Appropriate sacramental hymns, neither too frigid
on the one hand, nor too sentimental on the other,
are rare indeed. This is one of the few.

It is unaltered and entire.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, by John and
Charles Wesley, Presbyters of the Church of En-
gland. Bristol, 1745.

849 *Angels' food.* 7, 6.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.
THOMAS AQUINAS. TR. BY R. PALMER.

The original of the hymn, beginning *O esca viatorum*, may be found in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. ii, p. 369.

The translation was contributed to the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858.

Thomas Aquinas, sometimes called the Angelical Doctor, was born at Aquino, in the kingdom of Naples, about 1225. He begun his education at the Monastery of Monte Cassino, and completed his studies at Cologne and Paris, under the tuition of the celebrated Albertus Magnus. His life was devoted to teaching theology and philosophy, to authorship and preaching. His most famous work was his *Summa Theologiae*. He was a Dominican, and the founder of the School of Thomists. He died in 1274.

850 *Until He come.* 8, 8, 8, 4.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come.

GEORGE RAWSON.

This hymn is the same as that found in *Baptist Psalms and Hymns*, 1858, where it is dated 1857. It was afterward altered by the author.
See No. 499.

851 *Figure and means of saving grace.* L. M.

AUTHOR of our salvation, thee,
With lowly, thankful hearts, we praise;
Author of this great mystery,
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pardoning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till, borne on eagle wings, we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.
It is unaltered and complete.

852 *Rejoicing at the table.* L. M.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Title: *Communion with Christ at his Table.*
Three lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line two:

"*Dear* name, by heaven and earth adored."

Verse three, line two:

"And *worship* at his *glorious* feet."

Verse four, line two:

"*With painful, pleasing anguish* flow."

There will be a difference of opinion as to whether these changes are improvements or not. Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth, are omitted:

4 "Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 "Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains."

This is a valuable hymn. The second and last stanzas are especially fine.

From the author's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*. London, 1760.

See No. 63.

853 *The heavenly banquet.* 8, 7.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

ROSWELL PARK.

These are the second and third verses, *verbatim*, of a hymn of six stanzas, entitled *The Communion*.

The introduction to this hymn is found in the author's first stanza. In some churches the congregation is dismissed before the communion service:

1 "While the sons of earth retiring,
From the sacred temple roam;
Lord, thy light and love desiring,
To thine altar fain we come.

Children of our Heavenly Father,
Friends and brethren would we be;
While we round thy table gather,
May our hearts be one in thee."

The Rev. Roswell Park was born in Connecticut in 1807. He received a military education, graduating at West Point in 1831, and served several years in the U. S. Engineer Corps.

In 1842 he began to study theology, and soon after entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1852 he became President of Racine College, Wisconsin. In 1863 he founded a school in Chicago, where he died in 1869. He was the author of a volume, entitled *Selections of Juvenile and Miscellaneous Poems. Written or Translated*. Philadelphia, 1836.

854 *The Spirit's quickening influences.* 8, 7.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind;
True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan thy inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

The author wrote the last line of the first stanza:

"*Preach His gospel to our heart;*"

and the seventh line of the last stanza:

"*All receive the grace atoning.*"

These changes were made by the editors of the hymn book in 1849.

855 *Bless us in parting.* 8, 7, 4.

NOW in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us.
As we from thy table go.
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers
 Onward to our home we move;
 Bless us with eternal blessings,
 In our Father's house above,
 Ever, ever
 Dwelling in the light of love.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Author's title: *Post-Communion Hymn*. It is well adapted for such use as the title suggests. From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, third series, 1866.

It is unaltered and entire.
 For biographical sketch, see No. 426.

856 *Christ the Head and Corner Stone.* 8, 7.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
 Christ the Head and Corner Stone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Zion's help forever,
 And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
 With thy wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear thy servants as they pray;
 And thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls away.

3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 What they ask of thee to gain,
 What they gain from thee forever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in thy glory
 Evermore with thee to reign.

FROM THE LATIN.

TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

The author of the hymn in Latin is unknown. Dr. John Mason Neale published his translation in *The Hymnal Noted*, 1851. This was altered by the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861. Original lines, verse one, lines two, three, and four:

*"And the precious Corner-stone,
 Who the two-fold walls surmounting,
 Binds them closely into one."*

Verse two, lines four and six:

*"Hear thy people as they pray,"
 "Shed within its walls for aye,"*

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

*"That they supplicate to gain
 Here to have and hold forever
 Those good things their prayers obtain."*

Verse three, line six:

"With thy blessed ones to reign."

Two stanzas, the second and fifth, of the translator, have been omitted.

For biographical sketch of Dr. Neale, see No. 199.

857 *Christ, the Corner-stone.* 7.

ON this stone, now laid with prayer,
 Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
 Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
 Where we lay this corner-stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
 Man from error to reclaim,
 And for sinners to atone,
 Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
 To the heart by sin oppressed,
 And the seeds of truth be sown,
 Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
 For the outcast and the poor,
 Who can call no house their own,
 Where we lay this corner-stone.

5 By wise master-builders squared,
 Here be living stones prepared
 For the temple near thy throne,—
 Jesus Christ its Corner-stone.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Written for, and first sung at, the laying of the corner-stone of the Suffolk Street Chapel, in Boston, for the ministry to the poor, May 23, 1839.

This hymn has a Trinitarian cast, which has been given to it largely by changes of the text. The second stanza the author wrote thus:

*"Let thy 'holy child' who came
 Man from error to reclaim,
 And the sinner to atone,
 With thee, bless this Corner Stone."*

The next stanza is made up of verses three and four of the author:

3 *"Let the spirit from above,
 That once hovered like a dove
 O'er the Jordan, hither flown
 Hover o'er this Corner Stone."*

4 *"In the sinner's troubled breast,
 In the heart by care oppressed,
 Let the seeds of truth be sown
 Where we've laid this Corner Stone."*

The words "corner-stone" in the original begin with capital letters; the words "Child" and "Spirit" with small letters. This may illustrate the genius of Unitarianism. From *Airs of Poes-tine and Other Poems*. Boston, 1849.

See No. 36.

858

Prayer and praise.

7.

LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The original title was: *On Opening a Place for Worship.*

A very appropriate dedication hymn from *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

It is unaltered and complete.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 5.

859

Laying the foundation.

L. M.

OLORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands.

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver make them thine.

4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

J. MASON NEALE.

Title: *Laying the First Stone of a Church.*

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." Isa. lx, 13.

There is one additional stanza:

6 "Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee
O Ever-blessed TRINITY! Amen!

See No. 199.

Dr. John Mason Neale's name is found in this *Hymnal* in connection with ten hymns. The others are translations; this is original, and shows that he could compose successfully as well as translate successfully.

The author wrote "*belong*" instead of "*pertain*" in verse four, line one; and the first part of the fifth verse:

"Endue the heads that guide with skill,
Preserve the hands that work from ill."

From *Hymns for the Young*; a second series of *Hymns for Children*.
London, 1854.

860

Jehovah's presence.

L. M.

NOT heaven's wide range of hallowed
space

Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.

2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glowed to guide benighted man.

3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.

4 Be this, O Lord, that honored place,
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fullness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.

5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar
To those bright courts where seraphs
bend;

With awe like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

UNKNOWN.

This hymn first appeared in the hymn book in 1849. It was taken from the *Wesleyan Magazine*. I have not been able to learn any thing more concerning it.

861 *God's guardian presence.* L. M.

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
To thee this temple, Lord, we build;
Thy power and goodness here display,
And be it with thy presence filled.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author's title was: *On Laying the Foundation Stone of a Place for Worship*. That place of worship was St. George's Church, Sheffield, the corner-stone of which was laid July 9, 1821.

The first verse has been improved by some one. The author wrote it thus:

"This stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary."

Montgomery was very sensitive to any change in his lines; but, if he were still living, he could not but be grateful to the editor who put some rhyme and sense into this stanza.

The author wrote "O" instead of "Lord" in the last lines of the second stanza, and began the last verse with "That glory," etc.

The fourth stanza is omitted:

4 "Hosannah! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song;
Hosannah! let their angels sing,
And heaven, with earth, the strain prolong."

From *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825.
See No. 5.

862 *The earthly and the heavenly temple.* L. M.

ENTER thy temple, glorious King!
And write thy name upon its shrine,
Thy peace to shed, thy joy to bring,
And seal its courts forever thine.

2 Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
Our strength, our comfort, and our light;
Sun of our joy's unclouded day!
Star of our sorrow's troubled night!

3 If from thy paths our souls should stray,
Yet turn to seek thy pardoning grace,
Cast not our contrite prayer away,
But hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place.

4 Grant us to walk in peace and love,
And find, at last, some humble place
In that great temple built above,
Where dwell thy saints before thy face.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

This hymn was written for the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal church, Akron, Ohio, 1861.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller is better known as a writer of Sunday-school books. She is also the author of a large number of hymns and poems contributed to periodicals.

863 *A humble offering to Jehovah.* L. M.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
"The morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Title: *Dedication Hymn.*

It was written to be sung at the consecration of Hanover Street Church, Boston. Most verses, written to order, are measured prose of the heaviest species; but this is poetry of a lofty type—indeed, it is more poem than hymn.

The second line of the second stanza the author wrote:

"The broad illimitable sky."

This has been changed for the better.
From the author's *Sacred Poems*.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born at Portland, Me., in 1807; prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, and was graduated at Yale in 1827. Mr. Willis devoted himself to literature as a profession, and with rare success. He lived until 1867.

864

Seeking a tabernacle.

L. M.

WHEN to the exiled seer were given
Those rapturous views of highest
heaven,
All glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.

2 The new Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity;
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,
God and the Lamb its temple are.

3 But we, frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim heirs of guilt and woe,
Must seek a tabernacle where
Our scattered souls may blend in prayer.

4 O Thou, who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veiled and dim,
With purer light our temple cheer,
And dwell in unveiled glory here.

GEORGE ROBINSON.

Title: *The New Jerusalem.*Contributed to *Original Hymns*, edited by the
Rev. J. Leifeild, D.D., 1843.

The author wrote, verse one, line two:

"A rapturous foregaze into heaven."

The fourth and sixth stanzas have been omitted:

4 "We praise the Lord, who deigns to bless
His chosen in the wilderness;
And in unfailing love imparts
The hidden manna to their hearts."

6 "Risen, enthroned, and pleading Priest!
On us, the lowliest and the least,
Thy choicest blessing now confer,
The Paraclete, the Comforter."

The author was an Englishman, who contributed
five hymns to Dr. Leifeild's book in 1843.

865

Invoking God's presence.

H. M.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore

4 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS, ALT.

Title: *On Opening a Place of Worship.*
The first two stanzas have been omitted:

1 "In sweet, exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns
Thro' everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 "To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem still his chosen rest
Is with his smiles and presence blest."

3 "Then King of Glory come," etc.

Verse two, line four, was written:

*"All fragrant to the skies."*The last two stanzas have changed places, and
several verbal changes have been made in the last.
The author wrote it:

"Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround the board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord."

The Rev. Benjamin Francis was born in Wales
in 1734; was educated at Bristol College, and in
1758 was ordained pastor of a Baptist church in
Gloucestershire, where he remained until his death,
in 1799.He was a faithful and successful minister. His
church was enlarged three times during his long
pastorate of forty-one years.This hymn was written for a re-opening of his
church in 1774. The original was contributed to
Rippon's Selection, 1787.

866

Dedication of a hall of science

L. M.

THE Lord our God alone is strong;
His hands build not for one brief day;
His wondrous works, through ages long,
His wisdom and his power display.

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land;
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

3 Beyond the heavens he sits alone,
The universe obeys his nod;
The lightning-rifts disclose his throne,
And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer thee;
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And Science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that Faith hath found.

CALEB T. WINCHESTER.

This hymn was written in 1871, to be sung at the dedication of the Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. Caleb Thomas Winchester, M.A., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., was born in 1847. He is a graduate of Wesleyan class of 1869.

867 *The tokens of His grace.* L. M.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; and God's Care of It.*

One word has been altered. The author wrote verse one, line four:

"*Avow* our temples for his own."

The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 "We bring the Tribute of our Praise,
And sing that condescending Grace,
Which to our Notes will lend an Ear,
And call us sinful Mortals near.

3 "Our Father's watchful Care we bless:
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace,
That no tumultuous Foes invade,
To fill our Worshipers with Dread."

The Scripture basis of this valuable dedication hymn is Psalm lxxxvii, 5:

"And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures.* London, 1755.
See No. 78.

868

11.

Where is the house that ye build unto Me?
Isa. lxvi, 1.

WE rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,
Whose portals were marble, whose
vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are
slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the
fane.

2 More simple and lowly the walls that we
raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and
praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense
shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for
the soul.

3 O Father, come in! but not in the
cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy
chosen ones bowed;
But come in that Spirit of glory and
grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the
race.

4 O come in the power of thy life-giving
word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and
Lord;
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent
given,
And love fill the air with the fragrance of
heaven.

5 The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship
and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

HENRY WARE, JR.

The author's title to this little poem is: *Hymn, For the Dedication of a Church.* April, 1839.
Unaltered and entire from the author's *Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. i. Boston, 1846.
For biographical sketch, see No. 227.

869 *Dedication Hymn* C. M.

○ THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow
warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earthborn passion dies.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

This version of the hymn is found in *The Plymouth Collection*, 1855, and differs in several lines from that found in the author's volume of *Hymns*, 1864.

"How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles!"

"Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, Oh God! to thee.

"And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit; meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before thy mercy-seat.

"May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

"May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies."

This hymn was written originally for the dedication of a church in Prince Street, New York city. Whether the changes were made by the author or by some hymn editor, I cannot say.

See No. 201.

870 *Blessings entreated.* C. M.

○ GOD, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—

2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distill.

5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

J. D. KNOWLES.

This hymn was written for the dedication of some church about 1835, and was published in *The Psalmist*, 1843.

The second stanza has been omitted:

2 "Yet oft to men of ancient time
Thy glorious presence came,
And in Moriah's fane sublime
Thou didst record thy name."

The first line of the next stanza, the second of the hymn, was:

"And now where'er thy saints apart."

The Rev. James Davis Knowles was a native of Rhode Island, born in Providence in 1798. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1824; and was ordained and installed pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Boston, in 1825. In 1832 he resigned his pastorate and became Professor of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Rhetoric in the Newton Theological Seminary. He died in 1838.

871 *The honor and safety of a nation.* S. M.

○ GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delighted seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *The Church is the Honor and Safety of a Nation.*

It is founded on the first part of Psalm xlviii. Three stanzas, the fourth, fifth, and sixth, have been omitted:

- 4 "When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 "When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 "Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been."

In the second of these omitted stanzas, the author probably refers to the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

The hymn has not been altered.
From *The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719.

872 *For the Shepherd's care.* 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,

Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

22

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.
- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY A. THURPP. (?)

Miss Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1799-1847) was an English writer of juvenile poetry.

This really fine hymn is found in *A Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infant and Juvenile Schools and Families*. London, 1838. It has been attributed to H. F. Lyte by some hymnologists. In point of fact neither the author nor the original text have as yet been discovered.

873

For early piety.

8, 7, 4.

GOD has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

- 3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

This genuine hymn is partly didactic and partly precatory. Many of our best hymns are of this mixed character.

For more than thirty years it has been "unknown." After the first part of this book was in type I had the good fortune to discover the author. It was written by Mrs. Mary Hamlin Maxwell, (1814-1853,) whose *Original Hymns*, one hundred and seven in number, were published by Lane & Scott, New York, 1849.

The original contains five stanzas. These are the second, fourth, and fifth, *verbatim*.

874 *Children's hymn.* 8, 7, 4.

CHILDREN, loud hosannas singing,
Hymned Thy praise in olden time,
Judah's ancient temple filling
With the melody sublime;
Infant voices
Joined to swell the holy chime.

2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

3 Loud we'll swell the pleading anthem,
All thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with thy glorious name;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

MRS. H. B. STEELE.

This hymn was written for a Sunday-school celebration, and was contributed to the *Hymnal* in 1877 in answer to a request from the editorial committee.

Mrs. Harriet Binney Steele is a daughter of the late Rev. Amos Binney, D.D., and the wife of the Rev. Daniel Steele, D.D.

875 *The Christian child.* C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

The title given to this hymn in the author's memoirs is: *The Sanctified Child*.

Bishop Heber, in the second stanza of this excellent hymn, shows his appreciation of early religious education and child-piety.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827.

See No. 62.

876 *Children praising Christ.* C. M.

COME, Christian children, come, and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.(?)

This hymn for children, marked "UNKNOWN" in the *Hymnal*, is attributed by some able hymnologists to the same author as No. 872. The question of authorship cannot be regarded as settled.

It is found in *Hymns for the Young*, fourth edition, 1836.

877 C. M.

Blessedness of instructing the young.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

JOSEPH STRAPHAN, ALT.

Title: *Sunday-School*.

From *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, in which it has six stanzas. This hymn is composed of verses five, four, three and six, somewhat altered.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line two:

"And turn *their* rising race."

Verse two, line four:

"And their *Creator* love."

Verse three, lines three and four:

"And *lead* the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth."

These changes were probably made by Dr. James Floy, one of the editors of the hymn book of 1849. Of the author I have learned nothing, except that he was born in 1757.

878 *Sunday-school anniversary.* 7, 5.

WILT thou hear the voice of praise,
Which the little children raise,
Thou who art, from endless days,
Glorious God of all?
While the circling year has sped,
Thou hast heavenly blessings shed,
Like the dew, upon each head;
Still on thee we call.

2 Still thy constant care bestow;
Let us each in wisdom grow,
And in favor while below,
With the God above.

In our hearts the Spirit mild,
Which adorned the Saviour-child,
Gently soothe each impulse wild
To the sway of love.

3 Thine example, kept in view,
Jesus, help us to pursue;
Lead us all our journey through
By thy guiding hand;
And when life on earth is o'er,
Where the blest dwell evermore,
May we praise thee and adore,
An unbroken band.

MRS. CAROLINE L. RICE.

Contributed to this *Hymnal* in 1877. It was written originally for a Sunday-school celebration. Caroline Laura Rice, born in 1819, is the wife of the Rev. William Rice, D.D., of Springfield, Mass.

879 *Little travelers Zionward.*

7.

LITTLE travelers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win;
Lift your head, ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I, from India's sultry plain;"
"I, from Afric's barren sand;"
"I, from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!"
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin!
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

JAMES EDMESTON.

This hymn, according to the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, *Hymns for the Church and Home*, 1872, is unaltered and entire from the author's *Infant Breathings, Being Hymns for the Young*. Two editions, 1846 and 1861.

For sketch of author, see No. 80.

880 *That sweet story of old.* 11, 8, 12, 9

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of
old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on
my head,
That his arms had been thrown around
me,
That I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may
go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to
prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

Author's title: *The Child's Desire*.

Mrs. Jemima Thompson Luke, an English lady, the wife of an Independent minister, the Rev. Samuel Luke, was born in 1813. This hymn was written in 1841 for a school near which the author lived. She had no idea that it would be widely published and deservedly popular. There are two additional stanzas, in which the writer unconsciously showed her interest in missionary work:

5 "But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them
all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 "I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children, of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest."

It was first published in the *Sunday-School Teacher's Magazine*.

881 *A blessing for teachers.* 7.

MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose beams alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind!

3 Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Title: *The Lord Giveth Wisdom*.

From a small volume of nineteen hymns, published in 1864. The author wrote the last line of the second stanza:

"Watchest over all mankind."

See No. 201.

882 *The children's jubilee.* C. M.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Children Singing Hosanna to Christ*.
Seven stanzas. Verses two, three, and six have
been omitted:

2 "From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosannas now be heard;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 "Hosanna here, in joyful bands,
Maidens and youths proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
The Son of David's name."

6 "The city to the country call;
Let realm with realm accord;
And this their watchword one and all:
Hosanna—praise the Lord."

Unaltered. From the author's *Original Hymns*,
1853.

See No. 5.

883 *The Lord's love to children.* 7, 6.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

JOHN KING.

This hymn is of English origin. The author, the Rev. John King, wrote the sixth line of the second stanza:

"Who sits upon the throne."

The original had a chorus, which has been omitted.

It first appeared in *The Psalmist, a Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship*, by the Rev. Henry Gwyther and the Rev. John Gwyther. London, 1830.

884 Grateful praise. 7, 6.

WE bring no glittering treasures,
 No gems from earth's deep mine;
 We come, with simple measures,
 To chant Thy love divine.
 Children, thy favors sharing,
 Their voice of thanks would raise;
 Father, accept our offering,
 Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
 Love's written word of truth,
 To us is early given,
 To guide our steps in youth;
 We hear the wondrous story,
 The tale of Calvary;
 We read of homes in glory,
 From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
 O teach us how to pray,
 That each, thy fear possessing,
 May tread life's onward way;
 Then, where the pure are dwelling
 We hope to meet again,
 And, sweeter numbers swelling,
 Forever praise thy name.

HARRIET C. PHILLIPS.

Written, by request, for a Sunday-school festival in New York city, about 1848. It appeared in *Hymns for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, 1849.

Miss Harriet Cæcilia Phillips was born in Sharon, Conn., in 1806. For a number of years she was an earnest Sunday-school worker in New York city. She wrote five hymns for *Family and Social*

Melodies, edited by the Rev. W. C. Hoyt. Published by Carlton & Phillips, 1853. She also wrote verses for the *The Christian Advocate* and other papers, usually under an assumed name. These fugitive pieces have never been collected. In a letter to the writer the author said: "I usually wrote to please a friend or to beguile a weary hour, not thinking they would be read in coming years." She also expressed this laudable desire: "I would like to be numbered among those whose aim is to do good in the world."

885 Shepherd of tender youth. 6, 4.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways;
 Christ our triumphant King,
 We come thy name to sing;
 Hither our children bring
 To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love;
 While in our mortal pain
 None calls on thee in vain;
 Help thou dost not disdain,
 Help from above.

4 Ever be thou our guide,
 Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song:
 Jesus, thou Christ of God,
 By thy perennial word
 Lead us where thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing:
 Infants, and the glad throng
 Who to thy Church belong,
 Unite to swell the song
 To Christ our King.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

TR. BY H. M. DEXTER.

Author's title: *Hymn of the Saviour Christ.*

This is based upon the oldest Christian hymn extant—A. D. 200.

The original Greek is found at the close of Clement's *Pedagogus*.

Mrs. Charles, in *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, gives a very literal translation.

The Rev. Henry Martin Dexter, D.D., was born in 1821, and educated at Yale College and Andover Theological School. For several years he has been editor of *The Congregationalist*, in Boston. This hymn was translated to be sung by his choir, when he was pastor at Manchester, N. H., in 1846. He says: "I first translated it literally into prose, and then transfused as much of its language and spirit as I could into the hymn."

It was first published in *The Congregationalist*, Dec. 21, 1849. Some slight verbal changes have since been made.

Titus Flavius Clemens, the Alexandrian, was a philosopher, theologian, and author. The exact date of his birth and of his death is not known. He lived and wrote his books in the reign of the Emperor Severus, A.D. 193-211. He was converted from Paganism, was ordained Presbyterian of the Church at Alexandria, and was the successor of Pantenus in the catechetical school of that city. Among his pupils were Origen and Alexander, afterward Bishop of Jerusalem.

886 *Early piety.* 7. 6.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see him
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

A unique and valuable hymn for the little folks. It was written for *The Little Corporal*, a children's magazine, in 1867.

See No. 862.

887 *For a blessing on children.* 8, 7.

HOLY Father, send thy blessing
On thy children gathered here;
Let them all, thy name confessing,
Be to thee forever dear.
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be;
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless, and make them like to thee.

2 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,
In thine arms and at thy breast;
Through life's desert dark and dreary
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.
Spread thy wings of blessing o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide, and lead, and go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, ALT.

Title: *For Schools*.

Several verbal changes have been made in this hymn, and eight lines have been omitted.

It appeared in *Additional Hymns for the Holy Year*, by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. London, 1864.

See No. 72.

888 *The lambs enfolded.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

WILLIAM A. MULLENBERG.

Title: *Baptism of Infants*.

Written at Flushing, Long Island, in 1826; and published the same year in the *Hymn Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church*.

It has not been altered.

See No. 838.

889

8, 7.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm. Isa. xl, 11.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
 Little ones are dear to thee;
 Gathered with thine arms, and carried
 In thy bosom may we be;
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended
 From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
 From thy fold to go astray;
 By thy look of love directed
 May we walk the narrow way;
 Thus direct us, and protect us,
 Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
 May we our thank-offerings bring;
 Then with all thy saints in glory
 Join to praise our Lord and King.
 JANE E. LEESON AND J. WHITTEMORE.

This hymn is a compilation, made up of parts of two or three pieces from *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood*; or, *A Sponsors Gift*. London, 1842.

This book is anonymous, but the author is said to be Jane E. Leeson.

The Rev. Jonathan Whittemore was an English Baptist, (1802-1860,) and the editor of *A Supplement to all Hymn Books*, 1860.

890 *The evils of intemperance.* S. M

MOURN for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
 For reason's light divine,
 Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
 Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
 Call to the strong, the free;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

S. C. BRACE.

Author's title: *Temperance Hymn*.

A correspondent of *The Christian Advocate* raised the question as to the authorship of this hymn. Not long afterward the editor received the following letter:

"The Rev. Dr. Buckley: The hymn *Mourn for the thousands slain*, etc., No. 890 in the *Methodist Hymnal*, was written in 1843 for the *Parish Hymns*, (published in that year in Philadelphia,) by S. C. Brace, whose name may be found in the *Congregational Year-Book*. It was marked 'original,' as were all the hymns composed for that collection, and was signed C., the author choosing to affix his middle initial. If further information should be required, it may be obtained from Mr. Henry Perkins, No. 1423 Pine Street, Philadelphia, who published the *Parish Hymns*, but who knows nothing of this communication. S. C. B.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 10, 1882."

The text of the hymn has not been altered.

The Rev. Seth Collins Brace was born in 1811; was graduated at Yale College, class of 1832, and received his theological education at the Yale Theological Seminary. For many years he was engaged in teaching and literary work, preaching occasionally. In 1861 he was installed pastor of a church at Bethany, Conn.; subsequently he was compelled by illness to retire from active work in the ministry.

891 *Christian sympathy.* S. M.

OPRAISE our God to-day,
 His constant mercy bless,
 Whose love hath helped us on our way,
 And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
 Our daily toil to bear;
 His grace alone inspires our hearts,
 Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
 Earnest of joy above,
 To sweeten many a cup of woe,
 By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
 This blessed rule to keep,
 "Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
 And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear,
 Our work of mercy bless;
 God of the fatherless, be near,
 And grant us good success.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

Title: *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.* Gal. vi, 2.

Contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, by the author, who was one of the compilers of that valuable hymnal.

In the revised edition, 1875, the author has changed the last stanza to this form:

"O praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success. Amen."

For sketch of author, see No. 91.

892 *Ye have done it unto Me.* S. M.

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blestest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

Title: *He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.* Prov. xix, 17.

From *Psalms and Hymns*. Edited by the Rev. Thomas B. Morrell and the Rev. William Walsham How, 1864.

The hymn has not been altered.
See No. 213.

893 *Acts of Charity.* C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace,
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt.

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
When can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Author's title: *Relieving Christ in His Poor Saints*.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the last of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. xxv, 40.

From *Hymns founded on Various Texts of the Holy Scriptures*, 1756.

Published from the author's manuscript by Job Orton.

It is unaltered and entire.

For biography of author, see No. 78.

894 *Sympathy with the afflicted.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When, throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To bless a ruined race;
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,
Thy bright example trace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *The good Samaritan.* Luke x, 30-37.

Some lines have been changed. Dr. Doddridge wrote verse three, lines one and two:

"When *the most* helpless Sons of Grief,
In *low* Distress are laid."

Verse four, line three:

"And 'midst the Embraces of his God."

Verse five, lines two, three, and four:

"To raise us from the Ground,
And made the richest of his Blood,
A Balm for ev'ry Wound."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. Edited by Job Orton, from the author's manuscript, 1755.

See No. 78.

895 *Prayer for the intemperate.* C. M.

'TIS thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is thine own.
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

Author's title: *For a Temperance Meeting*.
Verbatim from The Church Hymn Book, 1872.
A valuable work, carefully edited by the author of this hymn.

The Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield, D.D., a prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, was born at Elizabethtown, N. J., in 1807; was graduated at Middlebury College, and studied theology at Andover. He was ordained in 1832; was pastor at St. Louis three years, at New York, (Seventh Church,) twenty-one years, and of North Church, in the same city, seven years. Failing health compelled him to give up the pastorate. He was an able writer and a useful man. He died in September, 1883.

896 *The box of spikenard.* C. M.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

WILLIAM CUTTER.

Written upon the story of Mary and the alabaster cruse of precious ointment. Matt. xxvi, 6-13.

It was first published in the *Christian Mirror*, Portland, Me., April 23, 1829.

The second and fourth stanzas have been omitted:

2 "And though the prudent worldling frowned,
And thought the poor bereft;
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
For he approved the gift."

4 "The poor are always with us here,
'Tis our great Father's plan,
That mutual wants and mutual care
May bind us, man to man."

William Cutter (1801-1867) was a native of Maine and a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1821. He afterward lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.

897 C. M.

Ye have the poor always with you. Matt. xxvi, 11.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

WILLIAM CROSSWELL.

This hymn was written in 1831 for the Howard Benevolent Society of Boston.

From the author's *Poems; Sacred and Secular*. Boston, 1861.

It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. William Crosswell, D.D., a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Hudson, N. Y., in 1804; was educated at Yale College and in the General Theological Seminary, New York. He was ordained in 1828. At the time of his death, in 1851, he was rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston.

898

Thy neighbor.

C. M.

WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Has power to aid or bless;
Whose healing heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

- 2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;

O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

- 3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

- 4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

WILLIAM CUTTER, ALT.

Title: *Who is my Neighbor?*

The title is, of course, a quotation from the parable of the good Samaritan. In the poem the author answers the question.

It first appeared in *The Christian Mirror*, Portland, Me., May 30, 1828. It began:

"Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless."

At least half of the lines have been altered, probably by W. B. O. Peabody for the *Springfield Collection*. It has been ascribed to him, but erroneously. Three stanzas have been omitted. One of them touches upon slavery. Those who remember the antislavery days can imagine what hatred it excited in some, and what joy in others.

"Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb;
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,
Go thou, and ransom him."

For sketch of author, see No. 896.

899

For the inebriate.

C. M.

LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

- 2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

- 3 Life from the dead! Quickened by thee
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

- 4 And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

UNKNOWN.

The editorial committee took this temperance hymn from the *Baptist Praise Book*, where it is anonymous; nothing new has been learned concerning it.

900

For mercy on the drunkard.

L. M.

WHEN, doomed to death, the apostle lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

- 2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

- 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

- 4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

This temperance hymn was written for the *Hymnal* in August, 1877, at the request of Mr. David Creamer, of Baltimore, who has the original autograph copy still in his possession. It was among the last of the compositions of this great

American poet. In a letter, which accompanied the manuscript, the author wrote: "Thinking of the subject of which you spoke in your letter, it occurred to me that the deliverance of Peter from prison might furnish matter on which to hang a temperance hymn. I have produced what is written above, and it is at your service."

For biography, see No. 201.

901 *Temperance hymn.* L. M.

BONDAGE and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with these that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains the husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

This hymn was written during the Washingtonian Temperance Revival. It is found in *Hymns for Christian Devotion*. Boston, 1846.

One word has been changed. The author wrote the first line:

"Slavery and death the cup contains."

Lucius Manlius Sargent (1788-1867) was one of the ablest advocates of temperance in his day. He was the author of *Temperance Tales*, published by the American Tract Society, and of other works.

902 *Deeds of love rewarded.* C. M.

HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illumine
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

HARRIET AUBER.

Written upon *Psalms* cxii:

"Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments," etc.

Two lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line one:

"Happy the children of the Lord."

Verse two, line four:

"Nor spoiler take away."

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.
See No. 33.

903 *Treasures in heaven.* C. M

RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

The Scripture basis of this hymn is Luke xii, 83:

"Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not."

REPRINT OF THE ORIGINAL HYMN.

1 "These mortal Joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying Flow'r reclines its Head,
The Beauty of a Day!

2 "The Bags are rent, the Treasures lost,
We fondly call'd our own;
Scarce could we the Possession boast,
And strait we found it gone.

3 "But there are Joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in Store;
Treasure beyond the changing Sky,
Brighter than golden Ore.

4 "To that my rising Heart aspires,
Secure to find its Rest,
And glories in such wide Desires,
Of all their Wish possess'd.

5 "The Seeds, which Piety and Love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile Fields above,
To ample Harvests grow.

6 "The Mite my willing Hands can give,
At *Jesus'* Feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble Gift receive,
And Heav'n at large repay."

It will be seen that hymn No. 903 is made up of the third, fifth, and sixth stanzas of the original, slightly altered.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

See No 78.

904

L. M.

More blessed to give than to receive. Acts xx, 35.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

Title: *For a Charitable Occasion.*

These stanzas are not altered. Two stanzas, the third and sixth, are omitted:

3 "Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap;
But who plentifully sows,
The pteuteous sheaves his hand shall heap."

6 "And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve;
Oh! may we find it, gracious Lord,
More bless'd to give than to receive."

From the author's *Sheffield Hymn Book*.

For full title and biographical sketch, see No. 281.

905

For a charitable occasion.

L. M.

DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race,
And if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

2 We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path, with pitfalls strewn;
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

3 Amid the snares misfortune lays
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise,
And stay, and strengthen those who fall;

4 Till, taught by Him who for our sake
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrow less.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Title: *Mutual Kindness.*

This little poem was contributed by the author to *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, edited by Alfred P. Putnam. Boston, 1875.

It was written about fifty years ago, but was not published in the author's poems.

See No. 201.

906

The wanderer exhorted.

7.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

JAMES F. CLARKE.

The author's title is *To the Prodigal Son.*

It was written for *The Disciples Hymn Book*. Boston, 1844. In this book the last stanza reads:

"Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him while he may be found,
Call upon him while he's near."

In a second edition, 1856, Dr. Clarke changed the last line to—

“Call upon him—he is near.”

The other changes are not the author's. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., was born in Hanover, N. H., in 1810; was graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and at Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. Except for an interval of three years, he has been pastor of “The Church of the Disciples,” (Unitarian,) Boston, since 1841. In the mean time he has been an editor, a professor of theology, and has written several valuable books.

907 *The guiding star.* C. M.

AS shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

This beautiful little poem was contributed by the author, from his portfolio, to this *Hymnal* in 1877. It is not found in any of his published works. It was written for the Semi-centennial Celebration of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, March 19, 1875. For biographical sketch of author, see No. 201.

908 *Christ, the Conqueror.* C. M.

JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

A. C. HOBART SEYMOUR.

Title: *Hymn for the Spread of the Gospel.*
Rogers gives the original in *Lyra Britannica*.
Three lines have been altered.

Verse one, line two:

“Assume, assert Thy sway.”

Verse four, lines one and three:

“O may the dear Redeemer's name,”
“And heathen gods, *like Dagon*, fall.”

There are in all seven stanzas; verses five and six are omitted:

5 “O hasten, Lord, the happy time,
That long expected day;
When every kingdom, every tribe
Shall own Thy gentle sway.

6 “When all the untutored tribes
Shall the Redeemer own,
And crowds of willing converts come
To worship at Thy throne.”

Aaron Crossly Hobart Seymour was an English gentleman and literator, born in 1789. His great work was *The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon*, in two volumes, octavo, 1839.

909 *Returning to Zion with hymns of joy.* C. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, “Give up thy charge!”
And, “Keep not back, O North!”

4 They come, they come; thine exiled
bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The author's title to this fine hymn was: *The Restoration of Israel.*

He is indebted largely for his imagery and language to the poet and prophet Isaiah.

Unaltered. From *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

For biographical sketch, see No. 5.

910 *The gospel for all nations.* C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

Author's title: *The Universal Diffusion of the Gospel Promised by God, and Pleaded by his People.*

The original contained forty-six stanzas, and was divided into seven parts. This hymn is composed of verses one, three, eight, and twelve. Only one word has been altered. Instead of "radiant," verse one, line four, the author wrote "obvious."

The whole hymn is found in *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship, Partly Collected from Various Authors, but Principally Composed by Thomas Gibbons, D.D.* London, 1769.

Dr. Gibbons was an English Independent clergyman, born in 1720; was a life-long friend of Dr. Watts, and wrote his memoirs. In 1743 he accepted a call to a church in Cheapside, London; and held this pastorate up to his death, in 1785. He published a volume of sermons, and two volumes of hymns of more than average merit.

911 *The seed of the Church.* 6.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;

And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,
To many a waking land,
The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER.

TR. BY JOHN A. MESSENGER.

The first martyrdom of the Reformation took place at Brussels, July 1, 1523. The victims were Henry Voes and John Esch, young Augustine monks, who had learned the way of salvation by faith, and had renounced Romanism.

The inquisitors asked: "Do you retract your assertion that the priest has not the power to forgive sin, and that it belongs to God alone?" "No; we will retract nothing," was the reply. "We will rather die for the faith." Soon after they were "degraded," that is, deprived of their priestly robes, and delivered over to the secular authorities as heretics. After the pile was lighted, they earnestly prayed to God, and solemnly recited the Apostle's Creed. At length, as they were singing "*Te Deum Laudamus*," their voices were stifled, and their souls released. Luther wrote a long hymn of twelve nine-lined stanzas commemorative of this martyrdom. No. 911 is based upon the tenth stanza of Luther's hymn, and was written about 1840, for *D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation*, by John Alexander Messenger.

Luther's hymn first appeared in the *Enchiridion*. Erfurt, 1524. It was immediately set to music, "and soon," says D'Aubigne, "in Germany and the Netherlands, in city and country, these strains were heard communicating in every direction an enthusiasm for the faith of these martyrs."

See No. 166.

912 *Zion's glad morning.* 11, 10.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,

Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;

Hail to the millions from bondage returning;

Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-
ing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the
ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commo-
tion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Author's title: *Dawn of the Millennium*.
Unaltered. From *Spiritual Songs for Social
Worship*. Edited by Thomas Hastings and Lowell
Mason. New and enlarged edition, 1833.
For a biographical sketch of author, see No. 177.

913 *Let there be light.* 6, 4.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
By thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide,
"Let there be light."

JOHN MARRIOTT.

Slight changes have been made in three lines of
this hymn.

ORIGINAL.

Verse three, line five:

"*Bearing the lamp of grace.*"

Verse four, lines one and six:

"*Holy and blessed Three.*"

"*Through the earth far and wide.*"

Verified by Dr. Raffles's *Hymns*, 1852.

It was written about 1813.

The Rev. John Marriott, a clergyman and the
son of a clergyman, was born in England in 1780;
educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and received
orders in 1803. He lived until 1825.

914 *The Morning Star.* C. M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

Title: *The Heart Watching for the Morning*.

The author, in his book, 1848, made this reason-
able request: "That should any of these poems or
hymns be deemed worthy of a place in any future
collection, they may be left as they are, *without
alteration or abridgment.*" That request has not
been respected. Three lines of this hymn have
been altered.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse two, line one:

"Come, blessed Lord! *bid* every shore."

Verse three, line three:

"Break forth in *rapturous* strains of joy."

Verse four, line one:

"*Lord, Lord,* thy fair creation groans."

(One stanza, the fifth, has been left out :

- 5 "Come, then, with all thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile."

From the author's *Millennial Hymns*, 1848.
See No. 196.

915 *Reign of Christ foretold.* C. M.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord!
And glorify thy name.

4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

5 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

JOHN MILTON.

This hymn is made up of parts of the author's paraphrase of Psalms lxxxv and lxxxvi.

The five stanzas of the hymn were composed upon the following passages from the Psalms:

"Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps." Psal. lxxxv, 13.

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Psal. lxxxv, 10.

"All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name." Psal. lxxxvi, 9.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven." Psal. lxxxv, 11.

"I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore." Psal. lxxxvi, 12.

David and Milton, the greatest of inspired, and the greatest of uninspired, poets, ought to be able to produce a valuable hymn. The only change of

Milton's text is in the first stanzas, which is differently arranged and slightly altered:

"Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err."

916 *The earth renewed in righteousness.* C. M.

ALmighty Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *The Spirit Creating all Things New.*
Some slight changes have been made.

The first and third lines of the first stanza were written:

"*Spirit of power and might*, behold,
Creator-Spirit, as of old."

The first line of the last stanza the author began with:

"*So every*," etc.;

and the third line with:

"*Thy new creation*," etc.

From Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853.
For biography, see No. 5.

917 *That glorious anthem.* L. M.

SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms,
 be
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 Till not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

UNKNOWN.

In the *Hymnal* this is attributed to Mrs. Voke. She did write several missionary hymns, but there is no evidence that she wrote this. It appeared about 1829.

Examination plainly shows that it is founded upon Rev. xi, 15:

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

918 *The time to favor Zion.* L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy
 power;
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
 O bid the morning star arise,
 O point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds and eastern plains;
 Far let the gospel's sound be known;
 Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy
 voice;
 Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
 Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
 Bid every nation hail the light.

UNKNOWN.

This hymn is credited to Mrs. Voke in the *Hymnal*. So far as has been ascertained it was first found in *Hymns for the Use of Christians*, edited by Elias Smith and Abner Jones, Portland, Maine, 1805. There it has this heading: *On the Departure of the Missionaries. By a Bristol Student.*

It has seven stanzas. These are the first three slightly altered. The well known missionary hymn,

"Ye Christian heroes go, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name,"

is a part of the same.

919 *Christ's all-embracing religion.* L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

23

2 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at his feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Christ's Kingdom Among the Gentiles.*
 Founded on the last part of Psalm lxxii.

The second stanza is made out of the second and third of Watts's:

2 "Behold the islands with their kings,
 And Europe, her best tribute brings;
 From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at his feet.

3 "There Persia, glorious to behold,
 There India shines in Eastern gold,
 And barbarous nations at his word
 Submit and bow, and own their Lord."

Watts wrote the first couplet of the third stanza

"For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head."

There are three additional stanzas that are too good to be forgotten:

6 "Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

7 "Where he displays his healing pow'r
 Death and the curse are known no more;
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

8 "Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen."

Published in 1719.

920 *Triumphs of mercy.* L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
 Put on thy strength, the nations
 shake,
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah, God alone :"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
 In every land, of every name;
 Till adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JR.

Title: *Missionary Hymn.*

Lyra Britannica, Rogers, claims to give the original. From this valuable work we copy the two omitted stanzas, the fourth and fifth:

4 "Arm of the Lord, Thy power extend;
 Let Mahomet's imposture end;
 Break papal superstition's chain,
 And the proud scoffers rage restrain.

5 "Let Zion's time of favor come:
 Oh bring the tribes of Israel home:
 And let our wondering eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold."

From *Missionary Hymns*, 1795.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 110.

921 *The triumph near.* L. M.

ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
 That Christ all glory shall obtain;
 That he who once a sufferer bled
 Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King;
 Long ages have prepared thy way;
 Now all abroad thy banner fling,
 Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
 "The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
 The old grim towers of darkness yield,
 And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
 Where scattered wide the watchmen
 stand;
 Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
 The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
 Bid her long night of weeping cease;
 To groaning nations haste the hour
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
 Fulfill the Father's high decree;
 Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
 Shall keep her last great jubilee.

RAY PALMER.

Author's title: *The Jubilee.*

This was written for the fiftieth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was sung at the Jubilee Celebration, held in Tremont Temple, Boston, October, 3-5, 1860.

One stanza, the fifth, is omitted:

"Thou hast our humble service blest,
 While fifty years have rolled their round;
 Weary and worn the fathers rest,
 But in their stead the sons are found."

From the author's *Poetical Works*. New York, 1875.

See No. 714.

922 *Missionary meeting.* L. M.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
 The voice that marshaled every star
 Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the martyrs bled;
 Along the line, to either pole,
 The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
 Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
 Our counsels aid; to each impart
 The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
 Recall the wandering spirits home;
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
 To spread the spacious earth around.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

Title: *A Missionary Hymn, For the Opening of the Services.*

In verse two, line four, the author wrote "thunder" instead of "anthem;" and in verse three, line three, "and Oh" instead of "to each."

The second and fourth stanzas have been omitted:

2 "Constrained by love to him who died,
 Thy churches pour th' o'erflowing tide;
 Midst congregated thousands here,
 In all thine ancient power appear."

4 "First bow our hearts beneath thy sway,
 Then give thy growing empire way;
 O'er wastes of sin, o'er fields of blood,
 Till all mankind shall be subdued."

From *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*. London, 1812.

See No. 354.

923 *The latter-day glory.* L. M.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

MRS. VOKE.

Title: *Prospect of Success.*

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." John iv, 35, 36.

The first two stanzas are omitted:

"Behold th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

"Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present an harvest to our sight."

Four lines have been changed.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, lines one and three:

"The untought heathen waits to know."
"The exil'd slave waits to receive."

Verse four, lines one and three:

"From eastern to the western skies,"
"And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew."

In Dobell's *Selection*, 1806, this hymn and several others are marked "Voke."

Some of these had appeared in previous collections, but without the author's name.

The Rev. W. B. Collyer, in his collection, 1812, gives seven original hymns by "Mrs Voke."

She manifested a remarkable missionary spirit. Nearly all of her hymns are *Missionary Hymns*.

We regret that her personal history is not better known.

924 *For Jews and Gentiles.* L. M.

HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole;

2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come, Lord," the bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

3 Pour out the promised gift on all;
Answer the universal "Come!"
The fullness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow;
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.

5 O for thy truth and mercy's sake
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is the first of a number of *Hymns of Intercession*.

The original has eight stanzas. The second, seventh, and eighth are omitted:

2 "Less than the least of Saints, I join
My Littleness of Faith to theirs;
O King of All, thine Ear incline,
Accept our much-availing Prayers."

7 "Thee, Lord, let every Tongue confess,
Let every Knee to Jesus bow:
O! All-redeeming Prince of Peace,
We long to see thy Kingdom now.

8 "Hasten that Kingdom of thy Grace,
And take us to our Heavenly Home,
And let us Now behold thy Face:
Come, glorious God, to Judgment come!"

The original has "simplifies" instead of "sanctifies" in the last line of the first stanza.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

925 *Light for those who sit in darkness.* L.M.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
 Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
 Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
 And hail the splendors of the day.

LEONARD BACON.

Contributed by the author to *Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship*, 1845.

Dr. Bacon was one of the editors of that book, and contributed several hymns to it.

It is unaltered and entire.

The Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., was born in Detroit in 1802; educated at Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1825 was settled as pastor of the Center Congregational Church in New Haven. He held this relation until his death, December 24, 1881. He also held a professorship in the college.

926

L. M.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Matt. iii, 3.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
 Comfort the people of your Lord;
 O lift ye up the fallen race,
 And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go;
 Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—

Glad tidings unto all we show:
 Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
 A voice that loudly calls,—Prepare!
 Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
 And waits to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
 Sinners, repent, the call obey:
 Open your hearts to make him room;
 Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
 Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
 The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
 Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed
 Shall all mankind together view;
 And what his mouth in truth hath said,
 His own almighty hand shall do.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John and Charles Wesley, 1742.

We find a long paraphrase of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, fifty-five stanzas, in five parts. This hymn is composed of verses one, two, five, six, seven, and ten, of part first. It is interesting to

compare this hymn with the first five verses of Isaiah xl, on which it is founded.

In the last line of the third stanza, Wesley wrote:

"And means to make His entrance there;"

and in the second line of the last stanza:

"Together all mankind shall view."

927

L. M.

Souls perishing for lack of knowledge.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
 The thousands of our Israel see;
 To thee in their behalf we cry,
 Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
 And neither food nor feeder have,
 Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
 For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
 Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
 They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
 Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
 To swallow up its careless prey:
 Why should they die, when thou hast died,
 Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
 The meed of all thy sufferings these;
 O claim them for thy ransomed ones!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *For the Outcasts of Israel.*

The third, seventh, and eighth stanzas are omitted:

3 "Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
 The Christian savages remain,
 Strangers and enemies to God,
 They make Thee spend Thy blood in vain."

7 "Extend to these Thy pardoning grace,
 To these be Thy salvation showed,
 O add them to Thy chosen race!
 O sprinkle all their sins with blood!"

8 "Still let the publicans draw near,
 Open the door of faith and heaven,
 And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,
 And witness all their sins forgiven."

The author wrote "*fly*" instead of "*cry*" in verse one, line three.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

928 *The Saviour's coming awaited.* L. M.

JESUS, thy Church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.
WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

Title: *Second Coming of Christ.*

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii, 20.

In the second line of the first stanza the original has "*thy*" instead of "*thine*;" and in the second line of the last stanza, "*the*" for "*thine*."

The third and fifth stanzas are omitted:

3 "Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy Gospel with success."

5 "Yes, thou wilt speedily appear;
The smitten earth already reels,
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of thy chariot wheels."

From *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*. By W. H. Bathurst. London, 1831.
For biographical sketch, see No. 61.

929 *For home missions.* L. M.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Written in 1840 for a missionary society; and found in the author's small volume of hymns, published in 1864.

See No. 201.

930 *Missionary hymn.* 7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER.

Author's title: *Before a Collection made for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*

There are many missionary hymns, but this is universally known as THE Missionary Hymn.

From the author's *Memoirs*, edited by his widow, we learn that this hymn was composed in 1819, to be sung at a missionary meeting in Wrexham. Heber's father-in-law was to preach, and he requested the author to write a hymn to be sung on that occasion. It was the work of a few moments; was printed on Saturday, and used the next day. The manuscript, which was sent to the printer, had but one correction. In the seventh line of the second stanza Heber first wrote "*savage*," then he erased this word and substituted "*heathen*."

In the author's text the first and third lines of the third stanza began with "*Can we*," etc.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Services of the Year*, 1827.

See No. 62.

931 *Departing missionaries.* 7, 6.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

JAMES EDMESTON.

I cannot say whether this has been altered or not. It first appeared in the author's *Missionary Hymns*, 1822, a book that I have never seen.

See No. 80.

932 *The morning light is breaking.* 7, 6.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Author's title: *Success of the Gospel*.
The second stanza is omitted:

2 "Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings."

The whole hymn is pleasantly optimistic. It was contributed by the author to *The Psalmist*, of which valuable book he was one of the editors.

See No. 92.

933 *Domestic missions.* 7, 6.

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey!

MRS. ANDERSON.

Title: *Evangelization of Our Country*.
Written in 1848 for *The Baptist Harp*. Philadelphia, 1849.

It is unaltered, but the third stanzas—the most poetic—is omitted:

3 "Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming,
With light that ever glows;
To each lone forest ranger,
The word of life unseal;
To every exile stranger,
Its saving truths reveal."

Maria Frances Anderson was born in Paris, France, in 1819. This hymn shows how well she has become naturalized.

934 *The universal anthem.* 7, 6.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

JAMES EDMESTON, ALT.

The author published *Fifty Missionary Hymns* in 1822, from which this is taken. I cannot give the original text.
See No. 80.

935 *The watchman's report.* 7.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

This favorite hymn was written upon Isa. xxi, 11:

"Watchman, what of the night?"

It is unaltered and entire from *Hymns*, by John Bowring. London, 1825.
See No. 150.

936 *The word glorified.* 7.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of four hymns with the following title: *After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers*. Mr. Jackson, in his *Life of Wesley*, remarks that,

perhaps, the imagery of this hymn was suggested by the large fires which illuminate the whole part of that country in the darkest night.

Unaltered and entire.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

937 *Christ's universal reign.* 7.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more,

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER.

Psalms lxxii.

The original contains seven stanzas; these are the first three, and the last, *verbatim*.

OMITTED STANZAS.

4 "As when soft and gentle showers
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Springing grass and blooming flowers,
Clothe the wilderness again:

5 "So Thy Spirit shall descend,
Soft'ning every stony heart,
And its sweetest influence lend
All that's lovely to impart.

6 "Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of Heaven."

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.
See No. 33.

938 *The song of jubilee.* 7.

HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Author's title: *Hallelujah*.

This fine hymn is found in the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. It first appeared in Cotterill's *Collection* in 1819.

One word has been changed.
Verse two, line two, was originally:

"From the depths unto the skies."

See No. 5.

939 *The banner of the cross.* 7.

GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep.

4 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his dark despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

This missionary ode has not been adequately appreciated. In poetry, piety, and missionary spirit it has never been surpassed, if indeed equaled, by any missionary hymn in the English tongue.

The Rev. Joshua Marsden (1777-1837) was a Wesleyan minister. His early educational advantages were very limited, and he did not, it seems, make the most of such as he had. He was a wild, thoughtless, and wicked boy. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the British navy, and grew more reckless than ever; but at length, he says, "The grace of God, that bringeth salvation, turned my feet into the way of peace." He became a missionary to Nova Scotia, and afterward to the Bermuda Islands. He was the author of several books; his poems were entitled *The Amusements of a Mission*.

940 *The conquest of the gospel.* 8, 7, 4.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day!
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around!

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, ALT.

The original has seven stanzas; these are one, three, and six, altered.

The author wrote the first stanza:

"O'er those gloomy Hills of Darkness
Look, my Soul, be still and gaze,
All the Promises do travel
On a glorious Day of Grace,
Blessed Jubil,
Let thy glorious Morning dawn."

In the next stanza only the second line is changed:

"Let them have the glorious light."

The last stanza has several changes:

"Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy eternal wide Dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
May thy Scepter
Sway th' enlight'ned World around."

From *Gloria in Excelsis; or, Hymns of Praise to God and the Lamb*, by W. Williams. Carnarthen, 1772.

For biographical sketch, see No. 171.

941 *The Macedonian cry.* 8, 7, 4.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom his soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken: none has taught them
Of his love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations, lead us o'er!
When we seek them,
Let thy Spirit go before.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, ALT.

Title: *Come over and Help Us*.

This missionary hymn appeared in the *Legend of the Golden Prayer*. London, 1859.

Some stanzas are omitted, and some lines are altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, lines one, three, and six:

"Christians, say they, none has taught us,"
"Of the precious price that bought us."
"Guide us from our darkness drear."

The third stanza the author wrote:

"Haste, O haste, to spread the tidings,
Let no shore be left untrod;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the farthest sod;
Tell the heathen
All the precious truth of God."

The original has eight stanzas. There is nothing in it like the last stanza of the hymn. It was probably added by some hymn editor.

942 *Fields white to the harvest.* 8, 7, 4.

WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by thy prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us,
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

UNKNOWN.

Little is known concerning the origin of this hymn. In *The Service of Song* it is marked "Eriphas," *Evangelical Magazine*, 1821. It appeared without name in the famous *Village Hymns*, edited by Dr. Nettleton, in 1824.

943 *The Light of the world.* 8, 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come, and manifest thy favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou universal Saviour:
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY, ALT.

Published without title in *Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord*. This tract contained eighteen hymns. It was printed anonymously and without date. Charles Wesley was the author, and the date of publication was about 1744. Several lines have been changed.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, lines three, five, and eight:

"Come, and by Thy *love's* revealing."
"The new heaven and earth's Creator."
"Pouring *eyesight* on our eyes."

Verse two, lines five and six:

"Come and manifest *the* favor,
God hath for our ransomed race."

Verse three, line five:

"By Thine all-*restoring* merit."

These changes were made by the editors of the *Hymn Book* in 1849.

944

8, 7,

So shall He sprinkle many nations. Isa. lii, 15.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto thee:
Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

Author's title: *The Desire of All Nations*.
Written in England in 1851, and published the same year.
It is unaltered and entire.
For sketch of author, see No. 202.

945 *Renewing the covenant.* C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

This hymn is written upon Jer. 1, 5:

"Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in
a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."

946 *Praise and thanksgiving.* C. M.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise;
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand Sabbath year,
The jubilee of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This hymn was originally published without a title in a "penny" tract containing seven pieces, and entitled *Hymns of New-Year's-Day*, MDCCL.

This tract, and some others, were published anonymously. The reason for this was that the Wesleys knew that their names, attached to a publication, would prejudice some people against reading it. In doing thus they were only following the advice of the Master to be "wise" and "harmless." This hymn is unaltered and entire.

947 *A midnight song.* C. M.

JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and
might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of eleven pieces, published first in a pamphlet, and entitled *Hymns for the Watchnight*, 1744. It has not been altered.

There is one additional stanza:

4 "To seal the universal doom,
The skies He soon shall bow—
But if Thou must at midnight come,
O let us meet Thee now!"

948 *Close of the year.* C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glorious stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *The Near Approach of Salvation an Engagement to Diligence and Love*:

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Rom. xiii, 11.

It is unaltered and complete. The last stanza is remarkably fine.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*.

P. Doddridge. Edited by Job Orton, 1755.
See No. 78.

949 *The opening year.* C. M.

THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears.
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears;

2 Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received;
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

3 To thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The newborn year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence;
Give peace and plenteousness;

4 Forgive this nation's many sins;
The growth of vice restrain;
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for thee.

6 O Father, let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise thee, year by year,
With angel-hosts above.

FROM THE LATIN.

TR. BY F. POTT, ALT.

Translator's title: *The Eve of the Circumcision, otherwise called New-Year's-Eve*.

The translation was written in long meter, and was altered by the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861.

The Rev. Francis Pott, M.A., was graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1854; and was ordained priest in the Established Church, in 1857. He has made several valuable translations, and has edited *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*.

950 *Beginning a new year.* S. M.

OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

Title: *New Year*.
Three lines altered to change the number.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse one, line one:

"My few revolving years."

Verse three, lines two and three:

"If thou permit *my* stay,
With diligence may *I* pursue."

From *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1815.

For biographical sketch, see No. 285.

951 *A living sacrifice.* L. M. 6 l.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let me alone!" his mercy cried,
And turned the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffered us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From a "penny" pamphlet, entitled *Hymns for New-Year's-Day, MDCCCL*.

The original has six stanzas; these are verses one, two, and five.

The last two lines of the first stanza the author wrote:

"Happy, and wise the time redeem
And live, my friends, and die to Him."

The last stanza is as follows:

6 "I and my house will serve the Lord,
Led by the Spirit and the word;
We plight our faith, assembled here,
To serve our God the ensuing year;
And vow when time shall be no more,
Through all eternity to adore."

952 *A solemn vigil.* L. M. 61.

HOW many pass the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth;
For us suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Blest object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and let our joys abound;
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask in faith for every soul;
O let our glorious joy be full.

6 O may we all triumphant rise;
With joy upon our heads return;
And, far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagle wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *A Midnight Hymn*.

From a pamphlet containing eleven pieces, entitled *Hymns for the Watch-night*.

Robert Southey called the watch night "another of Wesley's objectionable institutions." It must be remembered, however, that Wesley did not originate this institution, but the converted colliers, who had been accustomed to spend every Saturday night at the ale-house.

This hymn was written for the use of these people. The first stanza, as it was originally published, plainly shows this:

"Oft have we passed the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth;
The creature was our sole delight,
Our happiness the things of earth;
But O! suffice the season past,
We choose the better part at last."

These changes, and a few others, were made most probably by the editors of the *Supplement to the Wesleyan Collection*, 1830.

953 *The barren fig-tree.* H. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone."
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CHARLES WESLEY.

For New-Year's-Day. One of the *Hymns for Believers*.

The reader will notice the allusions to the parable of the barren fig-tree. Luke xiii.

Wesley wrote "*trial*" instead of "trials" in the fifth line of the first verse, using the word in the sense of probation.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

954 *The Bridegroom cometh.* H. M.

YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead, awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns for the Watch-night*. It is founded upon the parable of the virgins. Matt. xxv.

Wesley wrote the fourth line of the second stanza:

"Who *fit* for glory are."

There are some other changes, which were made by the editors of the 1849 edition of the hymn book.

Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth, are omitted:

4 "Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in His Spirit lived
Obedient to His love,
Jesus shall claim you for His bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 "Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown;
When all shall be caught up,
And stand before His throne.
Called to partake the marriage feast
And lean on our *Immanuel's* breast."

955 *Renewed devotedness.* 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns for New-Year's-Day*, MDCCL.

It contained seven pieces; "price, one penny." Wesley wrote "*might*" instead of "may" in the first line of the third stanza. This was a favorite meter with the Wesleys and the early Methodists.

956 *Retrospect of the year.* 7.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with him above.

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *Time, How Swift.*
One of Newton's *New-Year's Hymns*, verbatim.
From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.
For biography, see No. 23.

957 *Nearing the end.* S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Author's title: *A Pilgrim's Song*.

Six eight-lined stanzas. These are the first half of the first and third, and the whole of the fourth. Unaltered. From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. It is a valuable Christian lyric.

See No. 426.

958 *Our fathers; where are they?* S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *Practical Reflections on the State of our Fathers.*

"Your fathers, where are they?" Zech. i, 5.

In the third line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"The tide that bears our thoughtless souls."

It was an over-scrupulousness that changed it.
Two stanzas, the third and fourth, of the original have been left out:

3 "But Joy or Grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal Thought;
While the poor Remnant of their Dust
Lies in the Grave forgot."

4 "There where the Fathers lie,
Must all the Children dwell;
Nor other Heritage possess,
But such a gloomy Cell."

From *Hymns on Various Texts in the Holy Scripture*, 1755.

See No. 78.

959 *Plea for sparing mercy.* S. M.

LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date;
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span;
 Mine age is naught with thee;
 And, in his highest honor, man
 Is dust and vanity.

3 At thy rebuke the bloom
 Of earthly beauty flies;
 And grief shall like a moth consume
 All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears;
 Hearken to my request;
 Turn not in silence from my tears,
 But give the mourner rest.

5 O spare me yet, I pray;
 Awhile my strength restore,
 Ere I am summoned hence away,
 And seen on earth no more.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Part of the author's version of Psalm xxxix. The original contains nine stanzas. This hymn is composed of verses one, two, six, seven, and nine. Montgomery wrote verse two, line three:

"Man, in his highest honor, man."

And verse three, line two:

"Of man's vain beauty flies."

From *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

For sketch of Montgomery, see No. 5.

960 *Earthly things vain and transitory.* L. M.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
 The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

DAVID E. FORD.

Written upon Hebrews xiii, 14:

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

The author wrote the third line of the third stanza:

"There is a land whose confines lie."

Otherwise it is not altered.

It is a solemn and valuable hymn, much used on funeral occasions.

See No. 647.

961 *A peaceful death besought.* L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet;
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die, my father's God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see:
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
 I may the welcome word receive;
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
 And, certified that thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,
 I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
 My Light, my Life, my God is come,
 And glory in his face appears.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The first three stanzas are from *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas are founded upon Gen. xlix, 33:

"Jacob gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

The third stanza was written upon Num. xx, 23:

"And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount: and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount."

The first part of the stanza was:

"Happy, forever happy, I,
 If called, like him, the mount to ascend;
 Thine all-sufficient grace supply,
 And bless me, Saviour, with his end."

The third stanza of this hymn was a great favorite with John Wesley, who sung it frequently when making his last visits to his societies.

In 1772 was published *Preparation for Death, In Several Hymns*. It contained sixty-eight pieces.

The last two stanzas of No. 961 are the closing double stanza of *Hymn* 24 of this pamphlet. The hymn is made up, therefore, of these fragments. The first three stanzas were certainly written by Charles Wesley, and the last two stanzas, though found in an anonymous publication, probably belong to the same author.

962 *The soul's best portion.* L. M.

ALmighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

ANNE STEELE.

This fine hymn was cut out of the middle of the author's version of *Psa.* xxxix. These stanzas were written on verses four to seven:

"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heareth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee."

Miss Steele was modest beyond all merit. To her rendering of the psalm she gave this title: "*Some Parts of the Book of Psalms Attempted in Verse.*" These lines have not been altered.

The author's versification of psalms was published in her *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, vol. ii. London, 1760.

For biographical sketch, see No. 63.

963 *The way of all the earth.* L. M.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

24

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, first published in 1762.

The passage on which it is written is in *Josh.* xiii, 14:

"I am going the way of all the earth."

This hymn has not been altered.

964 *Man frail—God eternal.* C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Man frail, and God eternal.*

This hymn is founded on the first six verses of *Psa.* xc:

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the

world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."

Several verbal changes have been made. Watts began the first and last verses with "*Our God*," etc.

The second line of the second stanza was, originally:

"*Thy saints have dwelt secure.*"

Lines two and three of the fifth stanza were:

"With all their *lives* and cares,
Are carry'd *downwards* by *thy* flood."

The third line of the last stanza Watts wrote:

"Be thou our guard while *troubles* last."

Two stanzas, the fourth and eighth, are omitted:

4 "Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

8 "Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flow'r beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night."

Published in 1719.

965

Frailty of life.

C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breeze;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's full title: *Frail Life and Succeeding Eternity.*

One stanza, the fifth, has been left out:

5 "Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings."

This is a solemn and valuable hymn.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

966

The brink of fate.

C. P. M.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *An Hymn for Seriousness*.
Only two words have been changed. The fourth
line of the first stanza began:

"An half-awakened child of man;"

and the second line of the last stanza had "*the*
vale" instead of "this vale."

This is certainly one of the grandest, most perfect, and most poetical of all Charles Wesley's hymns. Tradition says that the imagery of the second stanza was suggested by a visit to *Land's End*, England. This cannot now be verified. All we can say, with certainty, is that the hymn was written not long after a visit to that famous spot. Standing on Land's End, with the broad English Channel on the one hand, and the wide Atlantic on the other, may have reminded him of the thought, which is older than his time, and has been used by more than one author. Addison says, (*Spectator*, No. 590): "Many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus, or *narrow neck of land*, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

967 *Death of a friend.* C. P. M.

IF death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This beautiful little poem is one of the *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It was written on these words:

"Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1 Thess. iv, 13.

The thought is brought out very beautifully, that while the Christian mourns the death of a friend his sorrows are mitigated by the hope of a speedy reunion. The original has "*hath*" instead of "has" in verse three, line three. Otherwise it is unchanged.

968 *The momentous question.* C. P. M.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make mine own election sure;
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns for Children*, 1763.

The only change is that the original has "*the*" instead of "*that*" in the last line of the second stanza.

His *Hymns for Children* contained one hundred pieces. In the preface of the 1790 edition the author says:

"There are two ways of writing or speaking to children: the one is, to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them to us."

The author evidently believed in the second plan, and wrote those hymns accordingly.

969 *The dying Christian to his soul.* P.M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

ALEXANDER POPE.

This famous ode is indeed a wonderful production. Every line of it contains a beauty of its own.

It is thought that in the composition of this hymn, the author was indebted to the Latin lines of the Roman Emperor Adrian, in his *Address to his Soul when Dying*; and perhaps to the English lines of Flatman, an old hymn writer. This may be true; every author borrows more or less, consciously or unconsciously, but the credit of the authorship of this poetical gem cannot be taken from Pope. It was written in 1712.

Alexander Pope lived from 1688 to 1744—fifty-six years. He was never well; he had a giant soul in a dwarfed and feeble body. Pope was born a poet, and "lisped in numbers;" was brought up on Spenser and Dryden, Ovid and Homer, and began to write for publications at the age of sixteen. He lived and died a Roman Catholic.

970 C. M.

We mourn not as those without hope.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

Watts wrote the first line:

"Why do we mourn *departing* friends."

This is more scriptural and more poetic than "dying friends," as found here. The third line of the third stanza has also been changed. Watts wrote:

"There *the dear* flesh of Jesus lay."

This change doubtless had its origin in the pronounced opposition of John Wesley to such terms of endearment when applied to the Saviour. This hymn was introduced to our Collection in *The Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book*, 1803. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

971 *To die is gain.* C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

UNKNOWN.

This fine ode is frequently used on funeral occasions. It is sometimes accredited to Bathurst, and sometimes to Pratt; but it belongs to neither.

It was one of several original hymns contributed to the *Missionary Psalmist*, 1826, by O. P.

972 *A voice from the tombs.* C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *A Funeral Thought*.
Watts wrote "our tomb" in the third line of the third verse, and "powers" in the first line of the fourth.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

973 *Through death to life.* C. M.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

Title: *Hope in the Resurrection*.

From William B. Collyer's *Hymns, Partly Collected and Partly Original*. London, 1812.
A few lines have been changed. The third line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"We, soldiers of an injured King;"

and the first line of the fourth stanza:

"Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane."

There is one additional stanza:

6 "Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise."

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 22.

974 *Peaceful departure.* C. M.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

Title: *The Autumn Evening*.

This hymn is one of the ten sacred poems that the author annexed to his *Catechism for Children*, published in 1823.

One word has been changed. The second line of the fifth verse the author wrote:

"The yellow star appears."

The Rev. William Bourn Oliver Peabody, D.D., a Unitarian clergyman, was born in Exeter, N. H.,

in 1799; was graduated at Harvard College in 1817, and then studied theology at Cambridge Divinity School. In 1820 he was ordained pastor of a church in Springfield, Mass., where he remained until the time of his death, in 1847.

975 *Thou art with me.* Psa. xxiii, 4. C. M.

THAT solemn hour will come for me,
When, though their charms I own,
All human ties resigned must be;
For I must die alone.

2 All earthly pleasures will be o'er,
All earthly labors done,
And I shall tread the eternal shore,
And I must die alone.

3 But O, I will not view with dread
That shadowy vale unknown:
I see a light within it shed;
I shall not die alone!

4 One will be with me there, whose voice
I long have loved and known;
To die is now my wish, my choice:
I shall not die alone!

UNKNOWN.

The text of this hymn is the same as found in *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858, where it is without name. The author is still unknown.

976 *Christ's presence makes dying easy.* L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *Christ's Presence Makes Death Easy.*

The first part of the third stanza the author wrote:

"Oh! if my Lord would come and meet
My soul! she'd stretch her wings in haste."

The change is an improvement.

The last stanza has been the beautiful and victorious testimony of many a departing Christian.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

977 *Sown in dishonor—raised in glory.* L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With luster brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

SAMUEL WEELEY, JR.

Original title: *Verses on Isaiah xl, 6, 8.*

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: . . . The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

The composition of this hymn was occasioned by the death of a young lady. The subject is a mournful one; but the author has woven into it so much of hope and truth and beauty that Death himself is robbed of his terrors. It was written in 1735, and is unaltered and entire.

From the author's *Poems*. London, 1862.

For biographical sketch, see No. 75.

978 L. M.

The memory of the just is blessed. Prov. x, 7.

EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;

3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine,
Though clouds may darken, storms may
rage,
They still shine on from age to age;

4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Author's title: *The Righteous Shall be in Everlasting Remembrance.*

The last and best stanza—and they are all excellent—is omitted:

5 "Happy the righteous! come what may,
Though heaven dissolve and earth decay;
Happy the righteous man! for he
Belongs to immortality."

Unaltered. From *Matins and Vespers*. London, 1823.

See No. 150.

979 *Asleep in Jesus.* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

The burden of this song was suggested to the writer by an inscription that she saw on a tomb-

stone in the retired burying-ground of Pennycross Chapel, in Devonshire:

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted:

5 "Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose."

Mrs. Margaret Mackay was born in Scotland in 1801. This hymn was first published in *The Amethyst*, an annual published in Edinburgh, 1832.

980 *The Christian's parting hour.* L. M.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with
power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, ALT.

Title: *Death of the Christian.*

The first three stanzas have been altered considerably. The author wrote the last part of the first stanza:

"And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild luster o'er the scene;"

and the last part of the second stanza:

"And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast."

The first part of the third stanza was originally:

"There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh," etc.

There is also one additional stanza:

6 "O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee."

From *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*. London, 1831.

For biographical sketch, see No. 61.

981

The vision of faith.

L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, solemn realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
No day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder
rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Title: *Death Not the End of our Being*.

Ten stanzas, founded on *Psa. lxxxviii, 10-12*:

"Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?"

These stanzas are verses one, four, seven, and nine of the original.

A slight change has been made in the first line of the second stanza. The author wrote:

"But in those silent realms of night."

From Dr. Dwight's edition of Watts's *Psalms*, 1800.

982

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes.

How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, ALT.

Title: *The Death of the Virtuous*.

The author wrote the first two lines thus:

"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest."

In place of the third stanza the author wrote:

"Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing:
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, Insidious Death! thy sting?"

Some other lines have been altered.

Verse four, lines one and two:

"Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell."

Verse five, lines one and four:

"Its duty done—as sinks the clay."
"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies."

From the author's *Works*. Boston, 1826.

See No. 77.

983

Disembodied saints.

L. M.

THE saints who die of Christ possessed,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

This is written on Rev xiv, 13:

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Four lines, following the second stanza, have been omitted:

"Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared
And each hath its distinct reward."

984 *Resting in peace.* L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *Death and Heaven, in Five Lyric Odes.*

This the last of the five, entitled *A Funeral Ode at the Interment of the Body, Supposed to be Sung by the Mourners.*

Some slight changes have been made.

ORIGINAL LINES.

Verse one, line four:

"To seek a slumber in the dust."

Verse two, lines three and four:

"Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose."

Verse three, line three:

"Rest here, fair saint, till from his throne."

Verse four, line four:

"She must ascend to meet her Lord."

It would seem from these lines that the hymn was written to celebrate the death of some lady.
From *Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, 1734.

985 *Victory over death.* C. M.

FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

ISAAC WATTS.

As an exception to the rule, this hymn retains its original title. It is founded on a familiar passage in 1 Cor. xv, 55-57:

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Two lines have been changed.

Verse one, line three:

"To triumph o'er the monster Death."

Verse two, line four:

"And where the monster's sting?"

By this last change the personification of the third line is repeated in the fourth, and the effect is highly poetical and pleasing. The Christian triumph expressed in the second stanza is especially grand.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book 1, 1707.

986 *Planted to bloom in paradise.* C. M.

WHO shall forbid our chastened woe,
Our tears of love to start?
There's balm in their assuaging flow,
To heal the wounded heart!

2 This lovely child, thus early torn
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.

3 Here sleep thou, till our longer race
And heavier toils shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

4 We plant thee here, with tears bedewed,
Bright flower of heavenly dye;
And often shall our griefs renewed,
These flowing founts supply.

5 But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Written in 1843, and published in *Select Melodies*. It was altered for this collection by the author.

The Rev. William Hunter, D.D., was born in Ireland in 1811, and came to this country when a child. In early life he labored untiringly to secure an education, and was graduated at Madison College, in 1833. He was for some years an editor, and then Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Allegheny College. Dr. Hunter was an able preacher, and a sound and thorough instructor. He was the author of a large number of hymns, which appeared in his three books of song, viz., *Select Melodies*, 1838-51; *Minstrel of Zion*, 1845; and *Songs of Devotion*, 1860.

Dr. Hunter was one of the committee appointed by the General Conference of 1876 to edit the *Hymnal*. He died in 1877.

987 *Death of children.* C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

SAMUEL STENNETT.

Title: *Children Dying in their Infancy in the Arms of Jesus*.

Scripture basis, Matt. xix, 14:

"But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The author wrote "*dearest*" instead of "gracious" in the first line.

There are two additional stanzas:

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

6 "His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine."

This was contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787; also found in the author's *Works*. London, 1824. See No. 218.

988 *The sharpness of death overcome.* C. M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS.

Title: *A Dirge*.

From the author's *Hymns for Childhood*.

The first two stanzas constitute Mrs. Hemans's epitaph. She wrote them for another, but they were appropriately applied to her.

For biographical sketch, see No. 618.

989 *Death vanquished* C. M.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their
charge,
And dust to life awake;

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled;
And Death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quits the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:

"O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

WILLIAM CAMERON.

Part of a paraphrase of 1 Cor. xv, 52-58.

These stanzas are the first half of the hymn as found in the *Scotch Paraphrases*. Compare them with 1 Cor. xv, 52-55:

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where *is* thy victory?"

Four lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, line two:

"Shall *incorrupted* rise."

Verse three, line three:

"That Death *should* yield his ancient reign."

Verse four, lines two and three:

"And *thus* begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy *triumph* now?"

The Rev. William Cameron, a Presbyterian minister in the Church of Scotland, was born in 1751, and lived until 1818. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and ordained in 1785.

990

S. M.

Let me die the death of the righteous.

FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

UNKNOWN.

This hymn has been frequently attributed to James Montgomery. This mistake occurred, probably, because the first line is the same as the first line of his *Ode to the Volunteers of Britain*:

"Oh for the death of those
Who for their country die."

The hymn has been traced to *Church Psalmody*, edited by Lowell Mason and David Green, (1831,) where it appears without name. Some hymn books attribute this hymn to S. F. Smith. Dr. Smith writes me: "'O for the death of those,' is *not* one of my hymns." It must be marked unknown.

991 *The conqueror crowned.* S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

CHARLES WESLEY.

An Hymn on the Death of the Rev. George Whitefield.

This valuable hymn has found no place in the *Wesleyan Collection* to this day. It came into the Methodist Episcopal hymn book in 1849. It was published at the end of John Wesley's funeral sermon on Whitefield, preached Nov. 18, 1770. Eight lines are omitted.

The whole hymn is found in *Wesley's Sermons*, vol. i, p. 480. American edition. It is not altered.

992 *Death of a pastor.* S. M.

REST from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place;
But go, as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Saviour, into thy hands
Our pastor we resign,
And now we wait thine own commands;
We were not his but thine.

4 Thou art thy Church's Head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead;
To thee we lift our eye.

5 On thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed the flock.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *On the Death of a Minister.*
Slight changes have been made in three lines.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line one:

"Rest from thy labors, rest."

Verse three, line one:

"Lord Christ, into thy hands."

Verse five, line four:

"Thyself to feed Thy flock."

From the author's *Original Hymns*, 1853.
See No. 5.

993 *It is not death to die.* S. M.

IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free,
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.
TR. BY G. W. BETHUNE.

Verbatim, from *Lays of Love and Faith*. Philadelphia, 1847.

This beautiful and triumphant hymn was sung at Dr. Bethune's funeral, in accordance with his special request.

The Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan, D.D., was born in Geneva, in 1787. He was a precocious child and a man of genius. In 1810 he was consecrated to the ministry, and was appointed to preach in the Cathedral at Geneva, that Calvin had formerly occupied. This venerable Presbytery had become rationalistic and Socinian. Malan was led to see its errors; became orthodox in faith and experience; and, in 1818, was in consequence dismissed from the Established Church. He continued to preach, write, and labor with great zeal and success until his death in 1864.

For biographical sketch of the translator, see No. 333.

994 *Resting in hope.* S. M.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

HORATIUS BONAR.

These are the last five verses of a hymn of thirteen stanzas, entitled *The Flesh Resting in Hope*.

The second line of the first stanza the author wrote:

"Rest for the *thought-worn* brow."

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857.
For sketch of author, see No. 426.

995 *Because I live, ye shall live also.* S. M.

AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

5 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.*

The second stanza has been left out for good and sufficient reasons. It read as follows:

"Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh."

Six lines have been changed. The first of them is remarkable.

Verse two, line two:

"And *often* from the skies."

Verse three, line four:

"*Look* heavenly and divine."

The fourth stanza the author wrote thus:

"These lively hopes we owe,
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing *his* power above."

The first line of the fifth stanza, Watts wrote:

"*Dear Lord*, accept the praise."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

996 *Solemn thoughts of the future.* S. M.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

3 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

4 O thou who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who didst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery;
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns for Children*,
Bristol, 1763.

Two stanzas, the third and last, are omitted:

3 "How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Shall angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?"

6 "Thou art Thyself the Way:
Thyself in me reveal,
So shall I pass my life's short day,
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
Through all eternity."

The original has "*darkest*" instead of "*deepest*"
in verse one, line five.

997 *For victory in death.* S. M.

WHEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God, at thy command,—

2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart,—

3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER, ALT.

Title: *Surely the bitterness of death is past.*
1 Sam. xv, 32.

The second stanzas is omitted, and the rest altered
to change the meter from common to short.

ORIGINAL.

1 "When bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand;
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command:

2 "When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes;
When laden with the weight of years,
This broken body lies:

3 "When every long-loved scene of life,
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame,
Shall rend this bursting heart:

4 "O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds,
The entrance to the grave!

5 "Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head;
And let a beam of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

6 "Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in thy soft embraces lose
'The bitterness of death.'"

From *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*, 1812.
See No. 354.

998 *I would not live alway.* 11..

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
tomb!

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

The original poem, containing twelve stanzas, was
published in the *Episcopal Recorder*, Philadelphia,
in 1824. This hymn was compiled from that poem
for the *Hymn Collection of the Protestant Episcopal
Church*, 1826.

The author, who was a member of the editorial
committee, says in his Journal: "I would not live-
alway," was at first rejected by the committee, in
which I—not suspected of being the author—agreed,
knowing it was rather poetry than an earnest song
of redemption. It was restored at the urgent re-
quest of Dr. Onderdonk."

The burden of the song is from Job vii, 16:

"I would not live alway: let me alone; for my
days are vanity."

It was revised and lengthened by the author in
1859.

For biographical sketch, see No. 338.

999 *Thou art gone to the grave.* 13, 11, 12.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will
not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb;

Thy Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its man-
sion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered
long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will
not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-
store thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour
has died.

REGINALD HEBER.

Title: *At a Funeral.*

Bishop Heber wrote this hymn on the death of
his only child, who died in December, 1818. In
the *Memoirs*, his widow says that the hymn may
be traced to the feelings which this bereavement
occasioned.

Unaltered. From *Hymns Written and Adapted
to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827.
See No. 62.

1000 *Clothed with immortality.* 7.

“SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!”
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Though the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 “Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest!”
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
“Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!”

JAMES MONTGOMERY, ALT.

Part of a poem of fourteen four-lined stanzas. It
first appeared in *The Wanderer in Switzerland, and
Other Poems*, (1806,) where it has the following
dedication:

“*Verses to the memory of the late Joseph Browne,
of Lothersdale, one of the people called Quakers, who
had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York,
and loss of all his worldly goods, for conscience
sake.*”

Montgomery was the fellow-prisoner of Browne
for some months in the years 1795 and 1796.

This hymn is made up of verses one, two, three,
four, thirteen, and fourteen of the original poem.
The second and fourth quatrains have been
changed. Montgomery wrote the last part of the
first stanza as follows:

“*Thus thy guardian angel spoke,
As he watched thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransomed captive fled.*”

The fifth and sixth lines of the second stanza
were:

“*Thus thy guardian angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high.*”

1001 *Dying in the Lord.* 7.

HARK! a voice divides the sky,—
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblessed:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter, and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now."

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *A Funeral Hymn.*

The last two stanzas are particularly fine. The author wrote one additional stanza:

5 "Angels catch the approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award,
Hail the heir with glory crowned,
Now rejoicing with his Lord;
Fuller joys ordained to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
'Rise, ye dead, to judgment come.'"

A few unimportant changes have been made.
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

1002 *Bereavement and resignation.* 8, 7.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Title: *Thy Will be Done.*
The *Mother's Hymn Book*, compiled by the author, has this stanza, the third:

"Fill us now with deep contrition,
Take away these hearts of stone;
While we all with true submission,
Meekly say, 'Thy will be done.'"

In that book the first line of the last stanza was:

"To thine arms the child was given."

See No. 177.

1003 8, 7.

Conflict ended—crown waiting.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *For One Departing.*

One of the characteristics of primitive Christianity was triumph over death. This is abundantly proven by the testimony of the catacombs. The same blessed victory marked the Wesleyan reformation of the eighteenth century.

Unaltered. From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

1004 *The dying believer.*

DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,—

2 Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

4 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him,—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossings, hushed its roar.

6 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

7 See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

8 Saints in glory, perfect made.
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Title: *The Dying Believer to his Soul*.
Six eight-lined stanzas; the third and last are omitted:

3 "Is thy earthly House distrest?
Willing to retain her Guest?
'Tis not thou, but she must die;
Fly, celestial Tenant, fly.
Burst thy Shackles, drop thy Clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing to thy Crown remove;
Swift of Wing, and fir'd with Love."

6 "Mount their Transports to improve:
Join the longing Choir above;
Swiftly to their Wish be given;
Kindle higher Joy in Heaven.
Such the Prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's Eyes;
Such the glorious Vista, Faith
Opens through the Shades of Death."

Toplady wrote the first line:

"Deathless principle arise,"

and the sixth line:

"Deck his Mediatorial Crown."

This hymn is found in the author's *Works*.
For biography, see No. 415.

1005 *Our stay in death.*

6, 4.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

25

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was now to pass away;
Aid us, O God!

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS.

From the author's *Miscellaneous Poems*.
Five stanzas, following the first, are omitted.
This hymn is found at the end of a poem, entitled *The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott*.
The authoress closes her poem, and introduces the hymn with these lines:

"And now what strain,
Making victorious melody ascend
High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb,
Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid—
The crown'd of men?
A lowly, lowly song.

"Lowly and solemn be," etc.

For biographical sketch of Mrs. Hemans, see No. 618.

1006 *Death of a child.* 7, 61.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls his precious loan;
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good!"
Be thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *On the Death of a Child.*

It is evident that the author founded the first stanza on the words of King David concerning his son:

"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." 2 Sam. xii, 23.

It is unaltered and entire.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

1007 *On the death of a little child.* 7, 8, 7.

TENDER Shepherd, thou has stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.
FROM THE GERMAN. TR. BY
MISS C. WINKWORTH.

Title: *The death of a Little Child.*

The first couplet of Miss Winkworth's translation is:

"Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's *long* weeping."

From *Lyra Germanica*, second series, 1858.

The German author was John William Meinhold, who lived from 1797 to 1851. He studied theology at Greifswalde, and served as rector at Usedom and in several other places.

1008 *For a child's funeral.* 6.

GO to thy rest, fair child?
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild.
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.
MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Title: *To a Dying Infant.*

This hymn is found in a volume of the author's poems, published at Philadelphia in 1834.

The third line the author wrote:

"Gentle and *undefiled*."

The rest is a *verbatim* copy of the original.
See No. 287.

1009 *Friends separated.* 6, 8, 8.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own
light. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title : *Separation on Earth—Reunion in Heaven.*
This pathetic and beautiful little poem was written in 1824; and it is unaltered and entire.
From the author's *Miscellaneous Poems*.
See No. 5.

1010 *Present with the Lord.* 7, 6.

THE precious seed of weeping
To-day we sow once more,
The form of one now sleeping,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
Ah! death but safely lands him
Where we too would attain;
Our Father's voice demands him,
And death to him is gain.

2 He has what we are wanting,
He sees what we believe;
The sins on earth so haunting
Have there no power to grieve;
Safe in his Saviour's keeping,
Who sent him calm release,—
'Tis only we are weeping,—
He dwells in perfect peace.

3 The crown of life he weareth,
He bears the shining palm,
The "Holy, holy," shareth,
And joins the angels' psalm;
But we, poor pilgrims, wander
Still through this land of woe,
Till we shall meet him yonder,
And all his joy shall know.

CARL J. P. SPITTA. TR. BY
MISS C. WINKWORTH.

Title : *The Departure of a Christian.*
The translation in *Lyra Germanica*, second series, New York, 1858, begins:

"Now weeping at the grave we stand."

It differs from this in all the lines, except four. Whether these changes were made by the translator, or by some one else, we cannot say.

The original of this, in German, was sung at the grave of the author in 1859.

For biographical sketch of Spitta, see No. 755.

1011 *Safe in the harbor.* 8.

WEEP not for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life 's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

CHARLES WESLEY.

If ever a hymn ought to be marked "altered," on account of the change of one word, this should be so marked. Wesley wrote:

"Rejoice for a brother deceased."

There is a wonderful difference between simply refraining from weeping for the dead, and rejoicing for them. One characteristic of the early Methodists was their remarkable triumph in and over death. This change well illustrates the toning down that has taken place since it was written.

From the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1744.

1012 *The grave disarmed.* 8.

MAN dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?—Hark! from the skies,
I hear a voice answer and say,
"The spirit of man never dies!
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;
His soul, which in heaven had birth,
Returns to the bosom of God."

2 No terror has death, or the grave,
To those who believe in the Lord,
Who know the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word;
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation we trust,
Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.

3 O Lord God Almighty! to thee
We turn, as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But never thy fountains of love:
O teach us thy will to obey,
And sing with one heart and accord,
"He gave, and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord."

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Title: *Funeral Hymn.*

From the author's *Poems*. New York, 1860.

The original has "*Is hung*" instead of "*Which hangs*," in the last line of the second stanza. Otherwise the hymn is not altered.

One stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 "The sky will be burnt as a scroll,
The earth, wrapped in flames, will expire;
But, freed from all shackles, the soul
Will rise in the midst of the fire.
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,
Who rest from their labors forgiven;
Learn this from your Bible instead,
The grave is the gate-way to heaven."

George Perkins Morris (1802-1864) was an editor, literator, and song-writer. He was the author of *Woodman, spare that tree*, *The Main Truck*, *My Mother's Bible*, and other popular pieces.

1013 *The second advent.* 8, 7, 4.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *Thy Kingdom Come.*

This grand hymn has been called the English *Dies Irae*. Its authorship has been ascribed to various men. *Lyra Catholica* gives it to Matthew Bridges, a Roman Catholic hymn writer. McClinton and Strong credit it to John Cennick. But his hymn, "Lo he cometh, countless trumpets," (1752,) is very different from this. Thomas Jackson ascribes it to Thomas Olivers. The latter was the author of a long hymn in the same meter, and one of his stanzas began in the same way as

the first line of this hymn. In some collections, a hymn is found made up of part of this hymn, and a part of Olivers'. The original is found in Charles Wesley's *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758.

A slight change was made, in the first line of the third stanza, for the hymn book of 1849. It was before,

"The dear tokens of his passion."

It is evidently founded on Revelation i, 7:

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen."

1014 8, 7, 4. *Judgment terrors—judgment raptures.*

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh.
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him;
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"

5 Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This has the same title as the preceding, is written in the same meter, or the same subject, and immediately follows No. 1013 in *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*.

The original has eight stanzas. These are verses one, four, five, six, and seven, *verbatim*.

The last stanza is as follows:

8 "Yes, the prize shall now be given,
We His open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be.
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity."

1015

8, 7, 4.

O'er the distant mountains breaking.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray:
'Tis thy Saviour,
On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

Title: *Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.* Rev. xxii, 20.

This hymn is unaltered and entire from the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*. London, second edition, 1766.

For sketch of author, see No. 232.

1016

Christ is coming.

8, 7, 4.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come?

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Author's title: *Second Advent*.

"Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii, 20.

The Rev. John Ross Macduff, D.D., was born in Scotland in 1818, and educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and in the University of the same city. He became a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1842. Among his pastorates was one of fifteen years in the city of Glasgow. In 1871 Dr. Macduff gave up the pastoral relation. He is the author of a number of volumes in prose and poetry. In 1875 he published a small book of original poetry, entitled *The Gates of Praise*, from which this hymn is taken. The original has "*Thine*" instead of "*thy*" in verse three, line one. Otherwise it is not altered.

1017

The dreadful day.

L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This is, without doubt, the most familiar of the many translations of *Dies Irae*.

The hymn is found in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, where the holy fathers are represented as

singing it at a mass for the dead in Melrose Abbey.

Three lines are slightly altered.

Verse one, line one:

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day."

Verse two, line three:

"When louder yet and yet more dread."

Verse three, line three:

"Be thou *the trembling sinner's stay*."

See No. 163.

1018 *The Judge severe.* L. M.
HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
 See the almighty Jesus crowned,
 Girt with omnipotence and grace!
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his great white throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own:
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 Forever and forever reigns.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *Thy Kingdom Come*.

Wesley wrote the first line of the third stanza:

"Descending on His azure throne;"

and so we find it in the *Wesleyan Collection*. The change was made for the hymn book of 1849.

From *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758.

1019 *Safety amid general dissolution.* L. M.
THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
 While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
 Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
 The earth no more her slain conceal;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;
 Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,
 Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,
 While we survey the awful scene,
 And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruined world look down:
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Original title: *After Deliverance from Death by the Fall of a House*. The last word, it seems, was a misprint for *horse*, which the author corrected in later editions. Part of a hymn of twelve stanzas.

In his *Journal* we find this paragraph: "Tues., Oct. 25, (1748.)—I rode to Paulton, where my horse cast me to the ground with such violence as if I had been shot out of an engine. I lay breathless for some time. They sat me on the horse, and led me to Bristol, got a surgeon to dress my arm and hand, which were much bruised, and my foot crushed."

This hymn begins with the sixth stanza. The first part, which relates to the accident, is omitted. In one of these stanzas he says:

"The adversary cast us down,
 The Saviour caught us in His arms."

The difference between "the ungodly" and "the saints," in the last day, is vividly portrayed in the second and fourth stanzas.

Unaltered. From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

1020 *The awful sentence.* C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
 Thou Ruler of my heart,
 How can I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable.*

Some lines have been changed.

Verse two, lines one, two, and three:

"*Thou lovely Chief* of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear *the* voice."

Verse three, first line:

"The thunder of that *dismal* word."

Verse four, first line:

"What? to be banished *for my life*."

There are three additional stanzas:

6 "Jesus! I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 "O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

8 "Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

1021 *The final account.* C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *A Thought on Judgment.*

There are three additional stanzas

6 "My peace Thou hast already made,
While hanging on the tree;
My sins He on Thy body laid,
And punished them in Thee.

7 "Ah! might I, Lord, the virtue prove
Of Thine atoning blood,
And know Thou ever livest above,
My Advocate with God;

8 "Receive the answer of Thy prayer,
The sense of sin forgiven,
And follow Thee with loving care,
And go in peace to heaven."

Unaltered. From *Hymns for Children*. Bristol, 1763.

1022 *Be pitiful, O God.* L. M.

O SON of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed!

2 Be with us in this darkened place,—
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us, by thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

3 And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone;

4 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before thy face we stand,
Look thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with thy bleeding hand.

5 And by the love that brought thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

Part of a poem of eight stanzas, which may be found in *Lyra Anglicana*, edited by Geo. T. Ryder. This hymn is composed of verses three to seven, unaltered.

The first line of the poem is:

"When Jesus came to earth of old."

For sketch of the author, see No. 320.

1023 *Day of wrath.* 7.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day!
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriving like a parchéd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp, and sibyl's page.

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

4 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past,
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

5 Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace,—
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief,—
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

THOMAS OF CELANO.
TR. BY A. P. STANLEY.

Part of a translation of the *Dies Iræ*, the acknowledged master-piece of sacred Latin poetry, and the sublimest judgment-hymn of the ages.

The translation contains thirteen stanzas. These are verses one, two, four, nine, and ten, unaltered.

Many writers have tried their skill in rendering the *Dies Iræ*. Among the best translations are those of Archbishop Trench, Earl Roscommon, Sir Walter Scott, Dean Alford, Mrs. Charles, W. J. Irons, Dr. Wm. R. Williams, General John A. Dix, and Abraham Coles, M.D., of Newark, N. J., who prepared no less than thirteen versions; all good, and some of them excellent.

Thomas, a Franciscan monk, was born at Celano, a Neapolitan village, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He is supposed to have written the *Dies Iræ* about 1250 A. D., but the fact of authorship cannot be fixed with absolute certainty.

For biographical sketch of the translator, see No. 200.

1024 *The inexorable Judge.* S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This was the first piece in *Hymns for the Watch-night, 1744*.

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 "To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice,
Be sounding in our ears,
The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom."

One word has been changed. The author wrote "*thus*" instead of "all" in the first line of the last stanza.

1025 *The omnipotent decree.* 7, 6, 8.

STAND the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust:—

2 Rests secure the righteous man;
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck;
 Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroyed:
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void;
 Sees this universe renewed,
 The grand millennial reign begun;
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This was first published in a pamphlet, entitled *Hymns for the Year 1756, Particularly for the Fast Day, February 6.*

Montgomery calls this hymn "One of the most daring and victorious flights" of the author. Robert Southey pronounced it the finest lyric in the English language.

There is one drawback to this high praise. Compare the *first* stanza with these lines from Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*:

"If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done,
 Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust."

Compare the *second* stanza with the following lines from the same source:

"The soul is safe,
 The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
 As towering flame from Nature's funeral pyre;
 O'er devastation, as a gainer smiles."

Here are almost, if not quite, whole lines taken *verbatim* from Dr. Young. This does not make Charles Wesley a plagiarist. A plagiarist is one who *means to steal*; and who can produce nothing of value *except as he borrows it* from another. Neither of these conditions were true of Wesley.

There is an additional stanza:

4 "Resting in this glorious hope,
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up,
 To earthquake, plague, and sword;
 Listening for the call Divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven."

On account of the great earthquake, and other disasters, the people thought that the end of the world was at hand.

1026 *Day of life.* 8, 7.

L O, the day, the day of life!
 Day of unimagined light,
 Day when death itself shall die,
 And there shall be no more night!

2 See the King desired for ages,
 By the just expected long,
 Long implored, at length he hasteth,
 Cometh with salvation strong.

3 O how past all utterance happy,
 Sweet and joyful it will be
 When they who, unseen, have loved him,
 Jesus face to face shall see!

4 Blessed then, earth's patient mourners,
 Who for Christ have toiled and died,
 Driven by the world's rough pressure
 In those mansions to abide!

5 What will be the bliss and rapture
 None can dream and none can tell,
 There to reign among the angels,
 In that heavenly home to dwell.

FROM THE LATIN. TR. BY MRS. E. CHARLES.

Title: *Dies illa, Dies vitæ.*

Part of a poem of some four hundred lines, dating from the twelfth century, author unknown. For the original hymn see *Sacred Latin Poetry*, by Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. London, 1854, p. 288. The translation, which is quite literal, contains ten stanzas.

From *The Voice of Christian Life in Song.*
 See No. 205.

1027 *Supplication.* C. P. M.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge,
 shalt come

To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But, can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this the accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

In most of the early editions of *The Collection of Hymns, Sung in the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels*, nothing like this hymn is to be found. But in one edition, without date, as most of them are, it is found.

This old book is said by some hymnologists to be the second edition, 1772; by others to be the third edition, 1774. I have no doubt that it is earlier than the revision of that book in 1784, when the hymn was left out, and did not appear again until we find it in a *Supplement*, 1819, where it is attributed to Wesley. In still later editions, it is marked *Rippon's Selection*. There is some uncertainty about the authorship. The Countess of Huntingdon probably wrote it. In the earliest form it begins:

"Oh! when my Righteous Judge shall come,
 To fetch his ransom'd People Home."

There are a number of other variations from the text here given.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was the daughter of Washington Shirley, second Earl Ferrers. She was born in 1707. In 1728 she married Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, with whom she lived happily till his sudden death in 1746. About this time she made the acquaintance of Whitefield and Wesley. Her religious convictions became more profound, and to the time of her death, in 1791, she was an active Christian worker; using her personal influence, position, and fortune, all for Jesus. George Whitefield was one of her many chaplains. She built chapels, and founded schools, and was considered the leader of the Calvinistic Methodists.

1028 *The end of things created.* 8, 7.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone,
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! who do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

BARTHOLOMEW RINGWALDT
 AND W. B. COLLYER, ALT.

The writer of the first stanza of this hymn is unknown. It is said, by some hymnologists, to be a translation, or an imitation of a stanza by Bartholomew Ringwalt, (1585.)

The Rev. W. B. Collyer is the author of the rest of the hymn. He found the first stanza, and wrote the others to that. It has been altered in twelve lines by some one since he published it in 1812.

From *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*, 1812.

See No. 354.

1029 *The judgment-day.* 8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round:
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Glorious Saviour,
 Own me in that day of thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his voice, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You forever
 Shall my love and glory know."

JOHN NEWTON.

Title: *The Day of Judgment.*

One word has been changed. The original has "looks" instead of "voice" in verse three, fourth line.

Three stanzas, the fourth, fifth, and seventh, are omitted:

4 "Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part.

5 "Satan, who now tries to please you
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.

7 "Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze."

From *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

See No 23.

FIRST PART.

1030 *The full assurance of hope* C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Funeral Hymns*, second series. London, 1759. The original has eight stanzas; these are the first and the last two, *verbatim*.

SECOND PART.

1031 *Endless bliss in prospect.* C. M.

A STRANGER in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

2 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest;
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

CHARLES WESLEY.

These are stanzas two and three of those omitted from the above, (No. 1030.)

The other omitted stanzas are as follows:

4 "What is there here to court my stay,
To hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5 "The race we all are running now,
And if I first attain,
They, too, their willing head shall bow,
They, too, the prize shall gain:
Now on the brink of death we stand,
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land
And hail me on the shore.

6 "Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs Divine
The marriage of the Lamb."

1032 *The prospect joyous.* C. M.

A ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host to appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is not connected with the preceding, but is part of an independent hymn of nine stanzas.

This hymn is made up of verses one, two, the first half of five, and six, and the last. Several lines read differently from the original.

Verse one, last line:

"In my Redeemer's breast."

Verse three, sixth line:

"Who reap the pleasures there."

Verse three, seventh line:

"They all are robed in purest white."

Verse four, seventh line:

"I come to find them all again."

I am not able to say who made these changes. They do not appear in the *Westeyan Collection*; but they are found in the *York Pocket Hymn Book*, the sixth edition of which was published in 1786.

From *Funeral Hymns*, second series. London, 1759.

1033

C. M.

Communion with saints in heaven

COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtained the prize;
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream, of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.
 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity.
 E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.
 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
 O that the word were given!
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven!

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is not the fourth part of any other hymn, as it is given in the *Hymnal*.

It is entirely separate and complete in itself.

Only three words differ from the original.

Verse one, fourth line. "Joy" for "joys."

Verse two, last line, "Is" instead of "are."

Verse three, last line, "That" instead of "the."

From *Funeral Hymns*, second series. London, 1759.

1034

C. M.

Farewell to earth—heaven welcomed.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *God the Everlasting Light of the Saints Above.*

It is founded upon Isa. lx, 19, 20:

"The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Some of the stanzas of this hymn, for grandeur and beauty, remind us of Dr. Watts at his best. There is no higher praise than that. It is unaltered and entire.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*. London, 1755.

See No. 78.

1035 *The New Jerusalem.* C. M.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.*

It is founded upon Revelation xxi, 1-4:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

This grand old hymn is unaltered and complete.
From *Hymns and Spiritual Song*, book i, 1707.

1036 C. M.

In the desert—heaven before us.

FORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

HENRY ALFORD.

Title: *Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.*
It is *verbatim* from *The Poetical Works of Henry Alford*. Boston, 1853.
For biographical sketch of the author, see No. 564.

1037 *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

Author's title: *A Prospect of Heaven makes Death Easy.*

Two stanzas are omitted:

4 "But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 "Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes;"

Tradition says that the view from the author's window at Southampton of the sea and of the Isle of Wight,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,"

suggested some of the poetry of this favorite hymn—Unaltered. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

1038 *The promised land.* C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

This famous hymn retains its original title.
One stanza has been left out, and evidently for good reason:

3 "There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow."

The third stanza began "*All o'er*" instead of "*O'er all*."

This hymn is evidently modeled on the preceding; and some thoughts and lines seem to be borrowed from it. Compare the second stanza of this with the third of the above. This hymn was contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. It is also found in the author's *Works*. London, 1824.
See No. 218.

1039 *The land of rest.* 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Written at Philadelphia in the summer of 1818 for the *Franklin Gazette*. It was published in the author's first volume of *Poems*. Phila., 1819.

It was subsequently changed considerably by the author, and was published in his *Miscellaneous Poems*. Boston, 1847.

One inferior stanza, the second, has been omitted:

2 "There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even—
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head
And find repose in Heaven."

In the last line of the first stanza the original has "*alone*" instead of "above."

The first line of the third verse the author wrote:

"There faith lifts up *her* cheerful eye."

The rest is *verbatim*. This hymn has been a great favorite from the beginning.

For biographical sketch, see No. 217.

1040 *The redeemed in heaven.* L. M.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

ROWLAND HILL AND OTHERS.

This fine hymn, which was half a century in growing into its present shape, is founded on Rev. vii, 13-15:

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in

the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve them day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

In many books it is attributed to Mrs. Duncan, but it was certainly used years before she was born. It originated in Rowland Hill's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. The fourth edition, 1798, has it; and probably the first edition, 1783, which I have never seen. It is in the form of a dialogue, and begins:

"Exalted high at God's right hand."

Some of the verses were altered for Thomas Cotterill's *Sheffield Collection*, (eighth edition, 1819,) and greatly improved. The last verse appeared first in *Psalms and Hymns*, edited by the Rev. J. W. Pearson, 1840, and is said to have been composed by him.

Rowland Hill was born in England in 1744; educated at Oxford, and ordained about 1773. For some years he labored in an irregular manner as an evangelist. When some clergymen complained of his course, he replied: "The field is the world, I stick to my parish."

In 1783 Surrey Chapel, holding three thousand people, was built for him in London. Here he preached the Gospel for half a century. He died in 1833, and was buried under the pulpit of his church.

1041 *L. M.* *They shall behold the land that is very far off.* Isa. xxxiii, 17.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

GURDON ROBINS.

Written in 1843, and first published, the same year, in *The Psalmist*.

Gurdon Robins was a native of Connecticut; born at Hartford in 1813, and was a book-seller and publisher.

On the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion he entered the service of the United States. At the close of the war he held a clerkship in the City Hall,

Hartford. He was, for years, a member of the First Baptist Church of his native city. His health, broken in Southern prisons, was never fully restored. He died in 1888.

1042 *Perfection in heaven.* L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Sinner's Portion and the Saint's Hope*; or, *The Heaven of Separate Souls, and the Resurrection.*

It is written on Psalm xvii, especially verses 14 and 15:

"From men which are thy hand, O Lord, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure: they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes. As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

The first two stanzas, which are omitted, are as follows:

1 "Lord, I am thine; but wilt thou prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 "Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs."

It was published in 1719.

The author says in a note:

"I confess I have indulged a large exposition here, but I could not forbear to give my thoughts a loose upon this divine description of complete blessedness in the 15th verse, *this bright abridgment of heaven.*"

1043 *The heavenly Zion.* L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

3 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

4 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

These are the first and last three stanzas of a hymn of ten verses, founded on Isa. li, 9-11:

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

It was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. Afterward it was published (1749) as part second of a paraphrase of the whole chapter.

The third line of the first stanza was changed for the *Collection* of 1780. Before this date it was:

"With terror clothed the nations shake."

1044 *The heavenly city.* C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rough and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

UNKNOWN.

This favorite hymn has been traced in this form only to 1801. It greatly resembles *A Song made by F. B. P. to the tune Diana*, found in manuscript in the library of the British Museum. The letters F. B. P. are supposed to represent Francis Baker, Priest; and the date placed about 1616. Baker's hymn was probably founded upon the Latin *Urbs beata Hierusalem*; which, in turn, was based upon the description of the "holy city" given in Rev. xxi.

1045 *The saints in glory.* C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS.

Title: *The Examples of Christ and the Saints*.
The first two lines of the second stanza have been changed for the better. Watts wrote them:

"Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book ii, 1707.

1046 *We shall see Him as he is.* C. M.

THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But Christ will to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Psalms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At Parting of Friends*.

Sixteen stanzas; these are six to ten, inclusive.
Wesley wrote the first stanza thus:

"The heavenly treasure now we have
In a mean house of clay,
Which He shall to the utmost save,
And guard against that day."

This is ambiguous. "Which" may refer to the "heavenly treasure," or to the "house of clay." Part of the changes were made by John Wesley for his *Collection*, 1780; and part of them by later hymn editors. Putting "vile" for "mean" was the work of John Wesley, but it ought to be restored to the original. "Vile" and "villain" are more harsh terms now than in the eighteenth century. The original also has "will" instead of "shall" in the second line of the second stanza.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

1047 *In the conflict.* 6, 5.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross!

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goadng into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch, and pray, and fast!

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

ANDREW OF CRETE.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

Title: *Stichera for the Second Week of the Great Fast.*

Eight lines have been altered.

ORIGINAL.

In verse one, lines three and four, seven and eight:

"How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prow around?"
"Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross!"

Verse two, lines seven and eight:

*Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast!"*

Verse three, fifth line:

"Christian, say but boldly."

Verse four, seventh line:

"But the end of sorrow."

The translator says in a note: "This is, of course, not intended to be used in church; but, as a song, it is extremely pretty."

From *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. London, 1862.

Andreas Cretensis, so called because he was Bishop of the island of Crete, was born in Damascus in 635, and died near the close of the seventh century. He was canonized by the Greek Church.

1048 *The pilgrim's home.* S. M.

WHILE through this world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage,

2 Thither his soul ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 His freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
Where all is perfect love.

4 There we our treasure place;
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our converse be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Heaven on Earth.*

The meter of this hymn has been changed from common to short by the omission of two syllables from the first line of each stanza. The first lines as written by the author are as follows:

"While through this *changing* world we roam."

"Thither his *raptured* thought ascends."

"From earth his freed affections rise."

"Oh! there may we our treasure place."

"Henceforth our *conversation* be."

This hymn came into the Methodist hymn book in 1849, and the changes were probably made by the editors of that book.

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.
See No. 5.

1049 *No night in heaven.* S. M.

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy in their spotless robes,
All holy in their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

FRANCIS M. KNOLLIS.

Title: *The One Family.*

"The whole family in heaven and earth."
Eph. iii, 15.

This hymn is part of a fine poem of ten stanzas, contributed to *Lays of the Sanctuary*, London, 1859, by the Rev. Francis Minden Knollis, D.D., a Church of England clergyman, who lived from 1815 to 1863.

The author wrote, verse two, line two:

"There all is perfect day."

Verse two, line three:

"There tears are 'mid those former things."

Verse three, line two:

"Amid that blessed throng."

The hymn has been erroneously attributed to Bishop Huntington.

1050 *At home in heaven.* S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This hymn retains the author's title, and is founded on 1 Thess. iv, 17:

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The original contains twenty-two stanzas. This hymn is made up of verses one, two, fourteen, sixteen, and seventeen, *verbatim*.
From *A Poet's Portfolio*. London, 1835.
For biographical sketch of author, see No. 5.

1051 *The goodly land.* S. M.

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

ANNE STEELE, ALT.

Author's title: *The Promised Land.*

"Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty:
they shall behold the land that is very far off."
Isa. xxxiii, 17.

The poetry and beauty of this hymn have been injured by alterations to change the meter.
The following are the lines that have been changed.

Verse one, lines one and three:

"Far from these narrow scenes of night."
"And realms of infinite delight."

Verse, two, lines one and two:

"Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore."

Verse three, lines one and two:

"No cloud those blissful regions know
Forever bright and fair!"

Verse four, first line:

"O may the heavenly prospect fire."

Verse five, lines one and three:

"Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,"
"Then bid our spirits rise and join."

The original contains eleven stanzas.
This hymn is made up of verses one, two, seven,
ten, and eleven.
From the author's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly
Devotional*. London, 1760.
For biographical sketch of Miss Steele, see No. 63.

1052 *The land of peace.* S. M.

COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

5 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam;
O wanderer, come away?"

MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS, ALT.

This was made by some hymn-mender of un-
common genius from one of Mrs. Felicia Hemans's
Miscellaneous Poems.

See No. 618.

E. T. Blackwell, M.D., called attention to the
authorship of his hymn in *The Christian Advocate*
of 1881.

The following is the original:

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

"Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

"Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove,
Through the celestial air!

"Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned forever!—midst that shining band
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

"Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back, once
more
Shall take its wearied one.

"In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sister!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft!

"Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy father!—it is finished now:
Thy tears have all been shed.

"In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And O, bright victory!—death by love no place:
Come spirit to thy God."

It will be seen, by comparison, that the first three
stanzas of the hymn are made from the first three
of the poem. The fourth stanza is made of the last
stanza of the poem; and the last stanza is partly
gathered from the omitted verses, and is partly
new.

1053 *Nearer home.* 6. [Irregular.]

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

PHEBE CARY, ALT.

This is the first piece in the author's *Religious
Poems and Hymns*. It was written in 1852, after
returning from church.

The first three stanzas are unaltered.
The author wrote, verse four, line three:

"Is the silent unknown stream."

The closing stanzas of the original are as follows :

- 5 "Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chris'm.
- 6 "Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think ;
- 7 "Father, perfect my trust ;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith."

Col. Russell H. Conwell, of Boston, in one of his lectures, entitled *Lessons of Travel*, gives this incident: An errand took him to a gambling house in China. Among those present were two Americans, one a young man, and the other older.

They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the elder one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair, while the elder shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune, and finally to sing—in a low tone and quite unconsciously—this hymn :

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day
Than I have been before."

But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, staring at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed :

"Harry, where did you learn that tune ?"
"What tune ?"

"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up ; "come, Harry ; here's what I've won from you ; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

It is said that both of these men were permanently reformed. When Miss Cary heard this story she wrote : "It makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

Miss Phœbe Cary was born in Ohio in 1824. In connection with her sister, Alice, she published her first small volume of poems in 1849. They subsequently removed to New York city. Phœbe Cary died in Newport, R. I., in 1871.

1054 *Home! home! sweet, sweet home.* 11.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with
saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee;
Though now my temptation like billows
may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I
stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my
day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy
grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy
throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the
tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at
home.

DAVID DENHAM.

Author's title : *The Saint's Sweet Home*.
Scripture motto, *Psa. lxxiii, 24* :

"Afterward receive me to glory."

The last line of the refrain was originally :

"Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory," etc.

In verse five, line three, the author wrote "*Indulge*" instead of "Endue;" and in verse six, line three, "*But in Thy fair image*," etc.

The date of this hymn is not given, but it was in use before 1830.

The Rev. David Denham, an English Baptist minister who lived from 1791 till 1848, was a pious and useful man. In 1837 he published a valuable collection of more than eleven hundred hymns, entitled *The Saint's Melody*. This book contained nearly seventy of the hymns of the author, of which this is probably the best known.

1055

Repose in heaven.

S. M.

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

RAY PALMER.

Title: *The Heavenly Rest.*

"For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii, 17.

This hymn is found in *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1853; and also in the author's *Poetical Works*. New York, 1876. It is unaltered and entire.

For biographical sketch, see No. 714.

1056

The house not made with hands.

S. M.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,—

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure:
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And then triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is part of a hymn of six eight-line stanzas, and is composed of the first, the first half of the second, the last half of the fourth, and the last verses.

The fifth stanza begins with "O" instead of "Lord" in the original.

The hymn is written evidently on 2 Cor. v, 1-8:

"For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God," etc.

Good taste and piety both protest against the expression, "vile house of clay." The Christian body is the temple of the Holy Ghost; and though poor and weak, is not vile.

From *Funeral Hymns*, 1744.

1057

The mighty change.

S. M.

WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requested love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

2 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or strain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds of tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

CHARLES WESLEY.

These are verses nine and eleven, unaltered, of a hymn of twelve stanzas, entitled *At the Meeting of Friends*. It is one of the author's *Hymns for Christian Friends*.

It was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

1058 *O sweet and blessed country.* 7. 6.

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succéed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that hath no evening.
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn!
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distressed!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

This and the three following hymns are parts of a translation, of four hundred and thirty-six lines, of Bernard's *De Contemptu Mundi*, a poem containing about three thousand lines.

Dr. Neale, the translator, (See No. 199,) says:

"I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely—in the same way that the *Dies Ire* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic—of mediæval poems."

Each of these four hymns closes with the same stanza. It is not Bernard's, therefore, nor Neale's, but was supplied by the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861.

Bernard was a monk of the twelfth century. His parents were English, but he was born at Morlaix, in Bretagne, France. Bernard was an inmate of the Abbey of Cluny, and dedicated his poem to Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny from 1122 to 1156. The original measure is very difficult. The author, in his preface, claimed that he was assisted in the composition of the poem by the special inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Neale says:

"I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original, because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness which invests it in the Latin."

It is written in dactylic hexameter verse, each line consists of three parts, two of these parts rhyme with each other, while the lines themselves are in couplets of double rhyme. A single couplet will illustrate the peculiar and difficult construction:

"H^ora novissⁱma | temp^ora pessⁱma | sunt, vigil^{em}us,
Ecce minacⁱter | imminet arbit^{er} | ille sup^{re}m^{us}."

The translation is found in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, third edition, 1867.

1059 *Brief sorrow—eternal rest.* 7. 6.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

Part of the same as No. 1058.

A few slight verbal changes have been made in these hymns since they were first published, and probably by the translator.

This hymn and the two following were published in the first edition of *Medieval Hymns and Sequences*, 1851.

1060 *Paradise of joy.* 7, 6.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

Part of the same original poem as No. 1058.
From some of the lines it is very evident that Bernard derived inspiration, thought, and language from the description of the New Jerusalem, given in the last part of the Book of Revelation.

1061 *The home of God's elect.* 7, 6.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

Part of the same poem as No. 1058.

Dr. Neale, in the third edition of *Mediæval Hymns*, says: "It would be most unthankful, did I not express my gratitude to God for the favor he has given some of the centos made from the poem; but especially *Jerusalem the Golden*."

It has found a place in some twenty hymnals, and for the last two years it has hardly been possible to read any newspaper which gives prominence to ecclesiastical news, without seeing its employment chronicled at some dedication, or other festival. It is also a great favorite with Dissenters, and has obtained admission into Roman Catholic services. 'And I say this'—to quote Bernard's own preface—'in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility and therefore boldly.'

1062

7, 6, 8, 9.

The armies of the living God.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steepes of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

HENRY ALFORD.

Composed for *The Year of Praise. Being Hymns for the Sundays and Holidays of the Year*. London, 1867.

The hymn has not been altered nor abridged.
For biographical sketch, see No. 564.

1063 *The heavenly Jerusalem.* 8.

A WAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

From the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1744.

It has not been altered; but the following stanzas, the second and fifth, of the original have been omitted.

2 "Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air,
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there."

5 "The saints in His presence receive
Their great and eternal reward,
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face.
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze."

1064 *Desiring to depart.* 8.

I LONG to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is composed of two of the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762.

The first two stanzas were written upon Isaiah xxxiii, 17:

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty:
they shall behold the land that is very far off."

The last stanza is founded on the 24th verse of the same chapter:

"And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick:
the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven
their iniquity."

The author wrote the fifth line of the first stanza:

"I languish and *die* to be there."

This hyperbole was modified for the *Collection* of 1780.

1065 *To be with Christ is far better.* 8.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distressed!
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb.
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Part of one of the *Funeral Hymns*, 1744.

The original, six stanzas, was published without title. These are verses one, two, and four.

In the second stanza, the fifth line of the original begins with "*Where*" instead of "*When*." The last line begins "*And bask in*" instead of "*Enjoying*." These changes were made for the *Wesleyan Collection*, 1780.

1066 *In white array.* 7.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more.
He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

The original begins, "*What are these,*" etc.

This corresponds with the Scripture on which the hymn is evidently founded, Rev. vii, 13-17:

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he

that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The last part of the third and fourth stanzas has been omitted:

"No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's direeter ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

"He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love."

1067 *Night lost in day.* 7.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again:
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

This hymn was contributed to the Rev. W. B. Collyer's *Collection*, 1812.

The first stanza of the hymn is made up from verses one and two of the original, the second stanza of parts of four and five, and the third stanza is the same as the sixth of the original.

The title, as given in the above book, is *Heaven*. For sketch of author, see No. 45.

1068 *The better portion.* 7, 6, 7,

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:

Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course,
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, ALT.

Title: *The Pilgrim's Song*.

The third stanza of the original has been omitted:

3 "Fly me Riches, fly me Cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering World, with all thy snares,
Sollicit me no more:
Pilgrims fix not here their Home;
Strangers tarry but a Night,
When the last dear Morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful Light."

The last four lines have been entirely changed. The author wrote:

"Yet a Season and you know
Happy Entrance will be given,
All our Sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven."

This hymn first appeared in *Hymns for Christian Worship, Partly Composed and Partly Collected from Various Authors*, by Robert Seagrave. London, 1742.

The Rev. Robert Seagrave was an English clergyman, who lived from 1693 to 1764. He was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of M.A. in 1718. He fraternized with and defended the Calvinistic Methodists, and wrote and published pamphlets and sermons designed to reform the clergy and Church of England.

1069 *Saints and angels round the throne.* 7.

LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one:
While a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in whitest robes arrayed;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came,
Him, who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lulled with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face, before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Published without title in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

The author wrote the sixth line:

"All in milk-white robes arrayed."

And the fifth line of verse two:

"All from Him salvation came."

The transposition of this line was made for the *Collection* of 1780.

The first change was probably made in 1808 for the *Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book*, compiled under the direction of Bishop Asbury.

The last stanza has been omitted:

4 "Be it so! they all reply;
Him let all our orders praise,
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race:
Render we our God His right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honor, majesty, and might;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

1070

11, 10.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Rom. xiii, 12.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-
beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no
more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-
ing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,
And laden souls by thousands, meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
to thee.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long
and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of
weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloud-
less love.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Author's title: *The Pilgrims of the Night*.
Two stanzas have been omitted:

2 "Darker than night life's shadows fall around
us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found
us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark."

6 "Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly
glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for
thee."

The last two lines have been changed. They
were:

"While we toil on and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

From *Faber's Hymns*. New York, 1875.
For sketch of author, see No. 125.

1071 *Paradise.* 8, 6, 6.

O PARADISE! O paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O paradise! O paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

3 O paradise! O paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near.

4 O paradise! O paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

5 O paradise! O paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Two stanzas, the third and seventh, of the original have been omitted:

3 "O paradise! O paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;" etc.

7 "O paradise! O paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All raptured through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

The last line of the fifth stanza the author wrote:

"Is destined for me."

From *Faber's Hymns*. London, 1861; New York, 1875.

For biographical sketch, see No. 125.

1072 *The heavenly home.* L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair:
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Written for and published in *Select Melodies*.
Pittsburg, 1838.

It was revised by the author for the *Hymnal* a short time before his death.

On January 10, 1860, the Pemberton Mill, a large cotton factory at Lawrence, Mass., suddenly fell in ruins, burying the operatives in the debris. Some were rescued alive; others would have been, but a broken lantern set the ruins on fire, and the rescuers were driven from their work. As they turned away, it is said that they distinctly heard some imprisoned girls, who had been brought up in Sunday-school, singing this hymn:

"I'm going home to die no more."

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of that religion which enables the Christian thus to triumph over death.

See No. 986.

1073 *Rapturous anticipation.* 12, 9.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,

To a taste of the banquet above:

If thy heart be as mine,

If for Jesus it pine,

Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join.
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

6 "Hallelujah," they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM:
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
"Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Hymns for Christian Friends*. It was a great favorite with Mr. Fletcher. In his *Works*, vol. ii, p. 668, he says: "When the triumphal chariot of perfect love gloriously carries you to the top of perfection's hill; when you are raised far above the common heights; when you are almost translated into glory, like Elijah, then you may sing this hymn."

One word has been changed. In the third line of the fourth stanza the author wrote "*city*" instead of "palace." It was changed for the *Collection* in 1780.

There are two additional stanzas:

7 "The Lamb on the throne
Lo! He dwells with His own,
And to rivers of pleasure He leads,
With His mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of His face,
Our beatified spirits He feeds.

8 "Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name,
Our bodies His glory display,
A day without night
We feast in His sight,
And eternity seems as a day."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

1074 *Eternity near.* 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the
skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on
earth,

This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we
confess.

2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *On a Journey*.

Wesley wrote quite a number of hymns in this peculiar measure. They were very popular with the early Methodists, but long since went out of fashion. Some lines in the last stanza have been transposed; otherwise it is unaltered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

FIRST PART.

1075 *The God of Abraham.* 6, 8, 4.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

SECOND PART.

1076 *Pressing toward the mark.* 6, 8, 4.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise.
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

THIRD PART.

1077 *Joining the heavenly choir.* 6, 8, 4.

THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb!

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!—
I join the heavenly lays,—
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

"*A Hymn to the God of Abraham*, in three parts: Adapted to a celebrated Air, sung by the Priest, Signior Leoni, etc., at the Jew's Synagogue, in London." The hymn was published in a tract without date. The *fourth* edition appeared in 1772.

This is probably the finest ode in the English language. The theme is the grandest possible, and the execution is in keeping with it.

The author begins in a daring strain, and he never flags; but from line to line, and from stanza to stanza, he sings and soars, and soars and sings, of God and Heaven like one inspired.

The meter is peculiar, yet the rhythm is excellent, and the language remarkable. Very few short hymns survive for any length of time without verbal changes; but here is a lyric of twelve stanzas which has been in use more than a century, and not a line, not even a word, has been altered. James Montgomery said: "The man who wrote 'The God of Abraham praise' must have had the finest ear imaginable."

The Rev. Thomas Olivers was born in Tregoman, Wales, in 1725. Early in life he was left an orphan. Distant relatives brought him up in an indifferent manner. He was sent to school for a time, and his religious education was not altogether neglected. As he grew older he became very profane, and at length ran away from his master, a shoemaker, to whom he was apprenticed. The drinking vagabond—for such he was—in his wicked career, arrived at Bristol, where Whitefield had an appointment to preach. He went to hear him, and

was converted. "When the sermon began," he says, "I was one of the most abandoned and profligate young men living; before it was ended I was a new creature."

From that time onward he lived a new life, joined the Methodists, and in 1758 became one of Wesley's itinerant preachers. (Clear, strong, and sometimes fiery, he was the man for the time; and for forty-six years made full proof of his ministry.)

Most of his prose writings relate to the Calvinistic controversies of that day. Wesley said he was fully a "match" for Toplady.

Olivers wrote only four or five hymns, but they are all of high order. He died in 1799.

1078 *The pilgrim's lot.* C. P. M.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 "I come," thy servant, Lord, replies,
"I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!"

JOHN WESLEY.

Title: *The Pilgrim.*

This hymn is autobiographic, without doubt, and expressed frankly and fully the mind and feelings of the author at the time of writing. These are the first two and last two verses. The most remarkable part of the hymn, five stanzas, is omitted. He says:

3 "The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view,
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have, nor want.

4 "I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole;
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul."

Four years after this hymn was first published Wesley married, (1751.) It would have been better for his happiness, and more to his credit, not to have changed his mind.

5 "I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

6 "No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

7 "Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies."

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ.* London, 1747.

1079 *The debt unknown* 7, 61.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

ROBERT M. M'CHEYNE.

Title: *Our Indebtedness to Christ.*

This hymn is composed of verses one, three, and four, *verbatim*, of a poem of nine stanzas.

The Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne was born in

Edinburgh in 1813, and entered the University of his native city in 1827. In 1831, when only eighteen years of age, he began his theological studies at Divinity Hall, under Dr. Chalmers. He was ordained pastor of St. Peter's Church, Dundee, in 1836, and held that position until his early and much lamented death in 1843.

1080 *The fruit of the seasons.* C. M.

LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee;
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

JOHN KEBLE.

Title: *Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it : thou makest it very plenteous.* Psa. lxxv, 9.

The original has one additional stanza, as follows :

"So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forgo !"

The hymn then closes with a doxology from Tate and Brady. The text is not altered.

It was first published in Lord Nelson's *Salisbury Hymn Book*. 1857.

See No. 102.

1081 *Bountiful goodness.* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And the refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

MRS. ALICE FLOWERDEW.

Title: *Harvest Hymn.*

From *Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects*, third edition, 1811.

Two lines are altered. The author wrote, verse three, line four :

"And *mild* refreshing dew."

Verse four, line three :

"A *yellow* harvest crowns Thy love."

The last stanza is not a part of the original. In its place are two others :

5 "Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

6 "Fountain of love ! our praise is Thine ;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise."

Mrs. Flowerdew, an English teacher and authoress, lived from 1759 until 1830.

1082 *Eternal Source of every joy.* L. M.

ETHERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Title: *For New-Year's Day. The Year Crowned with the Divine Goodness. Psal. lxxv, 11.*

The second stanza has been omitted:

2 "Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll
Thy Iland supports the steady Pole:
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
And Darkness when to veil the Skies."

The last stanza is made up from the last two of the author, slightly altered:

6 "Here in thy House shall Incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes;
Still would we make thy Mercies known,
Around thy Board and round our own.

7 "O may our more harmonious Tongues
In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs:
And in those brighter Courts adore,
Where Days and Years revolve no more."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

For biography of author, see No. 78.

1083 *Harvest-home.*

7.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

HENRY ALFORD.

This was published in *Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1844, under the title *After Harvest*. It was subsequently altered by the author.

This hymn is the same as that published in the author's *Year of Praise*, 1867. See No. 564.

1084. *Thanksgiving hymn.*

7.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky.

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.

4 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising ear destroy;

6 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, ALT.

This hymn is marked *alt.*, and justly so, although only two lines have been changed. Instead of the last half of the second stanza, the author wrote:

"For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use."

There can be but one opinion concerning this hymn. It is very fine. The talented authoress drew inspiration from Hab. iii, 17, 18:

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither

shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Three stanzas, the third, sixth, and seventh, are omitted:

3 "Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:"

6 "Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 "Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall."

From *Poems of Anna Lætitia Aikin*. London, 1773.
See No. 77.

1085 *Praise to the Lord of harvest.* 7, 6.

SING to the Lord of harvest!
Sing songs of love and praise!
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise:
By him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2 By him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with his fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty, and with peace.

3 Heap on his sacred altar
The gifts his goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls he died to save:
Your hearts lay down before him
When at his feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore him
Who gave his life for all.

4 To God, the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good,"
To Christ, who, when we wandered
Restored us with his blood,

And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessed dew and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest. Jer. v, 24.

Unaltered and entire, from the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*. Second edition, London, 1866.
For sketch of author, see No. 232.

1086 *God's gifts in nature.* 7, 6.

WE plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

This fine little poem was written by Matthias Claudius, a German, born at Reinfield, Holstein, in 1743. He lived until 1815. It was first published in 1782.

The translation was made by Miss Jane Montgomery Campbell, and was first published in the *Garland of Songs*, 1861. In this hymn *beauty, simplicity, and faith* are happily combined.

1087 *Praise to the God of harvest.* 6, 4.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyful thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Title: *Thanksgiving for Harvest.*

Part of a hymn of seven stanzas; these are verses one, seven, and six.

In the second stanza, lines two, six, and seven are as follows in the original:

"And *your soul's* thanks proclaim."
"His benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth."

From *Sacred Poems and Hymns for Public and Private Devotion*, 1833.

See No. 5.

1088 *The preaching leaves.* 7, 6.

THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay,
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year, its life resigning,—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves, to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All melt, like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky:
"Why wait," they say, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,—
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile, to his home:
But, while I hear must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

HENRY F. LYTE.

The title that the author gave to this beautiful poem was *Autumnal Hymn*.

One line has been slightly changed.

Lyte wrote, verse three, line two:

"Are calling me from high."

From *Poems Chiefly Religious*, 1833.

1089 *National hymn.* 6, 4

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

The author, in a letter to the editor of this book, says: "It was written in February, 1832, while I was a student in Andover Theological Seminary. . . . It was first used publicly at a children's celebration of July 4, in Park Street Church, Bos-

ton, in 1832. There was, on my part, no thought that it would ever become a national hymn." As long as patriotism lives this hymn will be sung.

For biographical sketch of author, see No. 92.

1090 *Our native land.* 6, 4.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

CHARLES T. BROOKS
AND JOHN S. DWIGHT.

The credit of writing this gem of song does not belong to Mr. Dwight alone. It was translated from the German by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, while a member of the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass. Soon after that it was altered in some of its lines, especially those of the last stanza, by the Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, and came into popular use.

For the above information we are largely indebted to *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*. Rev. Alfred P. Putnam. Boston, 1875.

The Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks was born in Salem, Mass., in 1813; was graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and at the Divinity School in 1835; and was pastor of the Unitarian church in Newport, R. I., from 1836 till 1871. He died June 14, 1883.

The Rev. John Sullivan Dwight was born in Boston in the same year as Mr. Brooks—1813; and was graduated at Harvard in the same class, 1832. After completing his theological studies at Cambridge, he preached about five or six years. Since that time he has made literature a profession. He is a son of the Rev. Timothy Dwight.

1091 *Pardon for national sins.* 8, 7.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

UNKNOWN.

This hymn appeared in *The Christian Observer*, 1804, with the signature C. F.

The original had eight more lines. One line has been changed.

Verse two, line three, was:

"Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning."

1092 *Prayer for peace.* 11, 10, 9.

GOD, the All-Terrible! thou who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy
sword;

Show forth thy pity on high where thou
reignest;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Saves us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;
Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord,

4 So will thy people, with thankful devo-
tion,
Praise him who saved them from peril and
sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the
Lord.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Title: *Prayer for Peace.*

I have not seen the author's original writings.

The text of this hymn is the same as is given in *A Library of Religious Poetry*, edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., and Arthur Gilman, A.M., New York, 1881; and is probably correct.

Henry Fothergill Chorley was born at Blackley-hurst, Lancashire, in 1808; and was educated at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. In 1834 he went to London to take a place on the staff of the *Athenæum*, and for thirty-five years retained this connection. He was the author of some novels, and about one hundred songs. He died in 1872.

1093 *Thanksgiving choral.* 7.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

NATHAN STRONG, ALT.

Title: *Thanksgiving Hymn.*

This is the last hymn in the *Hartford Selection*, edited in 1799 by Dr. Strong and others. Several lines have been changed.

ORIGINAL:

Verse one, line four:

"Praise to heav'n's Almighty King."

Verse two, lines two, three, and four:

"Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day."

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

"Subjects cheerfully obey,
Here we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here we own and worship God."

Verse four, line four:

"And the heav'nly notes prolong."

The omitted. stanzas are significant:

3 "Lo! the trembling nations stand,
Smote by thy avenging hand,
O'er the wide extended plains,
Awful desolation reigns.

4 "Yet to thee our joys ascend,
Thou has been our heav'nly friend!
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore."

The Rev. Nathan Strong, D.D., a Congregational minister, was born in Connecticut in 1748; was graduated at Yale College in 1769; and in 1773 was ordained pastor of the First Church, Hartford, where he remained until his death, in 1816. He wrote several hymns, and was also a prose author.

1094 *Mercy implored.* C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our
prayer,
While at thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To thee for mercy call.

2 The guilt is ours, but grace is thine,
O turn us not away;
But bear us from thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
And help in thee was found.

5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
Then let thy mercy spare.

JOHN H. GURNEY.

Author's title: *Fast Day; or, Time of Public Calamity.*

It is unaltered and entire, from the author's *Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*, 1838.

For biographical sketch of the Rev. John Hampden Gurney, see No. 590.

1095 *For protection in pestilence.* C. M.

IN grief and fear to thee, O Lord,
We now for succor fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us, lest we die.

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread;
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

4 With contrite hearts, to thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

Title: *The Church in Plague or Pestilence.*

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Psa. xlii, 1.

The author wrote, verse one, line three:

"And while Thy judgments are abroad;"

and "thy" instead of "thine," in verse three, line three.

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 "Our sins Thy dreadful anger raise,
Our deeds Thy wrath deserve;
But we repent, and from Thy ways
We never more will swerve."

From *Songs of the Church*, by the Rev. William Bullock. Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1854.

Dr. Bullock, born in 1798, was for many years a missionary, sent out by the Church of England, and was appointed Dean of Nova Scotia, where he labored. His hymns, he says, "were written amid the various scenes of missionary life, and were intended for the private and domestic use of Christians in new countries."

1096 *Impending judgments.* C. M.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *Pleading for Mercy.*

Written on the Fast, February 11, 1757. The second and fifth stanzas have been left out:

2 "In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
No more we place our trust;
On God alone, our hope relies,
Kind, potent, wise, and just.

5 "O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend thy Britain's cry;
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye."

The author wrote verse one, line four:

"And give us leave to pray."

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.
See No. 63.

1097 C. M. *National deliverance ascribed to God.*

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

TATE AND BRADY, ALT.

A paraphrase of the first eight verses of Psa. xlii:

"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them. Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob. Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us. For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me. But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and has put them to shame that hated us. In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever."

Three stanzas have been omitted, and verbal changes made in eleven lines.

1098 *Prayer for our native land.* C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

JOHN R. WRELFORD.

Title: *Prayer for Our Country.*

This was one of fifty-five hymns which the author contributed to a Unitarian Collection, edited by Dr. J. R. Beard, entitled *A Collection of Hymns for Public and Private Worship*, 1837.

Verse two, line three, the author wrote:

“*With prosperous times our cities crown.*”

Two stanzas, the second and fifth, have been omitted:

2 “Our father’s sepulchers are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well?”

5 “Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.”

It was written in England, and for England, about the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria; but it is appropriate for the use of Christian patriots in other lands.

1099 *Strong to heal and save.* C. M.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o’er disease and death,
O’er darkness and the grave:
To thee they went, the blind the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo, thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light:

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth’s shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom’s heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE.

The Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, Professor of Divinity, and Chaplain in King’s College, England, was born in 1821. He has written several works in prose and poetry. This hymn is not altered, but one stanza, the third, has been omitted:

“Though Love and Might no longer heal,
By touch or word or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature’s book:
Yet come to heal the sick man’s soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace—where all is strife,
And strength—where all is faint.”

It was written in 1865.

1100 *National blessings.* L. M.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers’ steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel’s light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error’s night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth’s bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

ALFRED A. WOODHULL, ALT.

This hymn has long been "unknown." Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield says that it was written by Alfred Alexander Woodhull, M.D., and published in the Presbyterian *Psalms and Hymns*, 1828.

The author wrote the first line:

"God of the passing year to Thee."

Every verse has been altered, and one stanza, the fifth, omitted.

"When foes without, and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest."

Dr. Woodhull lived from 1810 to 1836, and practiced medicine for a time at Princeton, N. J.

1101 *Thanksgiving for national peace.* L. M.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;

Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

ANNE STEELE.

Title: *Praise for National Peace.*

"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire." Psa. xlvii, 9.

The author wrote, verse two, line four:

"And slaughter *spreads* the hostile plain."

The fifth stanza is omitted. It was probably too Calvinistic to suit the taste of the editors, who introduced it into our hymn book in 1849:

5 "Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfill."

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760. See No. 63.

1102 *Give peace, O God.* L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;

The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

Title: *The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*

Contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861. The author was one of the editors of that valuable hymnal.

See No. 91.

1103 *God, the nation's guardian.* L. M.

GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ALT.

In this form the hymn has been in use at least since 1831. It was written in long particular meter. Here is the first stanza of the original:

1 "Great God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them and they fall;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own."

William Roscoe, an English author, was born in 1753. By profession he was a lawyer, but his favorite pursuit was literature. He died in 1831. There is some reason for doubting the alleged authorship of this hymn.

1104 *In time of war.* L. M.

NOW may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then, save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

Title: *Prayer, and Hope of Victory.*

It is founded on Psa. xx.

Verses two, three, and six are omitted, and the first and last stanzas considerably altered. Watts wrote:

1 "Now may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry:
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high."

4 "Now save us, Lord! from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear.
And joy and triumph raise the song."

Published in 1719.

1105 *Trust in our fathers' God.* L. M.

TO thee, O God, whose guiding hand
Our fathers led across the sea,
And brought them to this barren shore,
Where they might freely worship thee,—

2 To thee, O God, whose arm sustained
Their footsteps in this desert land,
Where sickness lurked and death assailed,
And foes beset on every hand,—

3 To thee, O God, we lift our eyes,
To thee our grateful voices raise,
And, kneeling at thy gracious throne,
Devoutly join in hymns of praise.

4 Our fathers' God, incline thine ear,
And listen to our heartfelt prayer;
Surround us with thy heavenly grace,
And guard us with thy constant care.

5 Our fathers' God, in thee we'll trust,
Sheltered by thee from every harm;
We'll follow where thy hand shall guide,
And lean on thy sustaining arm.

WILLIAM T. DAVIS.

Title: *Our Fathers' God.*

This hymn was written for the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Dec. 21, 1870. The Hon. William T. Davis, a lawyer by profession, was born at Plymouth in 1822, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1842.

1106 *Household love.* 7, 6.

O LOVE, divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love:
A throne, without thy blessing,
Were labor without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright home above,
And then, forever sharing
Its joy, where "God is love."

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

Author's title: *Holy Matrimony.*

"Love is strong as death. . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." Cant. viii, 6, 7.

The original has five stanzas. These are verses three and five, unaltered.
From the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*. London. Second edition, 1864.
See No. 232.

1107 *Marriage hymn.* L. M.

HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

4 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy piercéd side.

6 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

"Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage." John ii, 2.

Contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* in 1861.

For biographical sketch of the author, see No. 91.

1108 *For those in peril on the sea.* L. M. 6l.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, ALT.

Contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, (1861,) but altered considerably by the editors of that book.

ORIGINAL.

1 "O Thou who bidd'st the ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
Thou who dost bind the restless wave,
Eternal Father strong to save,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea."

Verse two, lines one, two, four, and six:

"O Saviour whose Almighty Word
The winds and waves submissive heard,"
"And calm amid its rage didst sleep."
"For all in peril on the sea."

Verse three, lines one, three, four, and six:

"O sacred Spirit who didst brood."
"Who baidst its angry tumult cease,
And light diffused, and life and peace."
"For all in peril on the sea."

Verse four, lines three, four, and five:

"From rock and tempest them defend;
To safety's harbor them attend;
And ever let there rise to Thee."

William Whiting, Esq., was born in 1825; and for many years was Head Master of Winchester School, England.

1109 *Safe with Jesus in the ship.* 7, 6, 8.

LORD of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold and unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand,
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of His hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar;
We on his love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore
Whom winds and seas obey.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At Going on Shipboard.*

This is one of the many hymns that the author left in manuscript, and was first published in a *Supplement to the Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists.* London, 1830.

It is unaltered and entire.

1110 *He holdeth the waters in his hand.* 8.

THOU, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depth of the sea,
Our incense of praise shall arise
In joyous thanksgiving to thee.
Forever thy presence is near,
Though heavens our bark from the land;
We ride on the deep without fear;
The waters are held in thy hand.

2 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep;
Jehovah encircles us round;
Omnipotence walks on the deep.
Our Father, we look up to thee,
As on toward the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

HANNAH F. GOULD, ALT.

Author's title: *A Hymn at Sea.*

Eleven lines out of the sixteen have been changed more or less, and two four-lined stanzas omitted; their place is between those of the hymn:

"Though not since the morn when the flood
Poured in, this vast cavern to fill,
Has the sea ever motionless stood,
Or the pulse of its bosom been still.

"Inscribed on its face from that hour
Thy name has indelibly shown,
While man, while he worships thy power,
Can leave not a trace of his own."

From the author's *Poems*, vol. i. Boston, 1832.
For biographical sketch, see No. 90.

1111 *For mariners.* L. M.

WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous
gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye:
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to
hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

GEORGE BURGESS, ALT.

Author's title: *On Sailing.*

In 1866 Bishop Burgess sailed to the West Indies for his health, and died on the passage home.

This hymn was written for himself, and records his trust in God.

The first stanza the author wrote:

"Lord in thy name we spread the sail,
And ask from Thee the prosperous gale;
And on our hearts where'er we go
Oh, let thy Spirit's wind but blow!"

The last couplet of the third stanza was:

"When in the tempting port we ride,
Oh, keep us safe at Jesus' side;"

and the last stanza:

"If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide us to the heavenly shore;
And grant our dust in Christ to sleep,
Far, or at home, or in the deep!"

From the author's *Poems*. Hartford, 1868.
See No. 579.

1112 *His way is in the sea.* L. M.

LORD of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, con-
trols,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sus-
tain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

2 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore;
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power;
Unfathomable depths of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Author's title: *To be Sung at Sea.*

The hymn contains ten stanzas; these are the first, third, fourth, and fifth.

The original has "*Thy*" for "*thine*" in each of the last two stanzas.

It is probable that this hymn was written about the time the Wesleys sailed for America. The second stanza reads as follows:

2 "For Thee we leave our native shore,
We whom Thy love delights to keep,
In other worlds Thy works explore,
And see Thy wonders in the deep."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

1113

C. M.

God's servants safe by sea or land.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON, ALT.

The original has ten stanzas. These are the first two and the last four.

Each stanza, except the first, has been more or less altered.

In the year 1700 the author went abroad, and at the conclusion of his travels wrote this ode. It was

suggested by a fearful storm on the Mediterranean. The captain of the vessel gave up all for lost, but Addison resorted to prayer. Two of the omitted stanzas explain the situation:

"Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

"Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee."

First published in the *Spectator*, No. 489, 1712.
See No. 138.

1114

Save, Lord, or we perish.

12.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—*"Save, Lord, or we
perish!"*

2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish
Who cries, in his anguish, *"Save, Lord, or
we perish!"*

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion
is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeem'd to
cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer, *"Save, Lord or we
perish!"*

REGINALD HEBER, ALT.

The foundation of this hymn is, of course, the narrative of Christ stilling the tempest on the Sea of Galilee. Matt. viii, 23-26.

Some words have been changed. The author wrote *"Help, Lord,"* instead of *"save,"* in each stanza; in verse two, last line, *"danger,"* instead of *"anguish;"* and in the second line of the last stanza:

*"When hell in our heart his wild warfare is
waging."*

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827.

See No. 62.

1115

Embarking.

7.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Title: *At Going on Shipboard.*

This is one of the hymns that the author left in manuscript, and was first published in the *Supplement to the Wesleyan Collection*, in 1830. It is unaltered and entire.

1116

The aged disciple's prayer. L. M.

ITOO, forewarned by Jesus' love,
Must shortly lay my body down;
But ere my soul from earth remove,
O let me put thine image on!

2 Saviour! thy meek and lowly mind
Be to thine aged servant given;
And glad I'll drop this tent, to find
My everlasting house in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

This is one of the *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*. It is written on 2 Peter i, 14: "Shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me."

1117

Aged and helpless. L. M. 6 l.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Wesley composed these lines during his last sickness, and only a few days before his death. They were dictated to his wife. They show his humility, his faith, and his "desire to depart and to be with Christ."

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 THOMAS KEN.

This most sublime, as well as most familiar, of all doxologies was appended by Bishop Ken to each of his three famous hymns, *Morning, Evening, and Midnight*, published in 1697.

2 C. M.
TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore!
 TATE AND BRADY.

This is found appended to the *New Version of the Psalms*, by those authors, 1696.

3 C. M.
THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath;
 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all-divine,—
 The One in Three, and Three in One,—
 Let saints and angels join.
 ISAAC WATTS.

From the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book iii.

4 S. M.
TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, one in three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall forever be.
 JOHN WESLEY.

This is the closing stanza of *A Morning Hymn*, found in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley, in 1741.
 See No. 111 in this *Hymnal*.

5 L. M. 61
IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
 Attend the almighty Father's name:
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee!
 JOHN DRYDEN.

These lines close Dryden's paraphrase of the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*. The author wrote "*Paraclete*" instead of "Comforter" in the last line.

John Dryden (1631-1700) was poet-laureate of England for thirty years.

6 L. P. M.
NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given,
 Through all the worlds where God is
 known
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.
 ISAAC WATTS.

This is found among the doxologies appended to the author's *Psalms*, 1719.

7 H. M.
TO God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit, praise:
 With all our powers, eternal King,
 Thy everlasting praise we sing.
 ISAAC WATTS, ALT.

The original form is:

"To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise,
 Glory to God, the Son,
 To God, the Spirit, praise—
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing."

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book iii.

8

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more!

TATE AND BRADY.

The third and last lines are slightly altered; the original is:

"And *suff'ring* saints on earth adore,
When time *itself* must be no more."

It is found at the end of the *New Version of the Psalms*, 1696.

9

7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

CHARLES WESLEY.

This first appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

10

7, 6 1.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

UNKNOWN.

11

8, 7, 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:

Endless praises

To Jehovah, Three in One!

WILLIAM GOODE, ALT.

The author wrote the first line:

"Lo Jehovah," etc.

and the last line:

"To The Three in Godhead One."

From *An Entire New Version of the Book of Psalms*, by Rev. William Goode, M.A. London, 1811. This author, an English clergyman, lived from 1762 until 1816.

12

8, 7.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,
Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

JOSIAH CONDER, ALT.

"My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord."
Psa. cxlv, 21.

Three lines have been altered.

Original, lines one, four, and five:

"Praise the God of all creation."
"Priest and King enthroned above,
Praise the Fountain of Salvation."

From *The Congregational Hymn Book*. London.

13

8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest!
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be confessed.

UNKNOWN.

14

7, 6, 8.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore!
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

CHARLES WESLEY.

The word "we" has been inserted in the third line, and the word "The" prefixed to the sixth line.

From *Hymns to the Trinity*. London, 1746.

15

6, 4.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven!

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

Found in *The Church Hymn Book*, (1872.)
Marked E. F. H., 1843.

16

7, 8, 7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Ascribe we equal glory;
 One Deity, in Persons Three,
 Let all thy works adore thee:
 As was from the beginning,
 Glory to God be given,
 By all who know the name below,
 And all thy hosts in heaven.
 CHARLES WESLEY.

From *Hymns to the Trinity*, 1746.

17

7, 6.

TO thee be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of kings!
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings:
 We'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

THOMAS HAWEIS, ALT.

This doxology is made from the first verse of a hymn of three stanzas, entitled *Be telling of his salvation, from day to day*.

It is found in the author's "*Carmina Christo*," 1792.

ORIGINAL.

"To thee my God and Saviour,
 My heart exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings.

28

I'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love."

18

10.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

SIMON BROWNE.

The Rev. Simon Browne was an English Independent minister, who lived from 1680 to 1732. He was the author of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs in Three Books*. London, 1720.

This doxology appears at the close of the third book. The last couplet has been changed from this form:

"This still was due in ages heretofore,
 Is now, and will when time shall be no more."

19

11.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

UNKNOWN.

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Faith of our fathers! living still....	608	Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord.	820
Far from my thoughts, vain world...	84	Go to dark Gethsemane.....	223
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee...	713	Go to thy rest, fair child.....	1008
Far from these scenes of night.....	1051	Go, ye messengers of God.....	939
Father, hear the blood of Jesus.....	258	God bless our native land.....	1090
Father, how wide thy glory shines...	146	God calling yet! shall I not hear....	352
Father, I dare believe.....	503	God has said, Forever blessed.....	873
Father, I know that all my life.....	675	God is gone up on high.....	245
Father, I stretch my hands to thee...	406	God is in this and every place.....	303
Father, in whom we live.....	42	God is love; his mercy brightens....	150
Father of all, whose powerful voice..	139	God is my strong salvation.....	639
Father of eternal grace.....	464	God is our refuge and defense.....	168
Father of everlasting grace.....	480	God is the name my soul adores....	130
Father of heaven, whose love profound.	35	God is the refuge of his saints.....	773
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord....	432	God moves in a mysterious way....	161
Father of love, our Guide and Friend.	614	God of all power, and truth, and grace.	528
Father of mercies, bow thine ear....	819	God of almighty love.	484
Father of mercies, in thy word.....	299	God of eternal truth and grace.....	523
Father of mercies, send thy grace....	894	God of Israel's faithful three.....	677
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	470	God of love, who hearest prayer....	722
Father, to thee my soul I lift.....	124	God of my life, through all my days.	692
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss....	610	God of my life, to thee I call.	625
Fear not, O little flock, the foe.....	569	God of my life, what just return....	458
Flung to the heedless winds.....	911	God of my life, whose gracious power.	169
For thee, O dear, dear country.....	1060	God of my salvation, hear.....	386
Forever here my rest shall be.....	533	God, the All-Terrible, thou who....	1092
Forever with the Lord.....	1050	God's holy law transgressed.....	314
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go....	606	Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....	321
Forth to the land of promise bound..	1036	Gracious Redeemer, shake.....	555
Forward! be our watchword.....	564	Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd...	889
Fountain of life, to all below.....	431	Gracious soul, to whom are given...	487
Fountain of mercy, God of love.....	1081	Gracious Spirit, Love divine.....	262
Friend after friend departs.....	1009	Grant me within thy courts a place..	660
From all that dwell below the skies..	8	Granted is the Saviour's prayer.....	264
From Calvary a cry was heard.....	209	Great God, attend, while Zion sings..	69
From every stormy wind that blows...	684	Great God! beneath whose piercing..	1103
From Greenland's icy mountains....	930	Great God, indulge my humble claim.	419
From lips divine, like healing balm..	671	Great God of nations, now to thee...	1100
From the cross uplifted high.....	338	Great God, the nations of the earth..	910
Full of trembling expectation.....	645	Great God! what do I see and hear..	1028
		Great is the Lord our God.....	871
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.....	646	Great King of glory, come.....	865
Give me the wings of faith, to rise...	1045	Great King of nations, hear our prayer.	1094
Give to the winds thy fears.....	673	Great Ruler of the earth and skies...	1101
Giver of peace and unity.....	793	Great Source of being and of love...	774
Glad was my heart to hear....	89	Great Spirit, by whose mighty power.	271
Glorious things of thee are spoken...	776	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah....	171

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Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..	121	How beauteous are their feet.....	821
Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays.	298	How beauteous were the marks divine.	202
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	261	How blest the children of the Lord..	902
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	246	How blest the righteous when he dies.	982
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad.	912	How can a sinner know.....	437
Hail, to the Lord's Anointed.....	181	How do Thy mercies close me round..	170
Hail to the Sabbath day.....	87	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the.	679
Happy soul, thy days are ended.....	1003	How gentle God's commands.....	176
Happy the home when God is there..	101	How great the wisdom, power, and..	315
Happy the man who finds the grace..	329	How happy every child of grace....	1030
Happy the souls to Jesus joined.....	765	How happy, gracious Lord, are we..	744
Hark! a voice divides the sky.....	1001	How happy is the pilgrim's lot.....	1078
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.	972	How helpless nature lies.....	309
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are.	1070	How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord.	769
Hark, how the watchmen cry.....	582	How many pass the guilty night....	952
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord.....	552	How oft this wretched heart.....	554
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour..	185	How precious is the book divine....	297
Hark! the herald-angels sing.....	190	How sad our state by nature is.....	302
Hark! the notes of angels, singing..	58	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.	780
Hark! the song of jubilee.....	938	How sweet the hour of closing day..	980
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling....	607	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.	316
Hark! the voice of love and mercy..	224	How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound.	328
Hark! what mean those holy voices..	188	How swift the torrent rolls.....	958
Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes	354	How tedious and tasteless the hours.	747
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time....	937	How tender is thy hand.....	177
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	345	How vain are all things here below..	662
He comes! He comes! the Judge.....	1018	How vain is all beneath the skies....	960
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies..	234	How welcome was the call.....	1107
He leadeth me! O blessed thought..	622	I am baptized into thy name.....	826
He wills that I should holy be.....	529	I and my house will serve the Lord..	573
Head of the Church triumphant.....	680	I ask the gift of righteousness.....	535
Head of the Church, whose Spirit fills.	924	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	426
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you.....	343	I know no life divided.....	755
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken.	777	I know that my Redeemer lives, And.	512
Hearts of stone, relent, relent.....	339	I know that my Redeemer lives; What.	242
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord....	20	I lay my sins on Jesus.....	754
Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly..	543	I long to behold Him arrayed.....	1064
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear..	904	I love the Lord: he heard my cries...	621
Here I can firmly rest.....	436	I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	770
Here on earth, where foes surround us.	727	I love to hear the story.....	886
High in yonder realms of light.....	1067	I love to steal awhile away.....	709
High on his everlasting throne.....	811	I love to tell the story.....	756
Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh.	362	I need thee every hour.....	760
Holy, and true, and righteous Lord..	525	I thank thee, uncreated Sun.....	478
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none.....	131	I the good fight have fought.....	585
Holy Father, send thy blessing.....	887	I think, when I read that sweet story.	880
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness.....	265	I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God.	461
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....	267	I too, forwarned by Jesus' love.....	1116
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.	136	I want a heart to pray.....	506
Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts..	144	I want a principle within.....	511
Holy Lamb, who thee receive.....	490	I was a wandering sheep.....	434
Holy Spirit, Fount of blessing.....	266	I worship thee, O Holy Ghost.....	272
Holy Spirit, Truth divine.....	263	I would be thine: O take my heart..	409
Hosanna! be the children's song.....	883	I would not live alway; I ask not....	998
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If human kindness meets return....	839	Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee...	392
If, on a quiet sea.....	636	Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art.....	534
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.	740	Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	700
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord....	595	Jesus, the word bestow.....	289
In age and feebleness extreme.....	1117	Jesus, the word of mercy give.....	824
In evil long I took delight.....	423	Jesus, these eyes have never seen....	714
In grief and fear to thee, O Lord....	1095	Jesus, thine all-victorious love.....	518
In heavenly love abiding.....	642	Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord	32
In memory of the Saviour's love	838	Jesus, thou everlasting King.....	12
In mercy, Lord, remember me.....	114	Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts....	691
In that sad, memorable night.....	833	Jesus, thou soul of all our joys.....	19
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	204	Jesus, thou Source divine.....	313
In the silent midnight watches.....	376	Jesus, thy blood and righteousness..	238
In thy name, O Lord, assembling....	54	Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	476
Infinite excellence is thine	31	Jesus, thy Church, with longing eyes.	928
Infinite God, to thee we raise.....	48	Jesus, thy far-extended fame.....	398
Into thy gracious hands I fall	448	Jesus, to thee I now can fly.....	430
It came upon the midnight clear....	194	Jesus, to thee our hearts we lift....	650
It is not death to die	993	Jesus, united by thy grace.....	785
It may not be our lot to wield.....	602	Jesus, we look to thee.....	7
		Jesus wept! those tears are over....	203
Jehovah, God, thy gracious power...	159	Jesus, where'er thy people meet....	44
Jerusalem, my happy home	1044	Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding..	1002
Jerusalem the golden.....	1061	Join all the glorious names.....	243
Jesus, a word, a look from thee	307	Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace..	947
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord.....	848	Joy to the world! the Lord is come..	183
Jesus, and shall it ever be	604	Just as I am, without one plea.....	393
Jesus, at whose supreme command..	835		
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear.....	559	King of kings, and wilt thou deign..	485
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow.	795	Kingdoms and thrones to God belong.	163
Jesus, full of love divine.....	488		
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep...	790	Laborers of Christ, arise.....	578
Jesus hath died that I might live....	520	Laboring and heavy laden.....	732
Jesus, I live to thee.....	500	Lamb of God, for sinners slain.....	382
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	643	Lamb of God, whose dying love....	383
Jesus, immortal King, arise.....	908	Late, late, so late! and dark the night.	375
Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays..	527	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling	682
Jesus is our common Lord.....	719	Leader of faithful souls, and Guide..	648
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	558	Let all on earth their voices raise....	17
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee.....	804	Let all who truly bear.....	846
Jesus, Lover of my soul	656	Let earth and heaven agree.....	332
Jesus, my Advocate above.....	239	Let every mortal ear attend.....	326
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone....	450	Let every tongue thy goodness speak.	154
Jesus, my Life, thyself apply.....	519	Let Him to whom we now belong....	469
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace..	893	Let not the wise their wisdom boast.	452
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend..	686	Let the world their virtue boast....	385
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	505	Let us keep steadfast guard.....	580
Jesus, my Truth, my Way.....	483	Let us, with a gladsome mind.....	145
Jesus, one word from thee	634	Let worldly minds the world pursue.	516
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind.....	374	Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	823
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun...	919	Life from the dead, Almighty God...	899
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us....	853	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates..	14
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns	251	Lift up your hearts to things above..	786
Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way..	517	Lift your eyes of faith, and see.....	1069
Jesus, the Lord of glory, died.....	255	Lift your glad voices in triumph on..	227

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Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus..	1014	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned....	241
Light of life, seraphic fire.....	489	Make haste, O man, to live.....	576
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart....	914	Man dieth and wasteth away.....	1012
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.	943	Many centuries have fled.....	844
Like Noah's weary dove.....	388	May the grace of Christ our Saviour..	53
Little travelers Zionward.....	879	'Mid scenes of confusion and creature.	1054
Lo! God is here! let us adore.....	47	Mighty God! while angels bless thee.	148
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending.	1013	Mighty One, before whose face.....	881
Lo! I come with joy to do.....	609	Millions within thy courts have met..	79
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band.	1040	More love to thee, O Christ.....	725
Lo, the day, the day of life.....	1026	Mortals, awake, with angels join....	193
Lo, what a glorious sight appears ...	1035	Mourn for the thousands slain.....	890
Look from thy sphere of endless day.	929	Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	666
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.	249	My country! 'tis of thee.....	1089
Lord, all I am is known to thee.....	123	My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so..	547
Lord, and is thine anger gone.....	455	My faith looks up to thee.....	762
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee....	590	My former hopes are fled.....	308
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing. Bid	59	My God, accept my heart this day....	468
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing. Fill	52	My God, how endless is thy love....	104
Lord, fill me with a humble fear.....	497	My God, how wonderful thou art....	147
Lord God, the Holy Ghost.....	286	My God, I am thine; what a comfort.	757
Lord, how secure and blest are they..	418	My God, I know, I feel thee mine....	536
Lord, how shall sinners dare.....	252	My God, is any hour so sweet.....	752
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	460	My God, my God, to thee I cry.....	425
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....	513	My God, my Life, my Love.....	751
Lord, I believe thy every word.....	668	My God, my Portion, and my Love..	698
Lord, I delight in thee.....	175	My God, the spring of all my joys..	704
Lord, I despair myself to heal.....	397	My gracious Lord, I own thy right...	605
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing..	384	My head is low, my heart is sad....	548
Lord, if at thy command.....	817	My heavenly home is bright and fair.	1072
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.	98	My hope is built on nothing less....	421
Lord, in the strength of grace.....	473	My hope, my all, my Saviour thou...	624
Lord, in thy name thy servants plead.	1080	My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	654
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	669	My Lord, how full of sweet content..	696
Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light	694	My opening eyes with rapture see....	83
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar....	213	My Saviour, my almighty Friend....	699
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.	897	My Saviour, on the word of truth....	510
Lord, let me know mine end.....	959	My Shepherd's mighty aid.....	761
Lord of all being; throned afar....	135	My son, know thou the Lord.....	360
Lord of earth, of air, and sea.....	1109	My soul and all its powers.....	472
Lord of hosts! to thee we raise.....	858	My soul, be on thy guard.....	581
Lord of mercy and of might.....	387	My soul before Thee prostrate lies...	394
Lord of my life, O may thy praise...	100	My soul, repeat His praise.....	172
Lord of the harvest, hear.....	818	My soul, weigh not thy life.....	584
Lord of the living harvest.....	808	My soul, with humble fervor raise...	449
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows.	78	My span of life will soon be done....	664
Lord of the wide, extensive main....	1112	My spirit, on thy care.....	635
Lord of the worlds above.....	15	My times are in thy hand.....	637
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin...	305		
Lord, we come before thee now.....	21	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	724
Lord, when we bend before thy throne.	60	Never further than Thy cross.....	205
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.	1098	New every morning is the love.....	103
Lord, whom winds and seas obey....	1115	No gospel like this feast.....	843
Love divine, all love excelling.....	491	Not heaven's wide range of hallowed.	860
Lovers of pleasure more than God...	367	Not here, as to the prophet's eye....	40
Lowly and solemn be.....	1005	Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	787

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Now doth the sun ascend the sky....	107	O Lamb of God, for sinners slain....	378
Now from the altar of our hearts....	99	O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills....	359
Now I have found the ground wherein....	420	O Lord, our fathers oft have told....	1097
Now in parting, Father, bless us....	855	O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart....	685
Now is the accepted time.....	361	O Lord, thy work revive.....	771
Now let my soul, eternal King.....	294	O Lord, while we confess the worth..	829
Now may He who from the dead....	23	O Love, divine and tender.....	1106
Now may the God of grace and power.	1104	O Love divine, how sweet thou art... 540	
		O Love divine! O matchless grace... 837	
O bless the Lord, my soul.....	749	O Love divine, that stooped to share.. 629	
O Bread to pilgrims given.....	849	O Love divine, what hast thou done.. 220	
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord... 240		O Love, thy sovereign aid impart.... 462	
O Christ, who hast prepared a place.. 49		O Master, it is good to be..... 200	
O come, and dwell in me.....	502	O my God, how thy salvation..... 729	
O come, Creator Spirit blest.....	269	O Paradise! O Paradise.....	1071
O could I speak the matchless worth.	743	O praise our God to-day.....	891
O day of rest and gladness.....	72	O render thanks to God above..... 13	
O Friend of souls! how blest the time.	613	O sacred Head, now wounded..... 222	
O for a closer walk with God.... 549		O Son of God, in glory crowned.... 1022	
O for a faith that will not shrink.... 667		O Spirit of the living God..... 276	
O for a glance of heavenly day..... 396		O still in accents sweet and strong... 598	
O for a heart to praise my God..... 521		O Sun of righteousness, arise..... 411	
O for a thousand tongues, to sing.... 1		O tell me no more of this world's vain. 758	
O for an overcoming faith.....	985	O that I could my Lord receive..... 407	
O for that flame of living fire..... 274		O that I could repent! O that..... 311	
O for that tenderness of heart..... 410		O that I could repent, With..... 404	
O for the death of those.....	990	O that my load of sin were gone.... 495	
O glorious hope of perfect love..... 542		O that Thou wouldst the heavens rend. 413	
O God, by whom the seed is given... 62		O Thou eternal Victim, slain..... 250	
O God, most merciful and true..... 531		O Thou from whom all goodness flows. 619	
O God, of good the unfathomed sea.. 119		O Thou God of my salvation..... 733	
O God of love, O King of peace.... 1102		O Thou, in whose presence my soul.. 759	
O God, our help in ages past.....	964	O Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend. 46	
O God, our strength, to thee our song. 33		O Thou pure Light of souls that love. 687	
O God, thou art my God alone..... 693		O Thou that hearest prayer..... 282	
O God, thou bottomless abyss.....	126	O Thou to whom, in ancient time... 36	
O God, though countless worlds of... 870		O Thou, to whose all-searching sight. 496	
O God, thy faithfulness I plead..... 544		O Thou who all things canst control. 560	
O God, thy power is wonderful..... 125		O Thou who camest from above..... 562	
O God, to thee we raise our eyes.... 632		O Thou who driest the mourner's tear. 611	
O God, to us show mercy..... 50		O Thou, who hast at thy command.. 459	
O God, we praise thee, and confess.. 120		O Thou who hast our sorrows borne.. 381	
O God, what offering shall I give... 474		O Thou, who hast spread out the skies. 1110	
O happy band of pilgrims.....	640	O Thou, who in the olive shade..... 618	
O happy day that fixed my choice... 447		O Thou, who, when we did complain. 157	
O holy, holy, holy Lord, Bright.... 137		O Thou, whom all thy saints adore.. 37	
O holy, holy, holy Lord! Thou..... 10		O Thou, whose filmed and failing eye. 670	
O how happy are they.....	442	O Thou, whose mercy hears..... 553	
O how the thought of God attracts.. 509		O Thou, whose own vast temple stands. 869	
O it is hard to work for God..... 596		O 'tis delight without alloy..... 703	
O Jesus, at thy feet we wait.....	514	O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye. 335	
O Jesus, full of grace.....	557	O what a mighty change.....	1057
O Jesus, full of truth and grace..... 526		O what amazing words of grace.... 323	
O Jesus, King most wonderful..... 701		O what delight is this..... 842	
O Jesus, thou the beauty art..... 702		O what, if we are Christ's..... 638	
O joyful sound of gospel grace..... 515		O what shall I do my Saviour to praise. 453	

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O when shall we sweetly remove.....	1065	Rest from thy labor, rest.....	992
O where are kings and empires now..	763	Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest.....	82
O where is now that glowing love.....	561	Return, O wanderer, return.....	370
O where shall rest be found.....	358	Rich are the joys which cannot die..	903
O who, in such a world as this.....	663	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	229
O wondrous power of faithful prayer.	735	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.	1068
O wondrous type! O vision fair.....	199	Rites cannot change the heart.....	830
O worship the King all-glorious above.	140	Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	415
O'er the distant mountains breaking..	1015	Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....	931
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	940	Round the Lord, in glory seated.....	56
Of Him who did salvation bring.....	327		
Of I in my heart have said.....	443	Safely through another week.....	88
On all the earth thy spirit shower....	268	Salvation! O the joyful sound.....	324
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand....	1038	Saviour, again to thy dear name we..	94
On the mountain's top appearing.....	767	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.	116
On this day, the first of days.....	91	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us....	872
On this stone, now laid with prayer..	857	Saviour of all, to thee we bow.....	794
On thy Church, O Power divine.....	779	Saviour of men, thy searching eye...	814
Once more, my soul, the rising day..	95	Saviour of the sin-sick soul.....	486
Once more we come before our God..	29	Saviour, on me the grace bestow....	545
One more day's work for Jesus.....	572	Saviour, sprinkle many nations.....	944
One sole baptismal sign.....	800	Saviour, when, in dust, to thee.....	723
One sweetly solemn thought.....	1053	Saviour, who died for me.....	742
Only waiting, till the shadows.....	644	Saviour, who thy flock art feeding...	888
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	563	Say, sinner, hath a voice within....	353
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed.	280	See how great a flame aspires.....	936
Our country's voice is pleading.....	933	See how the morning sun.....	112
Our Father, God, who art in heaven..	716	See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands..	827
Our few revolving years.....	950	See, Jesus, thy disciples see.....	30
Our God is love; and all his saints...	783	See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand....	746
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	237	Servant of God, well done.....	991
Our sins on Christ were laid.....	312	Servants of God, in joyful lays.....	68
Out of the depths of woe.....	403	Shall I, for fear of feeble man.....	813
Out of the depths to thee I cry.....	665	Shall man, O God of light and life..	981
		She loved her Saviour, and to him...	896
Pass a few swiftly fleeting years....	963	Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve..	715
Peace, doubting heart! my God's I am.	651	Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye..	927
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not.	164	Shepherd of tender youth.....	885
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin.....	346	Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive....	391
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair...	304	Shrinking from the cold hand of death.	961
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.	734	Silently the shades of evening.....	115
Praise the Lord, his glories show....	27	Since all the varying scenes of time..	615
Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him.	57	Sing to the great Jehovah's praise...	946
Praise to God, immortal praise.....	1084	Sing to the Lord of harvest.....	1085
Praise to the Holiest in the height...	207	Sing with all the sons of glory.....	225
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee..	67	Sinners, obey the gospel word.....	350
Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs.	153	Sinners, the voice of God regard....	371
Pray, without ceasing pray.....	589	Sinners, turn; why will ye die.....	347
Prayer is appointed to convey.....	689	Sinners, will you scorn the message..	342
Prayer is the breath of God in man..	706	Softly fades the twilight ray.....	92
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire....	710	Softly now the light of day.....	117
Prince of peace, control my will.....	463	Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	587
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads.	479	Soldiers of Christ, lay hold.....	588
		Soldiers of the cross, arise.....	566
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	244	Sometimes a light surprises.....	641
Rest for the toiling hand.....	994	Son of the carpenter, receive.....	592

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Soon may the last glad song arise... 917	The Lord of Sabbath let us praise... 75
Souls in heathen darkness lying... 941	The Lord our God alone is strong... 866
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A beam from heav 580	And if some th 575	As they offered 182	Beyond this va 538	But thy right h 1097	Come, for all e 363
A cloud of wif 594	And if the sons 916	As through a g 174	Bid the whole 914	But to those w 1029	Come, holy Co 6
A country of j 1074	And in the gar 207	As true as God 569	Bless us here, 857	But warm, swe 197	Come, Holy Gh 279
A dark and clo 950	And in the gre 867	As we thy mer 65	Bless we, then 935	But we are co 787	Come, Holy Gh 508
A faith that do 446	And let those l 866	As with joyful 182	Blessed and ho 913	But we are ling 256	Come, Holy Gh 277
A faith that ke 667	And let thy life 232	As when of gre 604	Blessed then, e 1026	But we, frail s 864	Come, Holy Sp 429
A faith that sh 666	And lo, thy tou 1069	Ask but his gra 327	Blessing and h 919	But we, who n 1019	Come, Holy Sp 269
A Father's han 177	And lo! with t 198	Asleep in Jesu 979	Blessing, and t 947	But what to th 700	Come, in, come 794
A few more sto 957	And may they 899	Assembled her 275	Blessings from 1093	But when thy 708	Come, in, sorrow 341
A few more str 957	And never let 826	Assure my con 424	Blest be that n 68	But when we v 146	Come, in, this a 289
A glance of th 139	And not a pray 79	Aslashed at 119	Blest hour, for 45	But will indee 861	Come, let us, w 923
A guilty, weak, 302	And now abov 79	At cost of all I 426	Blest hour, wh 45	But with the w 194	Come, Light s 454
A hand alhild 558	And now Chris 325	At evening, in 750	Blest is that t 752	But with the t 330	Come, Lord, th 924
A heart in eve 121	And now I'm i 758	At his call the 1029	Blest is the ma 633	By cool Sилоam 875	Come, Lord, th 694
A heart resign 521	And now, in ag 658	At Jesu's call 1074	Blest is the pio 729	By day, along t 163	Come, Lord, w 669
A heart with g 440	And now, in l 1050	At last I own i 282	Blest Jesus, th 167	By death and h 1043	Come, make y 134
A holy quiet re 982	And O, when g 163	At midnight's s 580	Blest object of 952	By faith I plun 420	Come near and 102
A horror of gr 209	And O, when t 1114	At noon, bene 750	Blest river of s 932	By faith u the 34	Come, O my G 515
A land of corn, 542	And ours the g 602	At once he saw 201	Blest Saviour, i 984	By faith we alr 1463	Come quickly i 28
A land upon w 1941	And see, O Lor 829	At the name of 653	Blest Saviour, 84	By faith weare 1673	Come, saints, a 724
A messenger f 900	And see! the s 219	At the sign of t 562	Blest too is he 591	By faith we kn 445	Come, Spirit, m 921
A pardon writt 351	And shall we b 63	At thy rebuke 959	Blind unbelief 161	By faith we no 1019	Come, Spirit of 490
A poor blind e 395	And since, by p 617	At thy word in 485	Bliss to carnal 719	By faith we se 650	Come, t'endure 284
A rest where al 313	And since, in G 1022	Attending ang 1035	Bold shall i sta 238	By faith we tak 838	Come, the bies 444
A sacred spiri 774	And since the 824	At the name of 743	Born by a new 357	By him the cre 1000	Come, thou W 854
A second loqu 422	And soon, too's 875	Author of fait 406	Born into the 1001	By him who bo 1065	Come, then, to 563
A table thou h 156	And thou, O ev 33	Author of the 265	Born thy peop 334	By the sacred 723	Come, then, my 458
A thousand ag 132	And thou, refu 1034	Awake! awake 699	Borne aloft on 387	By the tender 417	Come, then, in 323
A thousand ag 964	And thou, that 618	Awake, awake 309	Borne upon th 24	By thine ang 353	Come, thou in 6
A trusting hea 552	And though th 166	Awake, my for 70	By thine love 26	By thine love 26	Come, thou W 854
Abide with me 102	And thus that 850	Awed by a mor 812	Bow to the se 371	By thine inspir 287	Come to our p 1052
Abide with us, 702	And thus, wh 708	Bane and bless 204	Break from h 984	By thine own e 334	Come to the b 162
Abide with us, 682	And, till in he 614	Bane and bless 204	Break off the y 494	By thy deep, e 723	Come to the li 362
Absent from t 553	And wellove 118	Baptize the na 276	Break off your 235	By thy faintin 645	Come, wander 328
Abjection's dec 194	And we, O Lor 829	Barren and wi 953	Break to the 826	By thy help 963	Convince us, a 724
Again my par 557	And we confes 118	Barren and wi 953	Breathe on us, 30	By thy helps 723	Come, worship 3
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Ah, how shall 310	And were this 602	Be all my adde 458	Bright is their 638	By thy meek s 618	Come, ye wear 340
Ah, Lord Jesus 1007	And when befo 619	Be darkness, a 276	Bright is their 638	By thy most e 645	Comfort those 31
Ah! how I ha 381	And when thy 681	Be darkness, a 276	Bright is their 638	By thy reced 255	Conqueror of 549
Ah! what avail 400	And when life' 613	Be grace from 830	Build we each 802	By thy triumph 417	Content with b 717
Ah! whither c 684	And when my 45	Be it accordin 307	Built by the h 168	By wise master 857	Contented now 739
Alas! I knew n 423	And when my 622	Be it accordin 307	Burn every br 86	Call, while he 360	Control my ev 586
All earthly pe 975	And when our 113	Be it accordin 307	But all, before 962	Called together 802	Convince him 372
All glory be t 192	And when thy 155	Be it of great 492	But he that tur 31	Calvary's mou 223	Convince him 372
All hail, trium 73	And when the 630	Be near me wh 222	But art thou n 425	Can a mother' 552	Could my tear 415
All his creatur 145	And when the 694	Be our strengt 873	But can no sov 306	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All is tranquil 367	And when the 836	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All my disease, 108	And when thou 634	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All my future sin 29	And when thy 131	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All needful gr 69	And when to h 110	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All our earthly 879	And when we e 113	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All our hopes, 942	And when, wit 60	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All our redemp 813	And while we t 459	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All power to ou 245	And will this s 142	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All praise to th 106	And ye, beneat 194	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All that my wil 903	Angel powers t 1069	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All that spring 1044	Angelic spirits, 125	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All that day let 383	Angels, assist 924	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All the power o 848	Angels, joyful 1004	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All the tokens 1013	Angels now are 733	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All the world i 1083	Angels our ser 556	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All things are r 357	Angels, sing on 1070	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All things are r 357	Angels, sing on 1070	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
All who bearth 484	Answer not w 283	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Almighty God, 877	Apostles join t 10	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Almighty God, 877	Apostles, mart 1044	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Almighty Lord 253	Approach his s 841	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Almighty Son, 35	Are there bre 1053	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Already spring 394	Are there cel 1053	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Although the v 626	Are there no f 593	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Amen, Lord J 559	Are we not ten 970	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Amid the snar 905	Are we weak a 728	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
Among thy sai 1027	Arise, arise, g 1058	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
An angel gar 167	Arm me with J 574	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And art thou n 398	Arm me with t 448	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And as the yea 907	Around thy Fa 408	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And at my lif 1011	Around us rol 597	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And by the lov 1022	Arrived in glo 995	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And death, tha 202	As by the light 516	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And duly shall 575	As dew upon t 551	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And every pan 663	As giants may 824	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And every vi 299	As, in the hea 978	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And faithful h 199	As, laborer in 808	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And from his l 255	As, midst the ev 978	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And girl with g 236	As round Jeru 772	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And happy wa 1087	As the apple of 455	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And hence, in s 804	As the apple of 455	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And his hat ge 280	As the winged 956	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415
And if our fell 789	As thee the G 1097	Be our the chie 877	But chiefest in 71	Can't aught but 309	Could my tear 415

Hymn	Hymn	Hymn	Hymn	Hymn	Hymn
I was not ever 682	In the rich tho 848	Jesus, the wea 623	Life eternal! O 225	Lover of souls! 381	My thoughts lie 122
I will not fear, 715	In the time place 678	Jesus, their toil 811	Life eternal! O 225	Love's redeem 260	My times are i 637
I will not let, 165	In thee I have 635	Jesus, thine ai 399	Life from the 829	Make haste, O 576	My trespass wa 437
I wish that th 890	In thee, O Lord 541	Jesus, thine o 469	Life's labor do 982	Make good the 815	My vows I will 467
I will not let, 165	In thee, O Lord 541	Jesus, thine o 469	Life's labor do 982	Make good the 815	My vows I will 467
I would be thi 890	In them thou 893	Jesus, thou fo 365	Lift him to th 487	Make it my hi 576	My will be swa 467
I would, but th 495	In thine all-gr 617	Jesus, thou Pr 993	Lift up thy cou 320	Make us into o 785	My Wisdom an 483
I would not ha 675	In thine own a 21	Jesus, thou S 1020	Lift up thy cou 320	Make us of one 804	Myriads of bri 155
I would not be 898	In this divine a 1062	Jesus, thy bloo 365	Lift up your e 730	Maker and Re 231	Myself I canno 556
I would thy bo 816	In those dark, 981	Jesus, thy spea 903	Light of the w 670	Mark but that 980	Nought have I 436
I yield my hea 84	In those high a 727	Jesus, to whom 298	Light on thy h 193	May erring mi 869	Nay, but I yiel 401
I yield my pow 104	In thy dear c 240	Jesus, to whom 298	Like a mighty 565	May faith gro 869	Nay, rather wi 613
I'd sing the c 743	In thy holy inc 853	Jesus! triumph 332	Like a man, thro 897	May he teach u 23	Nearer is my so 1015
If called, like a 614	In trouble's da 33	Jesus, voucha 968	Like mighty w 267	May I not be 747	Nearer the boun 1038
If earthly pare 282	In vain thou se 737	Jesus, voucha 394	Like some brig 714	May strugglin 109	N'er think th 883
If every one th 275	In vain we tun 277	Jesus, we bow 837	Like the roug 371	May they tha 823	Neither, no 745
If from thir pa 862	In want, my pl 756	Jesus, we wep 312	Like the roug 371	May thy spiri 888	Never from th 888
If grace were b 833	In Zion God is 871	Jesus, wept ! th 203	Live, till the L 786	May thy Gose 857	Never will he 2
If he our ways 310	In Incarnate De 42	Jesus, with us 782	Lives again ou 210	May thy will, n 463	Never will I re 433
If I have only k 439	Infinite joy, o 965	Joined in one s 831	Living in the s 115	May we receiv 29	New graces ev 72
If I have only k 439	Infinite joy, o 965	Joined in one s 831	Living in the s 115	May we receiv 29	New graces ev 72
If in this darks 496	Inscribed upon 208	Joys to the wor 83	Lo, every kind 916	May we with h 831	New mercies, e 103
If in this feeble 668	Into temptatio 716	Joyful, all ye n 190	Lo! glad I com 450	May we our fi 916	Night her sole 92
If joy shall at 590	Into that happ 431	Joyful, with al 95	Lo! God is her 47	Me with that r 545	Night unto nig 95
If life be long, 669	Inured to prove 170	Judge not the 181	Lo! he beckon 1004	Mean are allof 897	Nipped by the 977
If life be long, 669	Inured to prove 170	Judge not the 181	Lo! he beckon 1004	Mean are allof 897	Nipped by the 977
If near the pit 543	Is crucified for 239	Just as I am, 393	Lo, in the des 912	Mercy for the 580	No account! fo 977
If now the wit 439	Is here a soul t 372	Just as I am, 393	Lo! Jesus, wh 555	Mercy for the 580	No account! fo 977
If now thou st 1021	Is not e'en dea 971	Just might t h 380	Lo! on a narr 966	Mercy and Tru 915	No cloud thou 1051
If on our daily 637	Is not thy grac 374	Keen was the t 638	Lo! such the c 875	Mercy I ask to 407	No condemnat 422
If on our daily 637	Is not thy grac 374	Keen was the t 638	Lo! such the c 875	Mercy I ask to 407	No condemnat 422
If on the wing 155	Is there a thin 477	Kept the souls 1115	Lo! the incarn 340	Might I enjoi 69	No earthly fat 386
If our love we 149	Is there a thin 471	Keep peaceful 590	Lo! 'tis he! o 1014	Might view the 216	No light had w 1038
If pain afflict, 689	Is this the cons 665	Kind Interest 909	Lo! with deep 101	Mightiest king 937	No light! so la 375
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Stripped of ea 178	The counsel of 514	The rising God 234	Then let us la 796	They sing the 253	Thou spread'st 104
Strive, in a 805	The cross i t t 208	The rocks can 396	Then let us la 796	They stand, th 1061	Thou the grac 732
Strong Creator 387	The crown of 1100	The rougher o 1074	Then let us pr 557	They suffer wi 256	Thou waitest t 317
Strong were th 510	The cup of b 1023	The ruler of M 808	They tell the 882	They tell the 882	Thou wilt not 911
Stronger his o 437	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	They watch fo 826	They watch fo 826	Thou, who did 913
Struggle thro 1003	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou who hast 650
Subdue the po 281	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou who, who 344
Such is the Chr 380	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou whose li 117
Suffering Son 645	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sun and moon 1014	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sun, moon, an 292	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sure of our lif 405	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sure as thy tru 770	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sure I must gi 593	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sure never till 423	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Surely I shall, 517	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Surely thou, c 405	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Surely thou, d 801	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet bonds t 1054	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet fields be 1037	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet hour of 688	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet is the d 491	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet is the v 635	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet to look 612	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet to look 612	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet to look 612	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet to look 612	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet to look 612	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweet to look 612	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Sweetly may w 806	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Swift I ascend 703	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Swift through 193	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Swift to its clo 93	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Swift to my re 753	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take, eat, this 1 833	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take my poor 461	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take my soul, a 479	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take the denr 46	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take the denr 46	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take the denr 46	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take the name 653	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take up thy cr 601	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Take us into t 491	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Taught to lyp 889	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Teach all the n 820	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Teach me to li 105	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Teach my wea 252	The dead in C 858	The rising men 354	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Teach them to 42	The crown of 1100	The rocks can 396	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478
Teach us, in e 636	The cup of b 1023	The rougher o 1074	Then, like hea 485	They watch fo 826	Thou, buried al 478

THE RITUAL.

Baptism.

ORDER FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF BAPTISM TO INFANTS.

The Minister, coming to the Font, which is to be filled with pure Water, shall use the following :—

DEARLY BELOVED : Forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and that our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God ; I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that having, of his bounteous mercy, redeemed *this child* by the blood of his Son, he will grant that *he*, being baptized with water, may also be baptized with the Holy Ghost, be received into Christ's holy Church, and become a *living member* of the same.

Then shall the Minister say,

Let us pray.

Almighty and everlasting God, who of thy great mercy hast condescended to enter into covenant relations with man, wherein thou hast included children as partakers of its gracious benefits, declaring that of such is thy kingdom : and in thy ancient Church didst appoint divers baptisms, figuring thereby the renewing of the Holy Ghost ; and by thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ gavest commandment to thy holy Apostles to go into all the world and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost : We beseech thee, that of thine infinite mercy thou wilt look upon *this child* : wash *him* and sanctify *him* ; that *he*, being saved by thy grace, may be received into Christ's holy Church, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in love, may so overcome the evils of this present world, that finally *he* may attain to everlasting life, and reign with thee, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O merciful God, grant that all carnal affections may die in *him*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *him*. *Amen.*

Grant that *he* may have power and

strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that whosoever is dedicated to thee by our office and ministry may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live, and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, ever-living God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood, regard, we beseech thee, our supplications. Sanctify this water for this holy sacrament ; and grant that *this child*, now to be baptized, may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister address the Parents [or Guardians] as follows :—

Dearly Beloved : Forasmuch as *this child* is now presented by you for Christian baptism, you must remember that it is your part and duty to see that *he* be taught, as soon as *he* shall be able to learn, the nature and end of this holy sacrament. And that *he* may know these things the better, you shall call upon *him* to give reverent attendance upon the appointed means of grace, such as the ministry of the word and the public and private worship of God ; and further, ye shall provide that *he* shall read the Holy Scriptures, and learn the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Catechism, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health, in order that *he* may be brought up to lead a virtuous and holy life, remembering always that baptism doth represent unto us that inward purity which disposeth us to follow the example of our Saviour Christ ; that as *he* died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die unto sin and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all corrupt affections and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness.

Do you therefore solemnly engage to ful-

fill these duties, so far as in you lies, the Lord being your helper ?

Ans. We do.

Then shall the people stand up, and the Minister shall say :—

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. Mark. [Chap. x, 13-16.]

They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them. And his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Then the Minister shall take the Child into his hands, and say to the friends of the Child,

Name this child.

And then, naming it after them, he shall sprinkle or pour Water upon it, or, if desired, immerse it in Water, saying,—

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister offer the following prayer, the people kneeling :—

O God of infinite mercy, the Father of all the faithful seed, be pleased to grant unto *this child* an understanding mind and a sanctified heart. May thy providence lead *him* through the dangers, temptations, and ignorance of *his* youth, that *he* may never run into folly nor into the evils of an unbridled appetite. We pray thee so to order the course of *his* life, that by good education, by holy examples, and by thy restraining and renewing grace, *he* may be led to serve thee faithfully all *his* days, so that, when *he* has glorified thee in *his* generation, and *has* served the Church on earth, *he* may be received into thine eternal kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty and most merciful Father, let thy loving mercy and compassion descend upon *these*, thy *servant* and *handmaid*, the *parents* [or *guardians*] of *this child*. Grant unto *them*, we beseech thee, thy Holy Spirit, that *they* may, like Abraham, command *their* household to keep the way of the Lord. Direct *their* actions, and sanctify *their* hearts, words, and purposes, that

their whole family may be united to our Lord Jesus Christ in the bands of faith, obedience, and charity; and that they all, being in this life thy holy children by adoption and grace, may be admitted into the Church of the first-born in heaven, through the merits of thy dear Son, our Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Then may the Minister offer extemporary prayer.

Then shall be said, all kneeling :—

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

ORDER FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF BAPTISM TO SUCH AS ARE OF RIPER YEARS.

DEARLY BELOVED: Forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and they that are in the flesh cannot please God, but live in sin, committing many actual transgressions; and our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God:—I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous goodness he will grant to *these persons* that which by nature *they* cannot have; that *they*, being baptized with water, may also be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and being received into Christ's holy Church, may continue lively members of the same.

Then shall the Minister say,—

Let us pray.

Almighty and immortal God, the aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to thee for succor, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead: we call upon thee for *these persons*; that *they*, coming to thy holy baptism, may also be filled with thy Holy Spirit. Receive *them*, O Lord, as thou hast promised by thy well-beloved Son, saying, Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: so give now unto us that ask: let us that seek, find: open the gate unto us that knock; that *these persons* may enjoy the everlasting benediction of thy heavenly washing, and

may come to the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised by Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the people stand up, and the Minister shall say :—

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. John. [Chap. iii, 1-8.]

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Then the Minister shall speak to the persons to be baptized on this wise :—

Well Beloved, who *have* come hither desiring to receive holy baptism, you have heard how the congregation hath prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive you, to bless you, and to give you the kingdom of heaven, and everlasting life. And our Lord Jesus Christ hath promised in his holy word to grant all those things that we have prayed for: which promise he for his part will most surely keep and perform.

Wherefore, after this promise made by Christ, you must also faithfully, for your part, promise in the presence of this whole congregation, that you will renounce the devil and all his works, and constantly believe God's holy word, and obediently keep his commandments.

Then shall the Minister demand of each of the persons to be baptized :—

Quest. Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?

Ans. I renounce them all.

Quest. Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ his only-begotten Son our Lord; and that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that he suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; that he rose again the third day; that he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, and from thence shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic* Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and everlasting life after death?

Ans. All this I steadfastly believe.

Quest. Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?

Ans. Such is my desire.

Quest. Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do, God being my helper.

Then shall the Minister say :—

O merciful God, grant that all carnal affections may die in *these persons*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *them*. *Amen.*

Grant that *they* may have power and strength to have victory, and triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that *they*, being here dedicated to thee by our office and ministry, may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded, through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live, and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, ever-living God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood; and gave commandment to his disciples, that they should go teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; regard, we beseech thee, our supplications; and grant that the *persons* now to be baptized may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

* The one universal Church of Christ.

Then shall the Minister ask the name of each person to be baptized: and shall sprinkle or pour water upon him, (or, if he shall desire it, shall immerse him in water,) saying:—

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Then shall be said the Lord's Prayer, all kneeling.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

Then may the Minister conclude with extemporary prayer.

Reception of Members.

FORM FOR RECEIVING PERSONS INTO THE CHURCH AFTER PROBATION.

On the day appointed, all that are to be received into the Church shall be called forward, and the Minister, addressing the congregation, shall say:—

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: The Scriptures teach us that the Church is the household of God, the body of which Christ is the Head; and that it is the design of the Gospel to bring together in one all who are in Christ. The fellowship of the Church is the communion that its members enjoy one with another. The ends of this fellowship are, the maintenance of sound doctrine, and of the ordinances of Christian worship, and the exercise of that power of godly admonition and discipline which Christ has committed to his Church for the promotion of holiness. It is the duty of all men to unite in this fellowship, for it is only those that "be planted in the house of the Lord," that "shall flourish in the courts of our God." Its more particular Duties are, to promote peace and unity; to bear one another's burdens; to prevent each other's stumbling; to seek the intimacy of friendly society among themselves; to continue steadfast in the faith and worship of the Gospel; and to pray and sympathize with each other. Among its Privileges are, peculiar incitements to holiness from the hearing of God's word and sharing in Christ's ordinances; the being placed under the watchful care of pastors, and the enjoyment of the bless-

ings which are promised only to those who are of the household of faith. Into this holy fellowship the persons before you, who have already received the sacrament of baptism, and have been under the care of proper leaders for six months on trial, come seeking admission. We now propose, in the fear of God, to question them as to their faith and purposes, that you may know that they are proper persons to be admitted into the Church.

Then addressing the applicants for admission, the Minister shall say:—

Dearly Beloved: You are come hither seeking the great privilege of union with the Church our Saviour has purchased with his own blood. We rejoice in the grace of God vouchsafed unto you in that he has called you to be his followers, and that thus far you have run well. You have heard how blessed are the privileges, and how solemn are the duties, of membership in Christ's Church; and before you are fully admitted thereto, it is proper that you do here publicly renew your vows, confess your faith, and declare your purpose, by answering the following questions:—

Do you here, in the presence of God and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise contained in the baptismal covenant, ratifying and confirming the same, and acknowledging yourself bound faithfully to observe and keep that covenant?

Ans. I do.

Have you saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Ans. I trust I have.

Do you believe in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?

Ans. I do.

Will you cheerfully be governed by the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hold sacred the ordinances of God, and endeavor, as much as in you lies, to promote the welfare of your brethren and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom?

Ans. I will.

Will you contribute of your earthly substance, according to your ability, to the support of the Gospel and the various benevolent enterprises of the Church?

Ans. I will.

Then the Minister, addressing the Church, shall say:—

Brethren, these persons having given satisfactory responses to our inquiries, have any of you reason allege why they

should not be received into full membership in the Church?

No objection being alleged, the Minister shall say to the Candidates:—

We welcome you to the communion of the Church of God; and, in testimony of our Christian affection and the cordiality with which we receive you, I hereby extend to you the right hand of fellowship; and may God grant that you may be a faithful and useful member of the Church militant till you are called to the fellowship of the Church triumphant, which is "without fault before the throne of God."

Then shall the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

The Lord's Supper.

[Whenever practicable, let none but the pure, unfermented juice of the grape be used in administering the Lord's Supper.]

ORDER FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The Elder shall say one or more of these sentences, during the reading of which the persons appointed for that purpose shall receive the alms for the poor:—

LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. [Matt. v, 16.]

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. [Matt. vi, 19, 20.]

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. [Matt. vii, 12.]

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. [Matt. vii, 21.]

Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. [Luke xix, 8.]

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every

man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver. [2 Cor. ix, 6, 7.]

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. [Gal. vi, 10.]

Godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. [1 Tim. vi, 6, 7.]

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. [1 Tim. vi, 17-19.]

God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. [Heb. vi, 10.]

To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. [Heb. xiii, 16.]

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? [1 John iii, 17.]

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. [Prov. xix, 17.]

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. [Psa. xli, 1.]

After which the Elder shall give the following INVITATION, the people standing:—

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Wherefore ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways; draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort: and, devoutly kneeling, make your humble confession to Almighty God.

Then shall this general CONFESSION be made by the Minister in the name of all those who are minded to receive the holy communion, both he and all the people devoutly kneeling, and saying:—

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men: we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Elder say,—

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy great mercy hast promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto thee, have mercy upon us; pardon and deliver us from all our sins; confirm and strengthen us in all goodness; and bring us to everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Collect.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Elder say,—

We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy: Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that we may live and grow thereby; and that, being washed through his most precious blood, we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us. Amen.

Then the Elder shall offer the prayer of CONSECRATION as followeth:—

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there, by his oblation of himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of his precious death until his coming again: hear us, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech thee, and grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of bread and wine, according to thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of his death and passion, may be partakers of his most blessed body and blood; who, in the same

(¹) *Here the Elder may take the plate of bread in his hand.* night that he was betrayed, took bread; (¹) and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and gave it to his

disciples, saying, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me.

(²) *Here he may take the cup in his hand.* Likewise after supper he took (²) the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins; do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me. Amen.

Then shall the Minister receive the communion in both kinds, and proceed to deliver the same to the other Ministers, (if any be present;) after which he shall say:—

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. Amen.

The Minister shall then proceed to administer the communion to the people in order, kneeling, into their uncovered hands. And when he delivereth the bread, he shall say:—

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life. Take and eat

this in remembrance that Christ died for thee; and feed on him in *thy heart* by faith, with thanksgiving.

And the Minister that delivereth the cup shall say :—

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve *thy soul* and *body* unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.

[If the consecrated bread or wine be all spent before all have communed, the Elder may consecrate more by repeating the Prayer of Consecration.]

[When all have communed, the Minister shall return to the Lord's table, and place upon it what remaineth of the consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth.]

Then shall the Elder say the Lord's Prayer; the people kneeling, and repeating after him every petition.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

After which shall be said as followeth :—

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we thy humble servants desire thy Fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; most humbly beseeching thee to grant, that, by the merits and death of thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we and thy whole Church may obtain forgiveness of our sins, and all other benefits of his passion. And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee; humbly beseeching thee that all we who are partakers of this holy communion may be filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold

sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech thee to accept this our bounden duty and service; not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offenses, through Jesus Christ our Lord; by whom, and with whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory be unto thee, O Father Almighty, world without end. *Amen.*

Then shall be said or sung :—

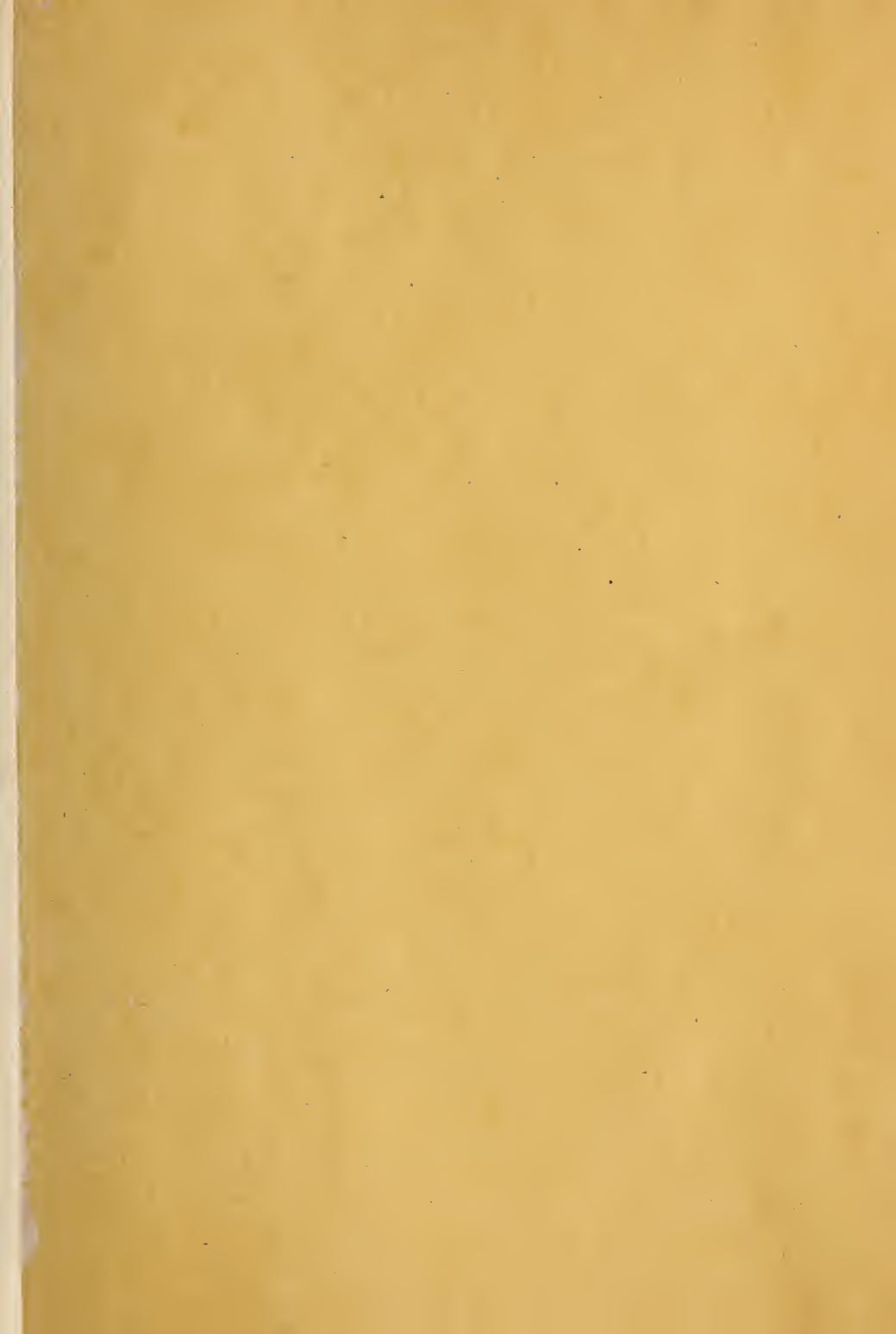
Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men! We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

Then the Elder, if he see it expedient, may put up an extemporary prayer; and afterward shall let the people depart with this blessing :—

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

N. B. If the Elder be straitened for time in the usual administration of the Holy Communion, he may omit any part of the service except the Invitation, the Confession, and the prayer of Consecration: and in its administration to the sick, he may omit any part of the service except the Confession, the prayer of Consecration, and the usual sentences in delivering the bread and wine; closing with the Lord's Prayer, extempore supplication, and the Benediction.



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